

Dear Folks:

This makes the second time I've missed out a week. Vacations seem to make me lose out. I'm always so busy just before, after and during one.

Let's see, the last letter took the vacation up to Sunday night in New York. The next morning I got up late, wandered over to the Bible School to meet Jim. Dr. Megaw had kindly lent Jim his car to drive me over to Mahwah. The ride was short, about an hour and a half over big new highways. We passed the spot where Washington began his retreat to the Delaware, and the house in which Aaron Burr was once married. We dropped in on Uncle Azel and Aunt Alice just in time for a big dinner. I had the best kind of fun during my stay there. Doesn't Uncle Azel have a delicious sense of humor. He alleges that he doesn't have to worry about traffic regulations in New York because the traffic cops, awe-struck by his venerable white moustache and goatee, will, instead of giving him a ticket, apologize for stopping him. He'd make a grand Kentucky colonel. Aunt Alice fed me continually. I guess she thought I was being under-nourished at college. I suppose you know that Laurens has a job in Washington, in the Economics bureau, Department of foreign bonds. He won his position by a paper he wrote at Duke University for his Masters Degree. I learned all sorts of things from Uncle Azel about Mother's behaviour when she was a good deal smaller.

The first day I just sat around and talked and read and loafed. Jim had to return before supper. Tuesday was Christmas. Uncle Azel presented me with a set of five huge books, Hastings Dictionary of the Bible, and an invitation to take any books he had in his library any time I needed them. After another huge Christmas dinner he and I went for what he called a little walk in the woods. He took along two axes and a saw and told me that he got all his firewood there and the necessary exercise at the same time. It was exercise all right. I must have chopped down three trees, not little ones either, by myself as well as helping Uncle Azel with lots of others. Then we had to chop up the logs into little enough pieces to carry home on the car. Uncle Azel was quite proud of the haul, the biggest he's ever had, he says. But I was plenty sore all over. Aunt Alice made me put on an old suit of Laurens and a huge old hat before I went out as a lumberman. I felt quite like a tramp in the big hat and little suit.

Wednesday morning Uncle Azel drove me into New York to catch the bus for Southington. He showed me around the city for a while. I visited the inn or tavern where Washington bade farewell to his officers, the place where he made his inauguration address, and his pew in St. Paul's church. I also saw the graves of Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton in Trinity cemetery. Then we went down to the Battery, the aquarium, back to lunch and the bus station. I saw quite a bit of New York City in this way - the north side with Jim and the south side with Uncle Azel.

The ride to Southington was uneventful except that the man next to me tried to force a cigarette upon me every half hour or so. Riding through the city gave me an idea of how huge it is. We took an hour and a half to get to the suburbs from clear up at 34<sup>th</sup> St. and only three and a half more hours to reach Meriden Connecticut. I phoned Charlie from there and he drove over and picked me up. At Southington we immediately dashed off to the church to see a Missions play, then returned with the Huttons and got acquainted. I like Marion a lot, she's such a lot of fun (change one of those lots to great deal). She also endeared herself to my heart by doing some much needed laundry work for me. I got good practice this Christmas so that now I can qualify anywhere as a dish-wiper. There in Connecticut I got in some make-up sleep and work on a History term paper, Discovery of New Netherland. I also took driving lessons in Marion's car.

By the way, I forgot to tell you that Mahwah is the town in which Joyce Kilmer wrote *Trees*. Perhaps I chopped down the ones that inspired his masterpiece. Which reminds me of a clever parody:

I think that I shall never see  
 A billboard lovely as a tree,  
 Perhaps unless the billboards fall  
 I'll never see a tree at all.

But all this is irrelevant. The trees in northern New Jersey are beautiful even in winter.

Beginning the return trip to Wheaton I took the bus from Meriden to Philadelphia via New York and Princeton. Charlie drove me to New Haven, where I saw the University grounds, and caught the 11:55 p.m. bus. It sleeted most of the way to New York so the ice on the roads made us 30 minutes late. Dayton was an hour late in meeting me in Philadelphia, drove Grace [Strachan] and me up to the apartment of an aunt of Eleanor's (the one that draws cover pictures for the magazines) where we saw Scratchie [Archie] and Elsie [Fletcher] for a few minutes before we left for Richmond, Virginia to pick up the Dodds and Co. Just outside of Philly we picked up a hitchhiker to Baltimore. I drove a good deal of the way from there to Washington. We didn't have much time in the capitol, but I saw the Capitol Bldg., the White House, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Arlington Memorial Bridge and Cemetery. It's quite the most beautiful city I've ever seen. I called up Laurens from a drug store but he wasn't at home.

I had swell sport driving almost all of the way from Washington to Richmond, at night. Dayton was asleep so I thought I'd see how fast the old buggy would go. We made record time. We burst in upon the Hopkins about 8:30 in the evening. Saw Virginia Yates and Bob Coit as well. The rest of the evening was spent in rigging up the rumble seat again with its ungainly black shroud and paper side curtains of a contrasting shade of light brown, the whole held together by an intricate network of rope. We beat all records again back to Wheaton by the southern route through Charleston, W. Va., Chillicothe and Dayton, Ohio. We didn't hit icy roads until clear up north of Indianapolis, largest city in the world without water transportation, and consequently reached Wheaton about twelve hours early. Two good night's sleep and a day of loafing made up for the two days and a night we had spent in steady driving, so we were well prepared to resume studies again Wednesday.

Nothing much has happened since then. Thursday I went skating for the first time this winter. At last they've flooded the soccer field here for an ice rink. I should be able to get in quite a bit more. Saturday I went in to the city with Mrs. Roy and unsuccessfully tried to find a stamp shop but was disappointed. I did however get that book on stamps you wanted, Father, and will send it on to you shortly.

Thanks again for the candy. I've developed a swell way to chip it out of the can, using only a putty dauber and screwdriver. It's not gone yet by a long shot. And thanks too for the information on the Mission. I found it all waiting for me, along with two letters when I got back.

I guess you heard that Alabama beat Stanford 29-13 in the Rose Bowl. The Southerners had an unbeatable passing combination in Dixie Howells and Hutson. Stanford had the more powerful team. You fellows sure are lucky bums to get to play hockey in Seoul. You ought to have a swell team -- who's the goalie? A Christmas card from Miss Blair complimented your performance in the Sr. play. Proposing must come natural to you, you old tea-hound. Dat says the Kum and Go is really excellent, and I loudly second the motion. I was curious to see what you'd do with it, but knew all along you'd put it over big. Dat likes the front-page make-up, the picture's the right size, the proper number of articles are broken over, you rate high on general appearance. Second page -- a headline missing on column five for Korean Art., watch the grammar in the Diary. Page three -- cols. 1 and 3, not enough contrast in the headline decks (I suppose there wasn't any room for a larger point), Page four - try and get a standard sized type for breakovers headlines, the one on col. 5 strikes me as a pretty good type. Page six -- col. 1 headline has no verb. You sure raised ned on ads, didn't you. That's pretty swell. Dat says to rub in the fact again that he's tickled with the swell appearance of your first page. You probably have already recognized any improvements I've mentioned, but you asked for the advice and I had to find something

wrong with the sheet. As always there's room for improvement in style in your write-ups, but I know how hard it is to dig out the hidden writing ability in reporters, you'll just have to continue laboring away at make-over work. I supposed you've already discovered that nobody can beat Mother at doctoring up hopelessly sick articles.

Did I tell you, Mother that I wore winter underwear all during my Christmas vacation. A truly noble sacrifice to the ideals on which I was brought up. I really don't need it here at Wheaton, though. How am I supposed to figure up the postage I've sent you - - if you don't know I'll call it 5¢ a week with a quarter more for good measure. I'm sure I've sent you that much extra. You'd better not object for it'll be 2 months before I get an answer and that'll be too late. Anyway, beginning August 12 I've been away 22 weeks (boy, that's a long time) so I'll deduct 1.35 from your account with me, O.K.? I had entirely forgotten the Flash cleaning powder until today. I hope you didn't need it in a hurry. I'll get it to you right away. Your notes help a lot - - you certainly picked out interesting bits of information. I'll have to devise some system of arranging my material.

Well, Mutso, how's the big squeeze chef? You'd better learn how to make hunter's stew, our old standard when we were keeping house down at Sorai last summer. By the way, I sent on one of your letters to Charlie, and he was quite puzzled by the way you addressed me - - hairpuller. I see you're acting as a de facto (get mother to explain that) office boy for the Kum and Go now, instead of the Kuls. How do you explain this sudden shift of allegiance. Be good, Santa Clause.

About stamps. I have not been able to get any special one cent stamps here at the Wheaton postoffice. They are now out of all the Nat'l Forest Issue. Next time I'm in Chicago I'll try to get around to the big post office and get what I can. Your registered letter with the swell blocks came through nicely. Uncle Tom was out of town when I was in New York. I wish I could have seen him. My scholarship of \$75 only takes care of the tuition for the coming semester. Am I supposed to write Uncle Howard for money for Food and Room Rent? I have a little money in the bank - - shall I use that as far as it goes? \$30 in the bank. The picture mother sent is one of the few in which you smiled. It's not bad but I have an even better one. Tell Howie he's getting fat, according to his picture. He's got a swell new suit anyway. Is the way I addressed you on the outside correct? Just Rev. S.A. Moffett is wrong isn't it? No, I guess that's right too. Isn't there something tricky about addressing a minister?

Well, lots more love to all. Time to retire.

*Sam H. Moffett*

Wheaton, Illinois

January 13, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

One more week to semester exams. I've been studying hard all week finishing up various projects. I've had a lot of fun with my research paper in History. The subject is New Netherland, Its Discovery and Early Exploitation, 1524 - 1626. I've put in a good bit of work on it since there are so many conflicting reports to be sifted out, and now am ready to type it. This coming week I must finish it up and prepare my Bible and Rhetoric notebooks as well. That ought to keep me busy. I broke my long string of tens in rhetoric by getting an eight in the last theme of the semester -- due to carelessness in getting the assignment. It was to be an explanation, with the subject, Why I Liked It, so I wrote it up personally, only to discover when I went to class that it was to be an impersonal explanation.

The Messiah is given here every year, just before Christmas, but had to be postponed to last night this time because of the director's illness. It was really excellent though some say it was not as good as in former years.

The wrestling team began its season well with a 30-10 win over Armour Tech of Chicago. Every bout was won by a fall. Yesterday in the second match, this time with the University of Chicago, we were nosed out 19-11. Pidge Austin, Wheaton Captain, was beaten by a time advantage for the second time in three years of college competition. He's *Little Nineteen* champion in the 135 lb. class. Last year he beat the Chicago captain, this time he lost. Scoring is five points for a fall and three for a time advantage. Monday night the team meets the University of Wisconsin. Of course it's unusual for a small college to have Big Ten competition in wrestling. We've had the *Little Nineteen* championship for three years, ever since it was organized.

Monday night I heard a lecture on astronomy by Prof. Blakeslee, official photographer of the Yerkes Observatory. He illustrated his talk with lantern slides of some of his photographs. I was most interested by his discussion of the sun spots. When they appear on the north side of the sun we have good weather on the earth, but spots on the south side indicate a spell of storms. Spots near the center are followed by static and poor telegraph communication. Several years ago a spot appeared almost exactly in the middle of the sun. The next day news from the president of the Western Union came that no telegraph communication had been possible on North America all night. Astronomers have found no explanation for these phenomena.

By the way, I'm gaining weight. I tip the scales at 145 now, but I've been loafing. When I'm in training I average around 140. I think it will be cheaper to get new soccer shoes there. Here they cost \$5.00. But I don't think I'll need them this spring as I intend to work on tennis then. So I'll send you the measurements later and let Howie bring them out next summer. If I find I do need them before, I might just as well get them here and save the duty. I'll let you know in time.

I guess you know, Howie, that professional tennis has come right up in importance the last year or so. Vines has been playing better than he ever has in his life against Tilden, and Tilden and Vines won the doubles crown from Lott and Stoeffen, who were amateur doubles champions before they turned pro. Allison is No. 1 American amateur, second only to Perry. Frankie Parker is No. 4 national.

I've been plenty warm all winter. The only time I thought I'd better wear my woolens (which I brought along) was on the Christmas trip. I haven't had a single cough or cold yet, either. That's better than I usually come out. I suppose you'll want me to get a cold now to prove I need winter underwear all the time. I'll send on your order to Dallas. I'm not getting one for myself as I get all the Bible I can digest here.

1/13/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Thanks for the Manchukuo stamps, Father. I'm glad to know that about the 8 sen red. I'll see how many I have put away. I believe I told you in a former letter how I was on Manchurian issues. I'm sorry but the National Parks issue is all sold out now. I wish I had laid in a bigger stock. I'll know how to go about it by the next commemorative issue. Yes, we see Eleanor Soltau all the time. She's been made one of the few Freshmen members of the W.A.A., the Women's Athletic Association and is doing well in her studies. She went East with Dot McCrory, daughter of the millionaire owner of the McCrory 5 and 10 stores, and was in their New York home over Christmas. I was going to tutor in Greek, but the fellow decided that the trouble was that he just wasn't working hard enough at it and thought tutoring wouldn't be worth the money. I may be able to do some tutoring next semester. I hope my package comes through all right. It's a birthday present and don't forget to look in the back pocket.

More love,

*Sam*  
*Sam H. Moffett*

Dear Folks:

Boy, we sure have some wrestling team here. It won two matches last week. First, we trounced the University of Wisconsin 21-9 -- Wheaton's first Big Ten victory. We fooled them nicely. And then on Wednesday we beat North Central, runners up last year in the Little Nineteen Conference wrestling, by the lop-sided score of 33-3. Pidge Austin pinned his man in 25 seconds, just waded into the man, picked him up and held his shoulders down. It was pretty. However, last night North Central evened things up in a fast basketball game with a score of 33-26. I had to stand in line for an hour to get my ticket to the gym here. There was only room for students, and only part of them. We were packed in like sardines. But the game was worth it. Three minutes from the end the score was 26-26. The lead had been see-sawing back and forth until at this time Toonie Romein, ace guard, went out on fouls. North Central seized the opportunity and forged ahead.

Tomorrow I start off on my first exam, Philosophy, for which I have been studying diligently all week. My daily work has been pretty fair, so if I can only keep these tests from getting me down, my averages should be o.k. for the semester. Tuesday comes the Greek exam, over which I am not worrying as much, perhaps, as I should. The next day I have two coming, History, which may fool me, and Rhetoric which is pure memory work. We have to fill a blue book with an outline of our Rhetoric book. By the way, I received quite a compliment from Prof. Straw Friday. He asked me to remain after class, and inquired whether I had learned anything in the class review. I had, and he said he was glad to know his reviews were not wasted, since if I had learned something the rest could if they wanted to. Then he continued that he was quite pleased with the way I had grasped the subject and had acted as if I enjoyed class period. All this rather astounded me since, aside from getting good marks in written work, I didn't think I had starred in Rhetoric. Anyway it quite encouraged me. My last exam is Bible on Thursday and then - vacation till next Wednesday! That's almost a week.

I can't get used to this Wheaton weather. A big cold snap last week made me pocket my pride and leap into woolen underwear. I suppose that will make Mother rejoice. But right now we're having the warmest weather in several weeks. All the ice on the roads is melting. For a while the newsboys were skating along the streets to deliver their papers, and it was certain disaster to attempt very extended jaunts on foot. Now we're jumping over puddles. However, the paper forecasts the coldest spell yet for tonight. They say this freezing and thawing keeps up all winter.

Yesterday, while making a half-hearted effort to clean up the room, I was called up to the President's office, and went up there, assuming that I was probably wanted to teach a Sunday School class or give a talk on Korea. Consequently I was quite amazed when I bumped into Heydon Lampe. He hasn't changed a bit, and is going to McCormack Seminary as a junior. We rounded up the Korea gang and went down town for a feed.

— Wednesday— 1/23

Doggone it, I sure got fooled. I broke off here to go to evening services and dinner, and discovered that I couldn't take my Rhetoric exam on Wednesday as I had planned but could only work it in on Monday. I had a little matter of sixteen pages of memory work to do in it, so went straight to bed. The alarm dragged me up at four the next morning and I set to work on three hours of concentrated memorizing. It wouldn't have been so bad, but I had a Philosophy exam at 8:00 just before the Rhetoric at 10:30. It kept me from studying the Philosophy and filled my mind with the woozy Rhetoric outline all through the other test. I managed to do fairly in both, though, I think. The Greek test this morning was the easiest one I've ever had. The 75 lines of translation was on very familiar passages which I knew almost by heart. We had no construction, and a little vocabulary quiz. Quite a cinch. That leaves only two more -- History and Bible.

1/20/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Received a letter from Cousin Emma Paige in reply to a Christmas card I sent her. I guess I'll get in my belated visit to Mrs. Bassett this mid-semester vacation. A letter from Charlie says his exams aren't so very hard, but he's pessimistic as usual. He doesn't expect to visit Southington again until Marion's birthday, the 22<sup>nd</sup> of February.

Studying and more studies. Two days and I'll be able to take more time to write you. By the way - I got an A+ on my History Term Paper. Perhaps if I do well on the exam I'll get a 90 for the semester.

I tried again to get National Park stamps, but failed. Here are some Manchukuo stamps I don't have in used condition: fen - 6. 7. 13. 16. 50 and \$1. Are you getting any of the pagoda issue with new shades? I sent on the book about stamps yesterday.

I'm eager to hear about Howard's experiences in Soonchun.

Hastily,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Sam H. Moffett

Dear Folks:

Happy Birthday, Father! I may be a month or so late but that shouldn't make any difference. I can doubly rejoice, over your birthday, and over the end of exams. I wish I could have been there to help with the cake, but I guess Howie and Tom ate double shares without much difficulty.

We're half way through with mid-semester vacation, and we've been busy all the time. My last exam was Bible on Thursday morning, which was quite tough. That afternoon I recuperated by loafing around and doing nothing. My grades are coming out pretty well. I got the second highest in the class on my History exam, a 91, which gives me a 90 for the semester. If I had worked harder, especially the second six weeks, that might have been a 95, but I doubt it because Doc Tiffany doesn't like to give more than one 95 to a class, and there are about a hundred in the two sections of History 115. What tickles me most, though, is my Philosophy. I pulled an 89 on the exam and a 90 on the course. That's the second highest, too, and it's a plenty stiff course. Weyer sure had me scared though. He pulled out a huge bunch of low marks and began going through them for mine, sympathetically remarking, "You did pretty well the first two six weeks, Moffett." Finally he broke the glad tidings, and I almost broke loose, because that puts me ahead of Mike Cleveland, Arrow President, who's been kidding me about the stuff. He's a swell fellow and we studied together for the exam. All this is crowing about my grades, but you have it coming to you, mother, -- you told me to. I'll know about the rest of my marks soon.

Friday afternoon we drove up to Northwestern to see the wrestling match. It was exciting even though Wheaton did lose, and the score was close, 21-15. That makes the third Big Ten match Wheaton has had this year. Muck, lightweight, and Capt. Pidge Austin, and Les Malmquist, all won their bouts by falls. We led the University until the last two matches. Malmquist left the score 15-11, our favor, but the next two bouts went to N.U. on falls, giving them 10 points. That is really a good showing against a strong Bib Ten team.

Last night was when I enjoyed myself, though. We went in to the 108<sup>th</sup> Engineers Armory to see pro tennis, with Tilden playing Lott, Tilden and Vines playing Lott and Stoefer, and Vines playing Stoefer. What tennis we saw! Tilden is still the tennis master, in spite of his age, and beat Lott in two sets, 13-11, 6-0. This first set was hard-fought, but Lott weakened. Tilden does little running around, relies on placements, but is fast all right when he wants to be. Lott played a wonderful net game. The doubles was the best tennis of the evening with Vines and Tilden taking it 12-10, 7-5, for the first time in four exhibitions. Lott and Stoefer left the amateur ranks with the world's doubles crown. That was the fastest tennis I've ever seen. Stoefer and Vines hit with terrific force and beautiful drives, while Lott and Tilden were more scientific. It was pretty to see the first two slugging back and forth until Lott took the ball for an easy shot past Tilden's backhand. I can see why Lott is considered the world's best doubles player, he never makes a wrong shot. Vines was going great guns, in one game serving four aces out of five serves. The last match was interesting. The two players have the same style of game, fast and hard-hitting. You could scarcely follow the ball as it skimmed the net back and forth. Stroking was almost perfect. Vines won in three sets 4-6, 6-4, 6-4. Vines is the only player who can beat Tilden with any regularity. It was a wonderful exhibition. About half way through I missed my coat which had fallen down between the bleachers. I climbed down, squeezing under the seats to the amusement of those around, but couldn't locate the coat. I notified an attendant, but he said there was not much hope of recovery if someone had made off with it. Just then a man came up to a hot dog stand and handed in my overcoat to the lost and found. There are a few honest men left. We got home all right except for a little trouble with a frozen radiator.

Enclosed you will find, I'm afraid, some of my lyrical efforts. You asked for them. Don't worry about little inconsistencies of rhyme or meter. Straw gave me tens and you should be even more lenient



than he.

By the way, I forgot to tell you that before we went over to the tennis matches Saturday night we had dinner at one of the Penny System Restaurants. I had a full dinner of beef broth, meat loaf, fried potatoes, hot chocolate, bread, butter and coffee cake for only a quarter. Bob Hamilton, who went with Dayton and myself, wasn't quite so hungry and dined for 18¢. Food is cheap there, but they say it is very good and wholesome stuff.

I finally found the "Flash" cleaner. Monkey Ward [Montgomery Ward] didn't have any in their catalogue. But I wonder if this is the thing you want? It's a sort of putty-like sanded soap. The price was only 10¢ a tin plus 1¢ state sales tax, so if I guessed wrong nothing much but time will have been wasted. I looked in all the mail-order catalogues vainly, and at last found this in a little dry-goods store. I'm sending it on, hopefully.

You seem to have had quite a Christmas. I suppose Mutso will be torn now between books and carpenter bench. How is his Greek coming? He's a lucky bum getting extra shares of the gift candy from Koreans. How many chickens came in, - and boxes of oranges?

I see from all your recent letters that my tardiness in correspondence at Thanksgiving disrupted your calculations. You'll have to make allowances, for vacations here are very busy for me, especially when I'm traveling, and they entail a lot of work in school when I return. But I'll do my best.

(continued on back of "Winter Winds")

I bought a copy of *The Vanguard* [by James S. Gale] at a school auction the other day, and have been re-reading it. I've forgotten just who the characters are. Can you enlighten me? Isn't *Willis* a composite picture of Father and Mr. [Graham] Lee? I've no idea who the others are.

I've had no recent news from Jim since Christmas, but have written and may be fortunate enough to receive an answer. Charlie has been very good about writing.

I guess that covers about everything. I see that Howie's vacations must be about as strenuous as mine - - no news for two weeks. Tom reports though, that he bagged no grizzlies or polar bears, and I am duly sympathetic.

Lots of love. Watch me hit this next semester,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Sam Moffett

P.S. Dayton and I hope to drive down to Uncle Will [Moffett] in Peoria for half of Easter vacation, and spend the rest of the time in Madison. We have quite a vacation - from April 5 to the 16<sup>th</sup>.

Monday - P.S. Although Chicago and Wheaton are out of [the] *National Parks* issue [U.S. stamps] - I happened to find a few left in the Glen Ellyn post office. I'll be putting them on your letters.

(continued)

Winter Winds

Rage winter wind and wax mighty,  
Blatantly bluster about;  
Topple down trees in your madness,  
Laugh at destruction, and shout.

Whip up the snow in men's faces,  
Strike with your chill, icy blast;  
Swoop through bleak streets and gray alleys,  
Roar on till winter is past.

Some may dislike your wild ravings,  
Let them shrink timidly back.  
I love your stormy caresses,  
Blast me, I like your attack.

[The professor gave a score of 10 for this poem]

By A Monastery

I stand, reflective, in the dusk  
Close by a monastery wall.  
The dark hills quiet, silent pines  
Loom large as shadows fall.

Brass fish-bells tinkle mockingly  
As throbbing gongs beat out a prayer.  
A passing monk intones a chant  
To one who does not hear or care.

And now the hills are lost in night  
Save where the moon gleams ghostly pale.  
A far-off dog howls fitfully,  
The sad bells ring farewell.

[And a 10 for this one]

Pyeng Yang, Korea

January 30, 1935

Lucia Fish Moffett

Dear Alice and Azel, [her brother and sister-in-law]

Thank you for giving [our son] Sam such a good time. He enjoyed the talks and the eats, the driving and the chopping and must have carried off a large section of your library. Jamie, too, enjoyed getting into a home.

Everything is so peaceful now we are hoping Howard will get the trip via Siberia that Sam missed. Probably about thirty will go that way next summer, so getting special rates (25% off) and perhaps a [railroad] car to themselves.

Sam [husband] says Laurens [Azel and Alice's son] won his position in the Economics Bureau by a thesis written at Duke. We are certainly proud of him. Yet it is a somewhat dangerous environment, isn't it? We hear Washington is running over with communists, etc. And they don't speak Russian there (lest you make remarks about Siberia).

Alice did do me an immensely good turn by enclosing that letter of Maggie Woolfolk. I have gotten her address several times from Aunt Mat; [and] Joe's twice from a missionary here whose daughter lives near them - and never written a line. Now both addresses were lost and I do think we should have some idea how they are faring.

This time I wrote at once. You and I, Alice, belong in just about the same class as correspondents. It was ever so nice of you to take care of [son] Sam and write us about him. [husband] Sam's sister Susie has mothered him a bit, too.

Here comes my Latin pupil, so goodbye,

With much love,

Lucia

Howard is just out after the measles. This got pushed under and you will be thinking us very ungrateful. He has not done as much reading as I wish and this was such a wonderful opportunity to fill in half a dozen or so books - I have been reading to him pretty steadily. He hadn't even read Quentin Durward, etc.

We are wondering just what the withdrawal of consuls from Russia means.

Dear Folks:

Another semester and a lot more work ahead for yours truly. But I didn't leave the past half-year with such a bad record. I scored two grades of 100 in final exams - - Greek and Rhetoric. I told you last time that the Greek was easy, but I didn't think I had had the time to memorize the Rhetoric perfectly. Anyway that gives me two ninety-fives and two nineties so far. I wish I knew my Bible grade. For the first two six weeks I rated 95, but I greatly fear I fell down in the exam, worse luck. It was harder than I expected so 90 is all I think I can get. But even then I rate on the semester honor roll.

My schedule for this next semester is exactly the same as last. All my courses were for two semesters. I'm glad for I liked the schedule. Next week we finish up the Iliad and begin work on the Odyssey. Our Greek class is quite diminished, for a good many of the students heard that New Testament is a lot easier than classical Greek and switched over. We now have a class of 30 instead of 40. Dayton has transferred to my History section, which is the largest class I'm in with over fifty. And by the way, Dayton's a big squeeze on the *Record* now, - Assistant Managing Editor. That puts him right in line for editor-in-chief some day. He was promoted right over the heads of a good many other freshmen and sophomores, so it came as quite a surprise to him. I haven't been working much on the paper lately, but I still get a complimentary copy, so I'm satisfied. But in the last class meeting I did receive the high honor of being appointed one of a committee to decide on the class gift to the school. Inasmuch as this will not have to be decided for a year or so, the responsibilities of the office weigh not so heavily on my frail shoulders.

All my spare time recently has been given to renovating the car. I have been giving willing but none too able assistance to Dat, Sid and Charley Lampman as they tore the engine to pieces and are replacing worn piston rings. I'm learning things and getting all my clothes greasy. It takes a lot of patience to make a mechanic. We've been troubled recently with a balky oil-pan. Here's hoping the car will run after we're through tinkering - - if we have enough pieces left over we'll make a truck.

Last night I went with Charlie Ford to an Open House at Mr. Welsh's, the pastor of the College Church. We played Bible games and ping-pong. Mr. Welsh says he knows of father, having seen him once at Princeton with Jim, I guess, but had never met him.

A letter from Roy, brought by a student who transferred from Maryville this semester, highly praises the *Kum and Go*. He says the only thing lacking is the intangible atmosphere given to any undertaking by the mere presence of the Class of Thirty-Four (long may she reign!). But I'll have to admit that even that illustrious class could not have improved it much. I'm overcome with curiosity about the deer and snipe-hunting. I wonder if the latter is anything like the Wheaton product, a refined form of Freshman hazing. The green and inexperienced student is carried a couple of miles out in the country, his shoes are removed and he is abandoned to his own resources. Sophs have an uncanny accuracy at picking unfrequented roads and the Frosh, unable to hitch-hike, must perforce limp carefully home. I guess Soonchun snipe-hunting differs materially from this.

2/02/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

How do you keep Mutso in books. He writes that he's already through mine. No Book-of-the-Month for him - - he should begin a Book-a-Day club. You're a bum, Tom, for setting out on this cooking streak too late for me. However we get good stuff at the dining hall, although perhaps there's a bit too much emphasis on potatoes.

As for stamps - - do you want any more of the Nat'l Parks issue unused? I have some 1,4,6,7,8,9 and 10¢ stamps on hand unused that I will be using on all letters to you. I'll save one of each unused for you if you'd like. I wonder how the warm weather will affect the hockey season there. I'm glad to hear of the strong Korea contingent planning on Wheaton. We'll have a real soccer team. Coach is quite encouraging about substituting soccer practice for gym credit, so we're planning to have spring practice in preparation for a real schedule next year. I have quite enough money now, although I'm not sure whether my allowance is expected to cover board and room expenses - - about 155 dollars a semester including school fees. In that case I'll need help from Uncle Howard occasionally.

Mother still has a lot of credit with me. She has \$26.77 in my bank account. I'll send a detailed account when I buy you Gabelein's book. I decided I needed some relaxing reading, so am rapidly finishing Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. I wonder why I have never read it before. By the way, I can't look cheerfully happy for any photographer. Dat and I have perfected a way for "blowing" on Friday nights with a clear conscience. Any pennies we pick up during the week we lay aside in an unused ink-bottle to provide week-end refreshment. This doesn't seem quite so wasteful, although our pennies grow, not into dollars (a la Henry Ford), but into hamburgers and milk-shakes.

Dr. McQuilkin is conducting the mid-year evangelistic services, and is certainly a wonderful preacher. I still think, though, that no one can beat Dr. Barnhouse at Bible teaching. Dayton and I spoke to him {McQuilkin} the other day when we learned that he was a brother of Mrs. Lloyd Henderson. He knows Dr. C.E. Scott very well, too. Don't have enough to fill another page so must quit here.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

P.S. Am enclosing part of my Greek exam. Please return the blue-book cover. It'll make a proud entry in my memory book.

Dear Folks:

I had my first date last night, and with a granddaughter of Dr. Blanchard, former president of the college. The occasion was the announcement of the engagement of Charles Lampman, who used to stay with Mrs. Roy, and Kathryn Fields. The dinner was very formal, so we all had to borrow tuxes from Glee Club fellows. We had a bad hour or so before 8:00 rounding up collar buttons, studs, collars and bow ties, etc. but everything came out all right. Mrs. Roy fixed the corsages which were delivered by Western Union, so you see it was quite a swell affair. Since Dat and I were unattached, we brought some girls Mrs. Roy wanted to invite; he had Mary Helen Jones, news editor of the Record and I took Delle McKenzie. Perhaps if I had known about Mary Hope Wood sooner I could have brought her, but anyway, Delle was very nice. I didn't lose my tie or spill soup on my shirt front. In fact, I behaved with grace and dignity, or at least, I hope I did. It's good practice to have a formal affair once in a while.

I now serve the record in two capacities, as news reporter, and as an assistant circulation manager, my former job. I wasn't working enough at that, so just Friday, I decided to try out for reporter, was given a routine trial assignment, the registrar's office beat, and by a lucky break stumbled on the big story of the week. So my first article ought to rate the front page. Vice-President Dyrness, in charge of registration and administration put me on to a proposed field trip for the biology and geology departments this summer and told me where I could get more details. I didn't realize how much fun it could be to track down a story. Now I can write for the paper as well as fold and address it.

I got a 90 in Bible, worse luck. Miss Torrey said that since so many were evenly high in class work (I made 91 on the exam) she would have to give the two 95's in the class to those who had done the most outside work. In this case two girls had read Edersheim's *Life of Christ*, paralleling the lessons, and thus took the high mark. That gives me 95 in seven hours and 90 in eight - - giving me 37 grade-points, a good start toward the 120 required for graduation.

Dr. McQuilkin is surely a wonderful man. I guess it's the Irish in him that makes him so well liked. He's been speaking on the Victorious Life. I think he is quite right that a Christian, though saved, can lead a defeated life because of incomplete surrender. By the way, Father, I wish I could have talked about doctrines more with you. I believe in eternal security, but I can't explain John 15:2. That sounds as if the branch in him (evidently a saved Christian) can be cut off. Dr. McQuilkin gave a pretty good illustration against painting. "The best way", he says, "to acquire that schoolgirl complexion, is to buy the finest, highest-priced rouge you can find - - select it with the greatest care - - then take it carefully and seclude it in a wood about two miles from the house and hike out every morning to see if it's still there." One more thing - - what church shall I join? I'd sort of like to keep my membership in the Presbyterian Church, though I could become an associate member of one of the churches here. Do you have any suggestions? How about Dr. Stone's *Fourth Presbyterian Church* in Chicago?

That seems to have been quite a fruity trip to Soonchun. How big was the young moose you snared? I guess you're about ready to get out another Kum and Go now. It is eagerly awaited, you may be sure. I'm curious as to how the hockey season turned out. Boy, I hope you got to go down to Seoul. By the way, who's goalie? Tell Mr. Chandler I've firmly vowed to get

2/10/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

him a letter in the not too distant future.

Monday

The service last evening was the close of the evangelistic services, and was about the most inspirational I have ever attended. Dr. M'Quilkin said that the first call for all Christians was to the Mission Field, though that seemed hard, but to me that would be the easiest course. However, unless I am called for something else I shall plan to be a missionary.

I can't imagine Tom beginning Xenophon already. It'll come in handy Mutso about the time you're in college. I'm certainly grateful now for the start Mother gave me. WE've just started the *Odyssey*.

Thank Dr. Parker for sending his form letter to us. We appreciate all news from Korea.

Affectionately,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Nothing much has happened this week. It's a very uninteresting time of year with the snow melting and everything wet and dripping but no prospect of spring ahead. Your weekly letter failed to arrive this week but I hope for it Monday since it probably missed a boat somewhere.

Last night we attended a meeting of International Students and were rewarded by being elected officers. Dayton is treasurer and I reporter. That means I have to write up the meetings and hand them into the *Record*. Mary Lou Allison is new president, succeeding Phil Irabon, a Philippino. Other officers are vice-president, Rose Olstein from Palestine; secretary, Lucille Hartman from China; social chairmen, John Frame from Persia and a girl I don't know. We have quite a big group from foreign countries. The meeting last night was held at the home of the Stams. I've been there several times and like Mt. Stam a lot.

I think I'll add Journalism to my course and bring my hours up to sixteen. I have been attending the meetings of the class every Wednesday night, but haven't been taking any credit for it. I'll have to pay \$5 for an extra hour, but it will be worth it, I think. The course will only take one hour a week, and the assignments should help me a lot.

At Lit last Friday, Tichenor, Haley and I gave a pretty sick humor number, which I hope we can live down. Philosophy is interesting with a lot of outside reading in Plato's *Republic*, *Crito*, *Apology*, and *Phaedo*. What a clear thinker and clever reasoner Socrates was. His physical theory of the universe is a bit bizarre, but I notice that he expressed heavy doubts about its actual co-incidence with reality.

I saw a swell basketball game Thursday night with Armour Tech. The score see-sawed back and forth the first half and ended 18-15 our favor. Then in a spurt at the beginning of the second we ran it up to 25-15, then Armour took a spree and ran up 9 points. Again the score see-sawed up to 30-29 about five minutes from the end, and our hopes were dashed when Armour sprinted ahead to 36-30 with two minutes left. Two long field goals by Wheaton brought everyone to their feet, and then Johnny Page took the ball for a long dribble, shot, was fouled and missed. Just as he was to be awarded two foul throws, with a chance to tie, the ball was called clear back into Wheaton territory on an outside. In the mad scramble and loud uproar, not even the referee had heard the linesman call the ball out. The game ended as the ball was thrown in.

A letter from Mac McCune the other day told of his Aunt Pearl's death and thanked me for bringing over the kimono. He says that Howie Rhodes in Occidental is the only fellow Korea Kid around.

See if you can find my name twice in the February 13 *Record*, not counting the masthead. I'm becoming over-prominent perhaps. I suppose you've noticed Eleanor Soltau's name blazoned in the headlines. She's been making a name for herself in intra-mural volleyball; was runner up with her partner in the doubles tournament, and a bulwark of defense on the champion Bow inter-society aggregation. By the way, did you see my article on Summer School Field



2/17/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Trip? I notice that though the rhetoric was passable, my inexperience in journalism was shown in the huge long paragraphs. I'm learning.

How's the *Anabasis* coming, Tom. We don't have a convenient vocabulary in the back of our *Homer*, so the penalty for a poor knowledge of vocabulary is an arduous search through a ponderous lexicon. You don't know how lucky you are, Mutso. I'm beginning to realize the value of my Greek Testament. I understood the passage John 21;15-18 and the difference in intensity between the two verbs for love, for the first time. Thank Dr. Engel again for his gift, for me.

I must now stop and write Mary Jarvie. She's been corresponding with me regularly, for which I am glad.

From your dutiful son and ever affectionate brother:

↓

Samuel Hugh Moffett

a bit old-fashioned, I think

Dear Folks:

We had a vacation Friday in honor of Washington's birthday, good old George. I didn't do much but clean the room and interview people for the *Record*, but it was a welcome relief.

Instead of going to the Washington Banquet and spending 3.00 bucks, I participated in a wrestling match between our house and the one across the street. They didn't turn out in sufficient force so we couldn't make it official but we had a lot of bouts anyway, although no one in our house knew anything about wrestling. I wrestled twice and am still stiff and sore. I rode Sid - - I'm five pounds heavier than he but he went out for the squad this winter; and I pinned Tom Flath, a fellow in the house who outweighs me, so I came out pretty well. It's great sport but the hardest work I've done in months.

Am I going to have to work next year? With two of us in college it'll be quite a financial strain, I expect. If so, I should put in my application here as soon as possible. And by the way, I didn't mean to give you the impression that I was dead broke. I was only short for a couple of weeks back there. But now I have plenty of mother's in the bank besides quite a bit I've been saving from my allowance. I feel like a plutocrat with \$423.61 in the bank. Here is mother's account:

December check		30.00
Oakland check		228.51
Postage due on logic book	.15	
"Stories of Stamps"	1.00	
Postage since August	1.35	
Schofield lessons and postage, tax	.52	
Cleanser	.21	
	3.23	258.51
Balance due mother		\$255.28

I wonder if you knew mother's Oakland account was that big. That leaves me \$168.33, of which \$98 came from the typewriter and my Han Sung account. Christmas present \$10, so I've saved somewhere around \$60 from allowance. But I had a check from Uncle Howard for \$155 to pay my second semester's bills.

You asked about expenses this Christmas. Traveling expenses amounted up to \$1.00 apiece for Dayton and myself, thanks to the regulation charge for passengers of \$15 apiece. Our three passengers thus paid for gas, oil and repairs out of that \$45. Meals mounted up to a little over three dollars. Of course the initial cost of the car, \$65, brings the reckoning up, but it's been paying pretty well by week-end gospel team trips for which we get paid by the mile. Then it will save us on our Easter vacation.

I don't find blocks of American stamps as easy to get here as out there, because of the

2/24/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

difference in postage rates. I don't have any of the Nat'l Parks stamps in blocks. I've got some stamps on the three packages I just mailed. The passport is registered. I hope the journalism tips I'm sending Howie will not be too late to be of service. And now I come with reluctance to the cleanser. I'm afraid I told you about a month ago that I was just about to send it. Something slipped and I didn't know how to wrap them, and kept putting off the final effort until just now. Besides, I'm afraid they're not what you want. I'll try not to fail you again.

You can guess from the looks of this letter and the woozy writing that I'm sleepy. It seems to be becoming a habit on Sunday afternoons.

Yours,

Samuel H. Moffett

P.S. The enclosed picture is of the aforementioned announcement party. The peculiar expression on my face is doubtless due to my efforts at appearing cheerfully blase and unconcerned in a high stiff collar and shirt-front and unruly bow tie. Doesn't Dat look quite like a man of the world. The fellow standing to the right is Seldon Ward, and the boy peeking around the corner is Tom Flath. For any further details see the back of the picture Dayton is sending.

Dear Folks:

Do we ever have a good wrestling team. The little Nineteen championships just held here yesterday resulted in 46 points for Wheaton, and 18 apiece for North Central and Illinois Normal. Illinois Wesleyan came next I believe with 13 - - you can get it all out of the next *Record*. The whole Wheaton team fought through to the finals, and five of our men took championships and the other three took second places. That's the best it's ever been done.

More breaks on the *Record*. I've had two spot stories now, and have Dyrness, the registrar as a regular beat. He's full of news so I should get a good many inches besides extra stories. It's great fun, but I can't decide whether I want to keep on for several years and perhaps get a responsible job. I wonder whether that will be worth the time it will necessarily take from studies. But I have a good long time to think it over.

I tried to show Doc Tiffany that I really deserved a 95 in history last semester (I admit I really didn't) by pulling down a 100 on his first test this sex-weeks. Out of our class of 100 there were three perfect grades and forty below 70. I hope the prof is conscience stricken at not having discovered my sterling worth earlier.

You'll be amazed to hear that I had my second date Friday night after Lit. but it wasn't my fault. An old Wheaton tradition has it that every once in a while a girls' rooming house will decide to throw a party. In a case like that they must of necessity invite their own dates, a la leap year, and I got hooked in this fashion. The girl was a freshman, in the Glee Club, Beth Lininger by name, and no nuisance so I went. Once more I behaved as befitted a Moffett, save for a slight over-indulgence in cocoa and marshmallows. The party was at Blanchards, and we played Pit, word games, etc.

Six-weeks exams come this next week. Greek leads off on Tuesday, but I'm not particularly worried about it. The hardest will be Philosophy or Bible.

What can you tell me about the new board wrangle. Many here favor the new board, including the President, and certainly the faction is decidedly fundamental. But it's the old board that supports us, and it seems to me at times that the Westminster men are a bit too eager to fight and find fault. But I don't know much about the situation - - that is, the old board's side of it.

I can't say anything definite about the summer yet. I hope that Jim will be able to find me some sort of a job at the summer camp he worked in last year., He wants the three of us together there for the summer, where we can drop down and meet Howard in New York and take him back with us. But he can't be at all sure of getting the positions. Charlie will take a church somewhere around there this summer if he can. I have applied for work at Keswick, and will try elsewhere, so that, if Jim's plan doesn't work, I won't find myself stranded. When will Howard reach New York? The clan here will be ready for him, all right. Boy, but he's a lucky bum to see Europe again.

I sympathize with your troubles over watermarks, Father, because I had such a time with

3/02/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

them. The wavy-line watermarks on the back of Japanese stamps are so plain, it's a pity that America couldn't simplify her marks too. I presume you know the system: laying the stamps on a glossy black base and covering them with benzine. The back of the stamp catalogue gives all the watermarks - - in the U.S. there are only two of any importance USPS in single or double lines - - but only one of those letters or a part of a letter will appear on each stamp. It takes a good deal of intuition to decipher a suspicious curving dark line on the back of a stamp.

Your Herculean efforts at keeping me supplied with Korean data and folk lore are certainly appreciated, mother. It's been a big help. Last Sunday I gave a short talk in a church at Summit, about twenty-five miles from here. It was a sort of International Students gospel team.

I scared everyone by contracting an alarming sore throat and convincing snuffle just at a time when measles is breaking out all through the college, and one case of scarlet fever put all on the lookout. Mrs. Roy did her best to drown me with all sorts of things, tied rags vainly around my head in your approved style - - but my system cured me. All I needed was Vicks aplenty and gargles and a starvation diet of liquids and fruit and I was well in two days, attending school all the time.

Does Howard really have the measles? The silence from his quarter is alarming. Tell the old pansy to raise ned on another KUM and GO.

Yours,

*Sam*

Sam H. Moffett

Pyongyang, Korea

March 10, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam: [To S.A. Moffett's third son, Samuel Hugh Moffett, 1st year, Wheaton College]

Your first article as reporter is first rate. That is a good job and will teach you lots of things worth knowing. We note too that you got in on the humorous in Arrows [one of 3 men's literary societies on campus]. College life has lots of interesting experiences!

Am glad you enjoyed Dr. McQuilkin. I doubt not he is very good primarily because he holds to scripture.

Go to your Bible for explanation and statement of all doctrines and try every new proposal or explanation by an appeal to Scripture and hold fast to that.

You will come up against a good many things which you cannot explain and some you will not understand - but that is just where faith comes in and we accept many things as true simply because the Word of God teaches them. Without faith it is not only impossible to please God but it is also impossible to understand the philosophy of life and the many many difficult problems which we meet in trying to understand the mysteries of life and its experiences.

I have been so thankful that I was given a profound faith in the inspiration of the Bible as the very Word of God and I have over & over again read books which have confirmed that conviction.

Get from College Library the book "God's Word Written" by Garbett and read it a chapter at a time - slowly but thoughtfully.

I hope you do keep your membership in the Presbyterian Church which notwithstanding its mistakes and shortcomings is nevertheless the bulwark of the faith.

The Fourth Church Chicago is a good one so also is the Buena Memorial Church. However, if membership in a church in Chicago means you will have to go there to church very frequently - that could be a disadvantage. Steer clear of the modernistic churches and pastors!

Mr. Crowell is an elder in 4th Church. Call on him sometime (Quaker Oats Co.) tell him who you are - and ask him what about your Church membership. You know it is he who has helped me and Dr. McCune in our college here.

I have a good long letter from Jim [oldest son of S.A. Moffett]. He is having a pretty hard time trying to reach conclusions for many problems. Pray for him.

There is no special news here - we are in the midst of school commencements these two weeks.

Hope you enjoy the Pyongyang news. It is a race between Dayton [Roberts] and his mother as to who gets up the better paper.

We are all well I am thankful to say. David Talmadge is still a very sick boy but we are praying for improvement.

Love from us all,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel A. Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 10, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It seems that I'm in the upper third or so of my class, or something like that. I rank 9 in the class of 256, and tie for 6<sup>th</sup> place on the honor roll. The discrepancy is because only students taking 14 hours can place on the honor roll, but those making good grades in fewer hours place high in the class. My average was 92.33 -- I guess I should have done better. By the way, Delle Mackenzie, the girl I took to the formal party was one of the two I tied with for 6th.

Wednesday evening I went into Chicago with Dayton to deliver *Record* copy to the printer. Mistake -- it was Monday. A former Wheaton graduate linotypes and makes up the paper in his basement. He is working up a business which he expects will support him on the mission field. Now he gives 20% of his earnings to missions. He is quite an expert and used to superintend the printing of the big mail-order catalogues.

I saw the most exciting basketball game of the year Friday night, between Arrows and Belts. Arrows were favored to win, but in these little inter-society riots superior basketball doesn't count as much as good old Irish scrap. The score in the first half teetered along slowly and ended with a minor spurt by Arrows which put them three points ahead. In the second half the Aristonians made the mistake of trying to play basketball, but the Belts, though they lost two men on four fouls, pushed ahead with some scrappy football tactics. Still the purple and yellow failed to wake up, and five minutes from the end the score stood 27-19 for the Belts, and all true Arrows began to wish they hadn't come. And then, all of a sudden, Arrows woke up and began to fight. Two quick shots and a foul toss brought us into scoring position with two minutes left -- the whole house was on its feet, yelling like mad. Another fluke shot -- one more point to go for a tie -- and then a double foul and a technical, giving Arrows two free throws and Belts one -- anybody's game. Intense silence, and all three missed. And then with one minute left, dear old Luke Rhoads galloped down the field and sank a pretty one. Time out was taken while they cleared hysterical Arrow rooters off the floor -- then the game ended with Belts madly charging the stalling Arrows. And that's just the first of the three intersociety games -- 28-27.

Last night, thanks to pull with some influential sops, I got in on a sophomore roller skating party. Boy, did I feel foolish when I got out on the floor and my restless feet went into involuntary spins and curves. I thought when I went that I'd soon pick up the art again, but the final gong still found me gamely struggling around the ring. It's fun, though. I drove over in the Dean's car -- he says they're expecting a hundred more on the campus next fall than this year!

I'm glad you're well, you old chiseler (Howard, I mean, not Father). You still haven't told me who the hockey goalie was. What a position that is -- slave away in practices getting all black and blue, only to while away the weary and uneventful hours of an actual game by catching cold. Much ado about nothing. The only hockey you'll ever get here is roller skating hockey -- if you organize a team.

You ask, father, whether I have the 6 and 7 Manch[urian stamps]. I have them unused but not used. I hope these Nat'l Parks [stamps] are coming through in good shape.

3/10/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

I'm all well in spite of the lack of winter underwear. My short cold traveled from my throat to my nose and thence disappeared.

After bunching up and coming on Friday and Saturday of last week, your letters are again held up somewhere. I hope for one tomorrow.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

Sam

P.S. I think I'll save pennies or sell newspapers or something and go to England some summer. The more I think of it the more I envy Howard.

Six weeks exams are once more rearing ugly heads on the horizon. Three have been met, and I hope, conquered.



Wheaton, Illinois

March 17, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Six weeks exams are only a faintly troubling memory now. I have returns from only one, history, and I wish that like Maine in the elections, it would serve as a gauge to results of the other tests. I fear that cannot be, for I surpassed myself and brought down a 99, which with the 100 on the former test gives me my first 95 in history. A little more concentration on the textbook and less emphasis on outside reading seems to have done the trick.

I wonder when we'll have to begin calling Miss Jameson Doctor Jameson. She just received her Ph.D. from Illinois last week. I think she is the youngest woman to receive that degree in the Middle West. She was in the class ahead of Charlie. I certainly like her as a teacher.

Big news this week is Dayton's election as editor-in-chief of the Frosh edition of the *Record*. That'll make a nice alumni story for the *Kum and Go*, - Former K&G Chief Selected from 20 Aspirants (about 16 on the editorial staff are Frosh, and 4 circulation assistants) for Important Post, etc. -. The novices paper will appear April 3. I'm to be news editor. It'll be a lot of fun and more work.

That long-awaited event, the Record-Faculty basketball game, is now history. In an intensely exciting game, marred only by the rough and tumble tactics of the opposition, a hard fighting squad of fifteen scribes vanquished the professors by a 27-19 (I think) tally. We burst upon the floor arrayed in borrowed dresses and went through a quick-fire work-out, Dat and I were in the opening line-up, as guards, and played for about seven minutes before the second *Record* team went in. Our three teams alternated at regular intervals much to the dismay of time-keepers, referees and opposition. "What-a-man" Roberts, and "One-point" Moffett did credit to PY training, Dayton with his flying tackles and I with a foul shot swisher. High point of the game was the fight between Doc Wright and the *Record* reserves. The Prof tried a throw-in from a position before the *Record* bench and was somehow tripped up and pounced upon by the whole line of bench-warmers. Order was restored by the football team.

Last night I went roller-skating for the second time, this one a Frosh party. I held my own, though it was a bit tricky with 150 on the floor, sprinting around with reckless abandon. I was able to work up quite a bit of speed, but barged around knocking down unfortunates who chanced to impede my progress. Only once did I receive my just deserts and fall. Most ignominious escapade was when I rounded a corner a bit too fast and tripped up a line of 3 girls. I hope the other freshmen enjoyed it as much as I.

I've had no letter for a week and a half, but hope for one tomorrow. You may get this with last week's letter which I discovered hidden away in a pocket of my best suit this Friday. I'll try to remember to mail this on time.

A letter from Uncle Will yesterday invited Dayton and myself down to Peoria for Spring vacation, beginning April fifth. We have ten days and will probably divide it up between Peoria and Madison.

The enclosed clipping is for father. I have sent to Washington for all the varieties they

3/17/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

sell in blocks of less than 150. That makes 15 varieties, and they will begin to appear on my letters as soon as they come. They will be quite rare, since the only place of sale is the Philatelic Agency in Washington, and since the number issued is so limited.

Spring has come and gone at least four times in the last two weeks. We have a couple of days of balmy, sunny weather, and then, plop, comes a big snow storm. Yesterday was rainy and snowy; today is warm and sunny - - maybe spring is here to stay, but I doubt it.

These fine, warm days have made [me] more nearly home-sick than anything else, for some reason. The air just feels like Pyongyang.

Lots more love,  
from

*Sam*

Sam H. Moffett

P.S. I don't know what made me forget the inter-society basketball finals between Arrows and Celts. The varsity, which is all Celt this year, lived up to expectations, worse luck, and handed us a 40-22 beating. A victory this year would have given Arrows the trophy for keeps, with two consecutive wins in the last two years. Chances are better for next year.

S.H.M.

Wheaton, Illinois

March 24, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear folks:

My grades aren't so hot this six weeks. I fell down in my philosophy test, took an 80 on it and the six weeks. The others are all right. 95's in history, Greek and Bible. 91 in Rhetoric, that was the highest grade he gave, three of them in his four classes. That woozy 80 is the lowest mark I've taken here, and I hope I can work it up, but the trouble now is that tennis and soccer are coming up and are going to take some time.

Soccer practices this week have left me stiff all over. Prospects seem pretty good for next year. I bought a pair of shoes in at Spaldings at college reduction for \$4.50. I don't think I would have saved much by getting them from out there, and I needed them this spring. Boy, but it's fun to boot the old ball after doing nothing all winter. Dayton, the old sucker, has deserted us and is devoting his attention to spring football. He seems to be going places in that, though.

I've just been asked to look after the publicity for the League of Evangelical Students, by Jack Hillis, the secretary. That will mean articles in the *Record* and the Alumni bulletins, and will give me some work to do for the League.

This week is going to be a busy one. I have to write a 2000 word short-story for Doc Straw, and, most work of all, the Frosh *Record* comes out. I've got a job ahead of me in assigning articles, finding reporters, and revising the articles when they come in. More fun. But Dat's going to be the busy fellow.

Last night Dat and I went to the Gym Exhibition. Honestly, it was better than a circus. Those gym team fellows can do more things than any professional acrobats. Best of all was Louie Gehr's somersault over ten men, blindfolded. He did it by drum, running faster as the drum beat louder and leaping at the big bang. Living statues were good too, the powdered bodies looking almost like marble in a bluish light. By the way, tomorrow I am to lead Freshmen prayer meeting in the afternoon at 4:30. Friday night after Lit, we had our second meeting of the International Students, had good sport with Persian folk-tales, Chinese chopstick games (transferring hard beans from one bowl to another with the beastly things) and Palestinian refreshments. John Frame and I worked some snappy politics to elect Eleanor Soltau corresponding secretary. He nominated her, I immediately moved we elect her on a white ballot, and the deed was done.

That was certainly bad luck you had with the Russians about stamps, Father. But I appreciate the Manchukuo ones you did send me. No reply as yet from the Philatelic department since they are swamped with orders, but one should come this week. I am sending a convenient perforation gauge, it may help you with rotary press and flat plate stamps that always bothered me. I wonder if you could get me together (or Tom) a bunch of the very commonest Japanese and Chinese stamps for me to give away to some people who are asking for stamps but have nothing to trade. Thanks a lot for the *Vanguard* characters. I certainly enjoyed reading the book again. I'll let you know about the April check..

I don't know why you haven't been getting the *Record* regularly. Lately we've been writing out the foreign addresses and perhaps your name was accidentally skipped. I'll see about it, anyway. I don't think Dat and I would find much time for fooling around with a microscope,

3/24/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

but it would be fun. Tom should enjoy it a lot. I've never read the *Microbe Hunters* but you interest me, so I will at the first opportunity.

I'm writing Howie a letter, a private one - - he deserves it all right. How you must have to step on the old will power, Howie, to get off an epistle every week. Maybe I'll get you the letter in a couple of months. Starting it doesn't prove anything.

How are things going, Mutso? You sound as if you enjoyed that Washington's Birthday picnic with the Hills. But why did you mention the "Hot Cocoa!", you make my mouth water. Nobody can make that like Chaisi and Whongsi (spelling not guaranteed).

Now for a little thought on a talk for prayer meeting, and then a good long sleep.

Lots of love, (from Dat too) - - He's quite proud of the way his Mother's managing the *Pyongyang News*.

*Sam*

P.S. How's the *Kulsi* coming? I don't see how they can get along without Tom for a messenger boy. But I bet Bea knows what she's doing.

I really ought to proofread these letters. I can see they overflow with avoidable errors.

Wheaton, Illinois

March 31, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

In spite of all your years of instructions on early and regular bedtimes, I haven't been in bed before midnight for the last two nights, and probably won't for the next two. I know that's bad dope and it won't last, but this Freshman *Record* takes enough time for a whole semester's work. I'm going to bed early tonight anyway. We're ahead of schedule now on news copy, -- that's my job -- and I'm also going to have to go into Chicago because the managing editor doesn't know so much about his job, and I've been in before with the regular staff. It's a lot of fun even though I do have to rewrite stories till I drop, and then type them.

Last Tuesday I went in to the printers with Muck and Sandy and Dayton, and had a great time writing headlines -- that's as much fun as crossword puzzles -- and playing checkers while the linotyper set the proof up.

The soccer game Saturday was a big success, and the 4-0 win over Mooseheart encouraged us in Spring training. The team worked together better than it's ever done before. Perhaps I'd have enjoyed it more if we could have avoided a driving snowstorm during the first half, and besides I knew I'd have to write it up afterwards. We're eagerly anticipating a game with a new team, Batavia, after spring vacation.

Wheaton went to town in the Central A.A.U. wrestling meet this week. We have a good chance to take first with one first place, one second, and two thirds, giving us fourteen points. Judges are undecided how to rate McKinley Park, which is ahead of us, because that college took a good many U. of Indiana (Big Ten Champs) in on their team, though they don't rate as members of the college. Anyway the team showed up better than the university teams. Individual winners from this meet will wrestle in the National A.A.U. meet, but the team doesn't know if it can finance the trip.

Last night I corrected copy until 6:30, then dashed home to get dressed for the annual *Record* banquet, after which I corrected more copy. I took my assistant editor, Naomi Neuenschwander, a German (as you have already guessed doubtless) Mennonite, to the feed, and was saved from an impromptu by other lengthy speeches, as toastmaster Marv Derby, editor emeritus, informed me later. All this newspaper work isn't doing my studies any good, I fear, and besides I lost my history book. I hope I can pull through all right for the six weeks.

I think I'll enclose another poetical effort of mine. It's an anti-liquor piece, and, in length at least, is epic. The corrections for the final copy are in pencil.

Today I received a letter from an unknown cousin Tom in Peoria urging me to bring along my racket on the Easter visit. That sounds like an interesting time ahead. We've just about decided not to try to visit Madison because that will mean too much driving. So we'll stay over a day and sleep up here before we start out. That will enable [us] to enjoy our vacation more than if we went tired out from the *Record* work.

We expect Chump [Chalmers Brown] tomorrow from Wooster. He will spend several days here, and we contemplate putting another bed in our already crowded room for him. It'll be fun to see the fellow again.

No more time for a longer letter now. But watch the stamps on these letters. Tell me how they come through, since they are very special. Better soak them off, because they are ungummed and I had to paste them on myself.

Lots of love,

Sam

Am head over heels in work with a 3000 word short story due Friday, besides all the *Record* work.

[enclosed with S.H.M. letter of March 31, 1935]

THE WARNING

The gray-green hills are shadowed now,  
And tipped with purple in the west  
Where softly fades the Grecian day,  
And all is rest.

Sweeping the swiftly deepening sky  
A lonely eagle circles wide,  
And downward bends his piercing gaze  
On silent town and mountainside.  
There, far below his wandering eye  
Describes a youth, black-haired and strong.  
With short, quick step, with staff grasped firm  
He moves along.

Steep paths he climbs. At last he hears  
A gloomy cypress grove where lies  
A marble temple gleaming white  
Against the somber, clouded skies.  
Within its darkened depths the priest  
Is lost in saddened reverie  
Unread before him lie strange books  
Of mystery.

A heavy blackness covers all,  
Save where the sacred tripod glows,  
And smoke from ruby embers curls,  
In mystic figures, forth it goes.  
The youth draws nigh in wond'ring awe  
And softly calls from out the gate.  
The priest, aroused, advances slow  
In solemn state.

First spake the boy. "Old man," he said,  
"And reverend sage, who knowest well  
The will of gods and acts of men  
And dwellest where immortals dwell,  
Interpret now the vapors strange,  
Read forth the oracle to me,  
For I am sore perplexed and sad,  
Though well and free."

The seer in accents deep and slow  
Made answer. "Lad, no more exclaim  
Of oracles and mysteries  
For youth has future clear and plain.  
I see before thee, eager boy,  
Two paths, The one a winding, broad  
And easy way, in truth, it seems  
A pleasing road.

"It leads through valleys green and gold,  
Past sparkling brooks where all the way  
Is bright with flowers, gay with birds  
Enticing thee both night and day.  
Yet now behold this narrow path,  
Forbidding, straight as arrow flight  
It climbs a steep ascent, but ends  
In glorious light.

"Now stay, good youth, before you choose,  
This ancient saying call to mind:  
The beautiful is often vile,  
And virtue is by trial refined."  
With this the seer drew shut the gates.  
The lad retraced his steps. And night  
Was black save where pale columns shone  
In soft moonlight.

The years roll on, the scene has changed.  
A beggar feebly crawls the brink  
Of public fount, the thronging crowd  
Sees not his pained attempts to drink.  
His eyes are shadowed with the swift  
Approach of never-ending gloom.  
But now he straightens, from his lips  
Come words of doom.

"Alas, I was not always thus,  
Once warriors feared my ashen spear,  
The laurel wreath once crowned my brow  
My might inspired all with fear.  
But, pleasures lured me, drink enticed  
The 'cup that cheers' no more enticed,  
But snared me, left me, drunken brute,  
To die, in vice.

"Ah, would that I'd obeyed the sage  
That long ago foretold my fate.  
How treacherous the easy road  
What joys fill duty's pathway straight"  
He spoke, and speaking fell to earth  
No more to rise.

And so, my reader, this I write  
That, like the hoary seer, I might  
Warn against wild appetite  
And liquor's snare.

Samuel H. Moffett

[incomplete letter of Lucia Fish Moffett to her son, Samuel Hugh Moffett, in his first year at Wheaton College in Illinois]

You would be amused to read an autobiography of Daniel Fisher, president of Hanover when your father was there [as a student]. Somebody tried to tell him that high scholarship didn't mean anything. Didn't he sail in and point out what his honor men had done! Then he asked, "Now, what can you tell me of the men at the other end, sir?"

Yet we are proud of that report card, not because it is so high, but because we know you did not win it by working for grades when you should have been in bed, or exercising, or finding useful recreation. Mind your bedtime!

We know what you can do. We know you have reserves of power never yet tapped and want you to keep those reserves for something well worth while - probably for years yet. I am so glad that Wheaton has so many fine students. We know Dayton [Roberts], too, and that he is making his time count. His mother is just bursting with pride, too, and we are good seconds, as they are for you.

Heaven parents burst with pride and hide it by bestowing opprobrious names like "Little Rat". We recognize your virtues but know you know where all the power comes from and for what it is given and how many weaknesses appear whenever anyone forgets to follow close.

This morning I was reading over the "Prayers" you typed for me and adopted just about all of them for your birthday prayers [on April 7<sup>th</sup>]. I certainly "thank my God upon every remembrance of you. I pray that your love may abound yet more & more in wisdom & in all judgment, that ye may approve things that are excellent (Phil. 1:9), but I believe Col. 1:9, 14 expresses it best.

Good bye, my very precious boy,

Mother

David [Talmage] is sitting up in a chair today. Everyone is very happy.

Wheaton, Illinois

April 21, 1935  
Easter Sunday

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I'm afraid that this has been my worst lapse in correspondence. Two weeks without writing is pretty bad. Dat says I wrote home two Sundays ago but I can't remember it. Did I write about the Korea Kid's party and my visit to Cousin Ethel Bassett? Anyway I'll tell it again.

On Saturday the 6<sup>th</sup> we held the first meeting of the Chicago Korea Kids Klub this year. You got the card I sent from there, didn't you? We had a swell time and get-together. I was hoping we could work in a sukiaki but the Chinese feed we finally decided on was plenty good. Virginia Horesi doesn't seem very enthusiastic about Northwestern.

The next day Dat and I drove in to 4047 Washington Boulevard for the long-deferred visit to Cousin Ethel. We first attended the church service. The choir was huge, 300, and the music certainly wonderful. Cousin Ethel says that the church attracts many new members through its choir. I should think the church could really be a power if the preacher were a little more evangelical. He spoke several times of the death of Christ, as if that finished His work, but never of the resurrection. I don't see how he could be saving it all for the Easter message. And by the way, while I think of it - - where does the Presbyterian church get its authority for infant baptism? It doesn't come from the Old Testament does it? and I can't find anything in the New Testament.

To return to the Bassett visit. After the church service we had a grand meal at their apartment and then sat around most of the afternoon and talked. Mr. Bassett quit motoring in 1919 just when the good roads and good cars were coming in. He told some mighty interesting stories of early motoring days. Cousin Ethel says she will try to get us in there for some of the oratorios the church gives occasionally. That's something to look forward to all right. We had to leave a bit early because of a heavy snow storm. Every once in a while we had to stop and wipe off the windshield, the fall was so heavy.

Monday we left for Peoria. Absolutely the best way to travel in this country is to go by car and take your time. On the way down we stopped at the fort where Lincoln enlisted in the Blackhawk war and at Starved Rock National Park. This latter commemorates an Indian episode. A band of Illinois, outnumbered by another band, took refuge on the natural fortress. Thus they were able to resist their enemies, but not starvation. With Indian fortitude they perished high above the vast hunting grounds of their people. Later LaSalle established a French fort on the rock. Farther on we stopped for another half hour to watch a barge go through the locks of the Chicago, Pekin Canal. It was the opening day of the inland waterways season. The boat was loaded with tons of corn. It's about the slowest freight going, with locks coming every three and a half miles or so. We reached Peoria about 5 o'clock, and were welcomed by Uncle Will and about three cousins, who just happened to be on hand. Uncle Will talks a lot like Uncle Howard, and sure was great to us. Aunt Abbie was down helping with the church supper, the men's banquet, to which we went that evening. Dr. Burriss Jenkins of Kansas City was the speaker, and I didn't particularly like him. After the dinner he showed pictures taken on his recent trip to Russia. He tried to portray the Russians as being rather happy and satisfied, except for their little mistake (according to him) of trying to get along without God. The pictures were



interesting but didn't exactly prove his point.

Aunt Abbie conveniently accommodated eating hours to our vacation habits. Breakfast usually came around ten or eleven, lunch varied from two to four, and supper was usually regular around half past six. Aunt Abbie says she's used to getting separate hot meals for her ten any time of day. From the second day on there came a steady stream of cousins and "in-laws" to be introduced to. I had a little trouble with names at first, but now I have the tribe down chronologically. Donald is a superintendent of Peoria County for the Illinois Emergency Relief. He says things look no better now than three years ago, when he began on the relief. The number on relief is slowly increasing. Amy and Jane are both married, and Amy has the only grandson, Buddy, who is quite a kid. Harriet is working at Bergner's, the big Peoria department store.

I didn't hear of Uncle Rob's death until Monday. Everybody thought I knew. My, but I'm glad I saw him at Thanksgiving. He seemed a bit better then.

Most of the time at Peoria the weather was somewhat damp. One day we had a slight dust-storm, carried all the way from Kansas. I suppose you have been hearing about those. Thousands of acres in the middle southwest are completely denuded of top-soil. Farms have been completely destroyed, and no satisfactory method of fighting the ravages and erosion has been developed. We got in two days of tennis, and one day of soft baseball. Of course I asked Uncle Will about stamps, but he had none. We had a great time though, going through some old drawers of his on a search and finding some old shin-plasters, a three-cent piece, a number of copies of the *Madison Sun*, and a lot of old pictures. By the way, Mother, didn't you ask me to look up some pictures for you? Tell me what they were and I'll write and see if they have them.

On the trip home, we stopped off at Roanoke to pick up Robert Beer, a classmate. We spent an afternoon on the Beer farm. There are nine kids in his family, and one of them, a mechanic, has evolved a queer contraption. He took an old buggy body, attached an old model "T" motor to an airplane propeller and fixed that up behind the buggy. The machine is steered rather loosely by a system of ropes attached to the front wheels. The propeller drives it about ten or fifteen miles an hour, if you're running behind the wind. Once started there are no brakes, and no way of stopping the motor until it runs out of gas. I took the thing for a trial run up the road, and was it scary - - the thing swayed from side to side, gathering speed all the time, and kept going in big swerves from one side of the road to the other. I still don't know what kept me out of the ditch. One of Bob's sisters, a teacher, once applied for a position in P.Y.F.S. I drove a good deal of the way to Wheaton from there, and we made it in good time, in spite of the wind and the cold.

And now we're back to the old grind. I'm going to come pretty close to making the tennis team, possibly as an alternate. The reason for this is that the varsity has struck an all time low, with only one man back from last year's team. The rest are mostly freshmen, except for number 4, who was once state champion of S. Dakota, but has not played for years. He can develop into a swell player again if he practices.

Prospects are encouraging for the soccer team. We're still undefeated with three scalps at our belts. The latest victory was over the City Team of Batavia, newly organized. The more we play, the more teams we find who want to play. Now we have an engagement in two weeks

4/21/1935 - p.3 S.H.M.

with the Joliet city team. I played center half, and Dat played a swell game at left fullback. I forgot to say that the score was 2-1.

Did I ever tell you of the huge birthday package I got from Marion? I came home from my last class before vacation to find an immense package, labeled all over with "Fragile", "Perishable", and "Handle with Care". I couldn't figure out what it was. It finally yielded a great store of cookies, candies, crackers, one whole cake, and about a half a side of chicken, and a can of cranberry sauce. It was certainly great of them to remember me.

Another thing. Did I tell you I pulled another 100 in history test. That makes my average in tests this six weeks for Doc Tiffany 99.666 - - two 100's and a 99. Now a 95 for the first time there.

I don't know what I've written and what I haven't. Quite a while ago a cousin, Margaret Woolfolk, invited me to spend part of the summer with her and her cousins in Texas. I would like to go south, but I'm trying to find work in New York this summer where I can meet that kid brother of mine. I may not be able to get any position there - - I've already been turned down by Keswick - - in which case I may work most of the summer here at Wheaton, about the grounds. In that case, I'm wondering if it wouldn't be best to take a subject in summer school and get a couple of hours out of the way. Everything is still uncertain.

Still another thing. Did I tell you of Mrs. Baird's visit to Wheaton two weeks ago? I was studying in the library when Eleanor [Soltau] comes walking up to me with a broad grin that I didn't understand, until I suddenly noticed the woman with her - - Mrs. Baird. Boy, but it's great to see Pyengyang folks. We quickly rounded up the gang, Chump [Chalmers Browne] was here at the time [from Wooster] - (I don't suppose I've told you about that either) and had a great old confab. Mrs. Baird had left Mary Anna in school in New Jersey and was making a lot of talks around Chicago. She says Mary Anna was growing up fast, and was very enthusiastic about the European trip.

Chump was here two or three days beside the Korea Feed. He stayed with Dat and me, and hasn't changed a bit. We put him up in our room, and I moved in to sleep with Seldon Ward, whose roommate, Tom Flath, was away on the Glee Club trip. We had a lot of fun with Chump. At last I think I've caught up on the news.

I'm curious to see how you changed the editorial of the *Kum and Go*. I can't see anything wrong with the old one. It was well written and had a good point, to my mind. Dat is writing you to that effect too, Howie, but he's not as radical as he sounds. By the way, we're expecting great things from you in soccer next year. And you ought to go places in tennis. I suppose by the time this letter reaches you, you'll be practicing hard for the Seoul meet. Go to it fellow. And I'm still intending to write you a letter.

I wonder how the stamp on my last letter came through - - the imperforate 5¢ National Parks. I'll be sending some more of those. About finances. Yes, I'm repaying the \$150 to Uncle Howard. That will leave me with \$45 of my own in the bank out of the \$60 from the Han Sung account, but now that my school bills are paid I'll be able to save from the next two months allowance and come out a little on top. My April allowance came as usual on the 17<sup>th</sup>. I hope you're not in too much of a hurry for "World Prospects" by Gabelein. I'm reading it now,

4/21/1935 - p.4 S.H.M.

and have found it very interesting. I'll send it on soon, though. While in Peoria I relaxed on Lew Wallace's "Fair God", and found it fine light reading. Tom should like it, - - there's a lot of fighting centered about Cortez's Conquest of Mexico. I wish I had more time. I think the Reader's Digest is the handiest thing in the Library.

Thanks a lot for the birthday present - - I don't know what to get for myself with it yet. And thanks too for the clippings. One of them was interesting, the Greek Word Study, by Dr. Wuest, because he is teaching our Sunday School class. He is wonderfully interesting, particularly now as we study Revelation. I'm sending you a picture, if I can remember, of our Wheaton Korea bunch, taken when Chump was visiting us, just after chapel and just before Greek class. It almost made me late. A "spot story" is the big news story of the issue, and is usually placed at the right top of the first page. The other day I bought a combination raincoat and topcoat for \$8.95, which is plenty good looking. The move was necessary for Charles's raincoat which I have been wearing was stolen from the cloakroom. Charlie had just written me fortunately, to sell the coat for \$2.50 if I could so I didn't have to buy him a new one, but sent \$3.50 to help him pay for the one he wanted. I think I told you once that I can't get in at Keswick, but Dat has a pretty good chance.

Boy, oh boy, Tom, you're a lucky bum to get a trumpet. I sort of half pity mother and father though with you and Howie blaring all around the place. Where are you getting it from? Our Easter vacation is officially a spring vacation, and doesn't include Easter Sunday chiefly because the Glee Club trip falls a couple of weeks earlier. That was a good account you gave of the basketball game.

Spring is really here it seems and the tennis courts are being put into shape. I'm afraid it's going to be hard for me to work up after all because I missed the fall tennis tournament by which they do most of their ranking of new men.

I'm sorry this letter is so disjointed, but I can't think chronologically through three whole weeks. This will be a lesson to me to keep up in my correspondence. Lots of love to everybody.

*Sam*

P.S. Mary Jarvie writes that she wants to go into nursing. She's been writing to Ruth Reiner and may go to Merritt Hospital where Ruth is studying.

Wheaton, Illinois

April 28, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

No letter this week, it was probably held up. About this time, I suppose, you'll be wondering about my long silence of the last two weeks.

Nothing much has happened this week. This Saturday the soccer team played Mooseheart again, and was tied at 1-1. On our own field we beat them 4-0. But the reason was that most of the team wasn't there. Dayton was driving Mrs. Roy to Indianapolis, and some of the others were running at a track meet. We opened the game in a driving cold rain, but soon the sun came out feebly. A high wind further handicapped us. I was playing full back in Dat's place and didn't do so hot. They almost beat us, shooting a goal near the beginning of the second half, when it seemed hopeless for us to score against the wind. But a lucky break gave us a score five minutes from the end. It was too late to play an extra period, and even so we missed our lunch.

Well, I've got two dates in the offing -- looks like I'm slipping, doesn't it, but it's not that bad. They're that peculiar kind, a girls party for boys. It seems to be quite a Wheaton custom. I'll have plenty of fun at the Dorm girls' party, because Eleanor [Soltau] has asked me. I'm also invited to the Outside girls' party, by a girl I don't know so well, Jane Anderson, who was in my Rhetoric class last semester. I wonder if I ever looked as embarrassed as the girls did, when I used to ask for dates in PY. I took Jane to the Glee Club concert last night in return. She was very nice, comes from Wisconsin, and is studying to be a missionary. I had a swell time, but it still seems to me that dates are a waste of time. You have to go down town to the Chatterbox and wander around till eleven, during which time you should have been studying for a philosophy exam on Monday.

That philosophy is going to get me down. I'm not so worried over the Greek which comes on Tuesday. I had to work a good deal of Saturday on an essay, "Advantages and Obligations of an American Citizen". I don't know any too much on that subject, and so had a time filling out my 1000 words.

Friday night after Lit. we had another meeting of International Students, at the home of Mrs. McArthur who has lived in India and China. Refreshments were Indian "Japotties", a sort of a brittle pancake, rolled in hot butter and salt. They were real good. Eleanor taught the crowd to play Chang Gam Po and Changiaggy. Changiaggy. Chang Pok Po.

J.L. Kraft, founder and head of the Kraft Cheese Co. spoke to us in chapel the other day. I didn't know there were so many big business men who were sincere Christians, but we've had quite a few speak in chapel. We do get wonderful speakers in chapel.

By the way, Tom, your birthday isn't so far away, is it, and I haven't sent you any package yet. I guess you'll have to expect something a little late. Boy, May 18 will find you 11 years old. You can be a scout next year. You're a piker though, we weren't allowed to own a watch till we were twelve, and you've had about six already. Where do you get your pull?

Tennis is going great. But the ladder still isn't up. That's criminal, for the season is almost a third over and nobody knows where he rates. That doesn't give me any chance to begin working up. I sure wish I had entered that tournament last fall, but I was too green to see the announcement.

Time for evening church service and I think there's a missionary speaker at the College Church. Both the Bible Church and the College church are moving off the campus next fall, which is the best thing, I think. I have been attending the college church of which Evan Welsh is pastor.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

I am enclosing a theme, not for an example of literary talent, but for a vivid picture of part of our drive east this Christmas. The trip wasn't quite that dangerous. I've got to have the thing back by the end of the year.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

One of Ford's greatest mistakes pulled slowly out of Wheaton early on a frosty December morning, spluttered uncertainly as it reached the highway, and optimistically turned east. Farmers going to work were aroused from their complacency, business men commuting to the city looked up, startled, from their morning papers, waitresses peered in amazement through the curtains of roadside taverns, as into the dawn rattled the pseudo-sedan.

Truly, our little roadster was a sight to behold. For tacked on behind it in undimmed glory was the rumble seat shrouded with ungainly folds of stiff black canvas and flanked on both sides by sheets of thick paper in a contrasting shade of light brown. This unwieldy superstructure was rather insecurely held in place by an intricate network of rope which also served to make fast the numerous suitcases and handbags scattered here and there on the overloaded car. One of these had been perched precariously on the front bumper as a figure-head, an unwise move, for it absorbed dust and rain throughout the entire journey.

My room mate, Dayton, a fellow-student, Sid [Dodd], and I were entitled to the doubtful privilege of claiming joint ownership of the machine. As supercargo we carried two girls and their excess baggage. It was a tight fit for the five of us. Those in the front were somewhat warmed by a manifold heater which cast up foul odors from the engine, but the two in the cage behind were forced to rely on great piles of blankets to keep out the wintry wind which found countless cracks in the make-shift covering. Needless to say it was a difficult procedure to enter or leave the roped in rumble seat. It was impossible to preserve our collegiate poise and unruffled dignity as we wriggled in through a tiny hole, or clambered out on our heads over the rear fender.

But we pressed blithely onward, ignoring the curious crowds that surrounded us at every stop. The old bus responded nobly rendering flawless service through all populated areas and breaking down only in the country where no prying eye could mock at our discomfort. All went well in Illinois except for one big snowdrift through which we had to push the buggy, but in Indiana we struck icy roads. Our well-worn tires proved ideal for skidding, so we were forced to crawl along for interminable hours until, impatient, we discovered that we could rocket down the highway at twenty miles an hour with comparative safety. Rashly speeding thus we almost met disaster. A truck, more patient and wiser than we, impeded our progress for several miles until at last we summoned up the courage to pass. In a burst of speed we drew abreast, forged ahead and began to turn in when, without warning, the wheels caught in a rut and sent the car into weird gymnastic evolutions. We slipped along sideways for a while directly in front of the truck, then gently eased into slow turns. Two and a half times we watched the horizon swing around in wild gyrations. Two and a half times we turned as ten tons of truck bore down on us. Dayton was wrestling with the wheel, while Sid and I in back dove as one man through the blankets to the bottom of the rumble. The bus straightened out, skidded again and landed off on the wide shoulder of the road.

A stunned silence followed as the truck rumbled indifferently by. Then came the usual cry from in front, "Well, why don't you get out and push?" With a sigh, I obeyed.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 5, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks,

Here it is May, and winter seems hardly gone. Just at present we're having a sudden cold spell, spring has deserted us already.

All my exams are over, since Miss Torrey didn't give us one in Bible. I can't understand why a 92 in history didn't bring me 95 for the six weeks, since the four tests this period averaged 98 and my recitation has been all right. But grades aren't my business, and he should know what he's doing. Anyway, in philosophy I crashed through with the highest in the class, a 95. There was one 93, five in the 80's, more in the 70's, most in the 60's and on down to a couple of 30's, so it seems I'm coming up in philosophy, for which I am glad since the course seems pretty stiff to me. I also pulled a 95 in Rhetoric exam, highest in class, but I more or less expected that. My Greek ex hasn't been returned yet, but it was pretty easy. Miss, or Dr., Jamison thought she'd fool us with some sight translation, but it was simple. She was telling us that in graduate school, the four hour sight-reading exam was dreaded even more than the oral examination. She was given long passages, one of which came from a work of Xenophon's. She came to a tricky sentence and couldn't figure out the verb at all, finally guessed at it, was wrong, but was considerably relieved to find that the verb is not found anywhere but in that passage.

Saturday we lost our first soccer game. We drove over to Joliet to play their city team, and they are plenty good. Several of them are semi-pro, and one played on the International team that beat the Celtics from Scotland a number of years ago. He was fat and not in good condition, but was plenty tricky with the ball and dribbled around as if we weren't there. We didn't do so bad and held them down to a 2-1 score. We've been used to 30 minute periods and small fields and so found ourselves pretty winded by the 45 minute halves and regulation field. Kerr scored first at the end of the first half, but in the second they scored twice fairly near the beginning. Most of us came home limping, because they never wasted their kicks, hitting either the ball or us. It was a good game though.

I don't think there's much hope of my getting work in New York this summer. As things look now I'll probably find something to do here, since there are plenty of jobs about the college in the summer. And since I'll be here I think the best thing for me to do would be to take a course in summer school. If I take zoology lab, I'll have more time to work in the lab than I would during the regular school year. Fellows who have tried it say it's possible to get enough work for more than the summer expenses including summer school, but all I need to do is break even, isn't it?

I can tell you I was mighty glad to get that *Kum and Go* [P.Y.F.S. school paper]. The make-up doesn't quite match the first issue, but is plenty good. I don't know just how journalistic the headline, "Blooming Ear Ticklers Was Expressive", may be, but I sort of like that style in a high school paper. I suppose there was a good reason for it - - but it seems to me that the Senior Play didn't belong on the Sports Page, that it crowded out the CCC [Chosen Christian College, Seoul] hockey game which was biggest sports news. Couldn't it have been played up on page 5? But that's enough criticism. After all, cub-reporter Moffett should be more wary of editor-in-chief Moffett. No kidding, the paper more than made up for the long wait. Your alumni reporter is sure going to town, and the diary has a refreshing PYFS air of its own. Tell Sam [Crothers] he's doing nobly.

5/05/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

I don't care how late letters from home are, they are always more than welcome. The well-marked Peoria letter just arrived. The new stamps are swell. I wonder how my imperforates are reaching you. I'm sending you the 6 and 9¢ National Parks, but I'm out of 3. and 5s. I wish I had thought to save some, but I may be able to get some for you. I think you should have one each of the imperforates unused, for they are going to be valuable some day. your request for an account of first semester expenses was in the delayed letter, so now I'll wait and give you a total expense account for the year at the end of this month.

Uncle Will looks very well and likes long walks. He is growing a bit absent minded, but that makes him all the more fun. He told me about your ability at baseball with great glee. I guess Tom can believe that, the way you've been coaching his crowd. Aunt Abbie told me that one of the things that has delighted him most lately, was the receipt of a birthday letter from you a couple of years ago which arrived just on the day. I don't know whether I can accomplish anything, but I'll do my best to get Charles to write.

Alas, the birthday package is still unmailed. If packages didn't have to be wrapped you'd get them much sooner, but the thought of enclosing and tying them vaguely terrifies me, inducing habits of procrastination.

Excuse the sloppy typing. Well, as Tom says, - - I can't think of anything else to say, so I'll quit.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

P.S. By the way, Howie, if you can get any more Chinese puzzle rings, do so by all means. I've sold two for \$1.50, sent one to Mary Jarvie for a birthday and am wearing one. Two Peoria cousins want to know if I can get any more.

And father, I would like the blocks used, I send you, because I don't get stamps on envelopes in blocks here.

Wooster, Ohio

May 12, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Seem' as how I may not get a letter in this week - I'll resort to a postcard.

I hope you're not completely taken by surprise by the address. I didn't think I was coming, but finally yielded, and now am plenty glad I came. Made the trip from Wheaton in 9½ hours. I put up at Inky, slept with Johnny Bigger - and Dat stayed with Chump [Chalmers Browne] at his Aunt's. J.B. left Saturday morning to clinch a summer job at a camp near Pittsburgh. Watched Oberlin beat Wooster 5-4 in tennis - Dwight Thompson, No. 5, won his singles. Watched Wooster beat Oberlin 7-6 in baseball.

Saw the Korea mob - Shannon [McCune], Edie [Blair], Cordy Lampe, Billy Booth, Marjorie Erdman, Mrs. Alice Abbott (Mr. Rogers says not to forget her), and of course Paul Rhodes and Jim Crothers. Dave [Mowry] was away with his folks, worse luck, but he'll be in tonight before we leave.

Had a swell bull session with Chump - - discussed everything from colleges to smoking. He's sure level-headed.

Love,

*Sam*



Dear Folks:

In spite of the hard and fast laws of Wheaton College I've been to three movies this week. That may sound bad, but don't worry, I'm not slipping. The first one was four reels of college life pictures, taken this year to advertise. Everyone in the school is supposed to appear in them, and I saw myself once, in a picture of an Arrow meeting. I suppose I appeared too, in the picture of chapel exercises, but I didn't star. The other two pictures were for the History club. One was on the building of the Panama canal - - best shot, Theodore Roosevelt pounding away on a speech. It was really interesting to see the enormous amount of work the project required, and the efficiency with which it was done. The other one was on the evolution of the woolen industry from the old Navajo methods of weaving, and the days of the spinning wheel to these days of mass production.

It's a cinch I didn't expect to go to Wooster last weekend. Both Dat and I had dates to the Outside Girls' party, but we switched them to the Open Meeting this Friday. Anyway we went [to Wooster] and sure had a swell time. The tricky thing was that I didn't make up my mind in time, so when I finally did write and tell Dave [Mowry] I was coming, there was no time for an answer. And so, when I arrived, after driving most of the way from Fort Worth to Wooster, at 10:30, I discovered that the Mowrys were out of town. Fortunately Chump [Chalmers Browne] had known this and prepared a place for me at the Inky, with Johnny Bigger. As I wrote in the postcard, Saturday I saw tennis matches and a baseball game. That evening I sat around talking with the fellows at the Inky. Jim Crothers is planning to go to Princeton [Seminary] next year as you probably know, and Johnny wants to take up art, but isn't sure about it. He says his leg is still a bit stiff, and troubles him at times, but he walks perfectly all right. He's having a hard time with his studies now because of the time he lost in the hospital. I told you all the people I saw in Wooster. Sunday morning I went to the College church with Josie Romig and Jim Crothers.

That afternoon Dat and I had a swell bull-session with Chump. Then I demonstrated the advantages of my raincoat-topcoat combination and held Dat and Chump spellbound while I proved that it could be worn debonairly inside-out. Unconvinced, they dared me to journey up to the girls' dorm and get Mary Rogers [Meyers] for Dayton with my coat inside out. I must have been feeling good, for I consented and proceeded with misgivings. Driving up, I passed Lucetta [Mowry], who had not gone with the folks, and picked her up and took her home. She didn't even notice the coat so I felt better. Then I attacked the dorm. I didn't know anything about the place but brashly walked in and turned right as directed, but bumped square into a room full of old people having tea. I hastily retreated and removed my coat, then, slightly puzzled, I walked in again and stood unobtrusively in the middle of the floor embarrassedly wondering whom I should ask for Mary Rogers. The old ladies looked at me sort of funny, until finally a cold-eyed matron swept up and asked me what I wanted. I mumbled something, she asked if there weren't some girls at the information desk in the hall. Then I suddenly remembered Dat's having said something about the desk, and skipped out fast. Mary Rogers explained that I had intruded into the dorm matron's private suite. Hereafter I venture into no girls' dorms without detailed instructions, and my coat stays rightside-out.

One thing I got on the trip was plenty of driving experience. On the way home we stopped off at Berne, Indiana to pick up Marv Derby, who was preaching there. The pastor of

5/19/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

the church had been a missionary to India, and his wife, Mrs. Suckau, had been in missionary training school with Miss Doriss. It's a small world all right.

Last night was the big party of the year, the dorm girls' affair. It's really a big banquet and open house night. I had a swell time with Eleanor. It was a dressy occasion, the whole dorm was filled with blue coats and white flannels - you better bring a pair, Howie. I'm fixed swell for spring dress occasions with my blue serge suit, white and gray flannels, and my light gray summer suit, and black and white shoes. The only thing I've had to buy was a pair of light pants for everyday wear and a light sweater. To return to the party - the dining room was packed with small tables for four, and Dat and Marjorie Wedell, and Eleanor [Soltau] and I snared one together. Again I was a perfect gentleman except when I got to laughing once and almost choked on the sherbet. When time came for inspecting the rooms Eleanor and I had a concerted plan of action, dashed up to the fourth floor and worked down thru uninspected rooms raiding the heaping dishes of candy trustingly offered in every room. I don't see how these girls ever fix up their rooms the way they do - it's like PY open house. I bet the dorm doesn't look like that every day.

The tower bell rang twice that night - two engagements. More people get engaged here, - now that spring is really here they've been averaging more than one a week. But I'll remember Dr. Barnhouse's advice at Sorai when he ate with us at Roberts's: "Don't get married until you're twenty-seven" - maybe.

So young Mutso was eleven years old yesterday - my time. Miss Jamieson was much impressed with reports of your ability in Greek, Tom. Maybe she'll be here when you take it in college. She can't beat mother, but she's plenty good. Did I tell you we're studying translations of Homer like Chapman's, Popes and Bryant's? I like Bryant best, and not because he's American, either. For Friday we had to write a metrical translation of 20 lines. Poor old Homer would disclaim all responsibility for mine. But it's quite a bit of fun. "Tom Brown at Oxford" will show you how the English schoolboys had to slave at their Greek and Latin.

Did I tell you that my term paper for history is on the Granger movement? I didn't even know about it until I took this course, and yet through this agitation came the Supreme Court decisions that the public has an interest in corporations like railroads, that are necessary to public welfare. And of all things to write on in a 400 word rhetoric essay, we have the subject Truth. Better people than us have tried to cover the same subject in volumes. Philosophy will help - I'm briefly reviewing the faults in the definitions of the various systems of philosophy, and then ending up with Jesus' simple statement, not argument, "I am the truth." The Epicureans considered pleasure to be truth, the fatalistic Stoics identified truth with the universal law, or great whole, the pragmatists believed the mind creates truth in the interests of expediency and so on. Most peculiar of all is Hegel's definition, "truth is the fully realized result, the truth of being is becoming". Evidently the truth of an acorn is an oak tree. I was quite disgusted with the assignment at first, but it's been an interesting subject to look into.

The history book was found up in the attic here. I still don't see how it got there. Dr. Tiffany is a splendid lecturer. It's funny though, some point in the lesson occasionally reminds him of a Biblical passage and the rest of the period invariably is taken up by an impromptu sermon, quite as valuable I think as exposition of the lesson. I don't believe he realizes he gets off the subject. My last history test rated a 97, tying [sic] with about three others for top grade.

5/19/1935 - p.3 S.H.M.

Tell Mrs. Anderson to send Johnny here by all means. His cousin, Bob Johnson is a swell fellow and quite a shark in his lessons, particularly history. He's in the other section of our class.

We had to fix up our room yesterday because Chuck and Jim's folks were coming in from N. Dakota. Mr. Ford is moderator of the N.Dakota synod or presbytery, whatever it is, and is stopping off for a week or two here before attending General Assembly. He's rather pessimistic about the Assembly. Did you notice the article about Dr. Machen's trial in the Sunday School Times for May 18?

I'm sending Howard a letter tonight. I wonder if it will reach him before he leaves? Do you know yet just when he expects to arrive in New York? I'm going to be there if I have to walk. Even if I go to summer school I can still make it.

As treasurer of the house, my dirty job now is to collect 40¢ from all the fellows for our half page in the *Tower*. As you'll see in a forthcoming issue of the *Record*, our house is fourth, scholastically, of the rooming houses for men. I've had a swell semester working with Dyrness for my news beat. He's given me all sorts of news. I haven't told you, have I, that I've been asked to be assistant news editor of the *Record* next year. That's quite encouraging, for I've only been working on the editorial staff this second semester.

Enough news for one week. Lots of love to everybody.

*Sam*

P.S. What's the family planning to do this summer? The *Record* missed first class ranking by the National Collegiate Press Association by only 15 out of 1000 points. "Web", Webster Muck, says we can make it next semester. There are six ranks, so even second class is good.

P.P.S. I've sent Uncle Howard a money order for \$125 and asked him to cancel my allowance for May and June. This repays the \$155 for 2<sup>nd</sup> semester expenses, that I borrowed. He writes that Cousin Sam [son of Robert Bowman Moffett, older brother of Samuel Austin Moffett] made straight A's at Hanover this first semester. Thanks for the clipping about him.

Pyongyang, Korea

May 19, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam:

Much to our surprise your letter which always comes on Monday or Tuesday came this time on Saturday - yesterday - just in time for Tom's birthday which we celebrated in approved ways. He is 11 years old. Glad to see the account of your Xmas journey - we return it, as you request.

I wonder how you got the impression that there are not many real earnest Christians among business men. Is it because out here the miners and corn products people are not Christians? There are thousands upon thousands of business men at home who are most devoted and consecrated Christians: Wanamaker, Crowell, A.T. Stewart, Baldeman, Harbison, Severance, Lyman & Milton Stewart, Heinz, Morgan, Shillito of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mellon, - just to mention a few who come to mind.

Among lawyers, doctors, judges, bankers, etc. there are hundreds and thousands known locally.

You ask about the warrant for infant baptism. There is no direct command in Scripture but there is a warranted inference from a number of texts and historically it was the practice in the early church. Household baptisms are mentioned and it is reasonable to suppose that among them were some children. 1 Cor. 7:14 indicates it. Acts 2:38-41. In the Old Testament the fact that children were circumcised makes it perfectly consistent that they should be baptized as "children of the Covenant". I have a pamphlet on the subject which I will try to find and send you.

I enclose some stamps - principally - Manchuria. Note that there are two issues much alike - but the later one has 6 Chinese characters at the top. The other having the character 帝 for empire. Your now perforated stamps come all right. I am saving them.

Lovingly,

Father

Glad to hear of your Peoria trip! Return to me some 6-sen stamps.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 26, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

One more week of grace, then finals! I can't realize that the school year is over already. It's going to be hard to study for exams if this ideal weather continues.

I've been trying for weeks to get a chance to play for official tennis rating, but now I find myself rated without playing a match. I'm No. 10 and play tomorrow for No. 9. I'm going better than I have all year, with a drive that actually works, and so have a good chance to rise. The reason for my rating was that I happened to be hitting around with Al Whitmore, No. 6 yesterday, impressed the tennis manager, and so when an unexpected vacancy occurred I got the position. Here's hoping I can get in some good tennis now.

Is there any advantage in majoring in two subjects instead of one alone? I've a good mind to try to work in a major in philosophy along with my Greek major. I think I can fill in the requirements easily enough, without cutting out other things I want. I'm beginning to like philosophy quite a bit. Just at present we're studying symbolic logic, which is pretty deep.

Next year's Greek is going to be good. I was talking to Miss Jamison about what courses to take, and she was afraid the college would run out of Greek courses for me. Next year we study Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. That will make an interesting comparison with Aristophanes.

As I figure it out now, my first semester course for next fall will be this:

8:00 - - MTWF - 2<sup>nd</sup> French - advanced comp and grammar  
9:00 - - MWF - Greek  
10:30 - MWF - Psychology - introduc. - mental life, etc.  
11:30 - MWF - Geography - economic aspect  
11:30 - T Th - Bible - Hebrews and Romans.

The 8:00 class will at least serve to get me up on time. I'm wondering how hard it's going to be and how much I've forgotten. Psychology is a required Soph. subject, and is considered plenty stiff. The Geography is an experiment. They say it's easy but interesting, and will teach me something about economics, about which I am densely ignorant. Besides it will complete my science requirements making 14 hours with the 8 hours of zoology this summer.

Methinks I'm going to have to work hard at that zoology this summer. The terms are from June 15 to August 9, and the work gives me a year's credit, 8 hours, in zoology. That's crowding up the work, but it's said to be very satisfactory.

I finished my History term paper for Friday - - seventeen pages typewritten on the Grangers with detailed footnotes. Boy, but those history research papers are a lot of work. Did you know that one of the results of the Granger movement was the mail order house? The first, Montgomery Ward in 1872, announced its purpose to "meet the needs of the Patrons of Husbandry (Grangers)"

5/26/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Monday

I was asked yesterday to work on the staff of the Publicity Bureau next year. The Bureau does a big work in advertising the college, but I'll be plenty busy with *Record* work, so I don't think I can do it.

Last night I went to church with Otto DeCamp, here for a week or so from Princeton. Charlie's [Sam's older brother] in Connecticut I think. This afternoon I'm going into Chicago to the *Record* printers to get proof on 2 pages. This last issue won't be out till Friday.

*Sam*

P.S. I forgot to tell you. Saturday afternoon I saw my first big-league baseball game in seven years. Dayton and I and Tom and Wally drove in to see the [New York] Giants play the [Chicago] Cubs. Hubbell (N.Y.) pitched against Warneke (Chicago) and won a close game, 3-2. Moore (N.Y.) knocked the winning home run in the 8<sup>th</sup> inning. There sure is a difference between college baseball and that big-league stuff.

I fear I must quit now and try to finish up an oration for Straw before I go into the city at 2:30.

Lots of love,

*Sam*

Wheaton, Illinois

June 2, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Korea is goin' to town here in Wheaton. Think of it, I'm rooming with our Sophomore class president. Dayton was elected at class meeting Friday. And I was elected *Tower* observer for next year, which means that I'm unofficially slated for *Tower* editor. Originally, according to nominating committee selections, Dat and I and [Norris] Aldeen were running against each other for the *Tower* post, but we nominated Dat for president from the floor, and he took it easily. Somebody nominated me for class treasurer from the floor, but I quickly withdrew my nomination. I thought Aldeen was better known than I, and so didn't expect much from the nomination. If I do come through with the editorship I suppose it'll be good for me, but it means a pack of work. In that case it's just as well I'm going to summer school.

I've got one job for the summer, anyway -- washing dishes for my meals. I was broken in Wednesday noon over at Mrs. McMillans, an eating house. I worked from 12:30 to 3:00 and chalked up 2½ meals at an hour a meal. I was scared at first because my dishwashing experience is not so extensive, and there you have to work fast to keep ahead of the piles of dishes. It's a monotonous round, grab a dish, scrape it, dump it into the suds, rinse it, dry it and stack it. I must have passed muster, for Mrs. McMillan asked me to help out during exam week too if I could. I'm plenty awkward but I only broke one glass.

I'm playing tennis every evening down at the city courts with Dat and a fellow who used to play with Charlie, and have entered the DuPage county tournament just for fun and more experience. Every time I get a chance to play the No. 9 man, it rains, so I guess I'm stuck for this year. I'll begin tennis earlier next year.

Here it is June already. It's so hot I'm out on the upstairs porch, typing in the breeze. Exams begin tomorrow. 8:00 o'clock, and I go through philosophy final. The tough part is that I've got to remember the 800 word outline for rhetoric clear through the philosophy since the rhetoric exam comes right after. I've spent most of the time memorizing that and so am a little scared about the philosophy.

I'm sure anxious to hear about the Seoul tennis tournament. Here's hoping you're going good, Howie. I really think you have a good chance to rank way up here. We'll have to get together and do some intensive practicing next year.

A letter from Charlie yesterday told me to expect him here in about a week. I don't know just what his plans are for the summer, but it's going to be great to see him.

Today in College Church service, Mr. Ford, father of Jim and Charles Ford here, preached a fine sermon on the Preeminence of Christ. The Gospel Heralds, including Adrian Heaton and Harold Van Broekhoven had charge of the service. This afternoon I drove Jack Croup and Stan Hrudka out to a dedication service of the Lisle Bible Church about 20 miles from here. Billy McCarroll, of the Cicero Bible Church led the service.

By the way, Father, yesterday while working in the garage to find a ladder to take off our storm windows, a man came in to dig out a dusty old table there. While I was helping him he learned who I was, and quite surprised me by saying he had known you well in Chicago about thirty years ago. His name is Brown, and he used to be Board Secretary in Chicago, I believe. I'll send you some papers he gave me.

I must take time off now and write to Charlie. Lots of love to everyone. You can thank Jimmy Lampe for his excellent epistle. It was greatly appreciated. I hope Wag did get his annual bath.

*Sam*

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

WHEATON COLLEGE

Wheaton, Illinois  
OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

Report of Samuel Moffett

NOT AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

Period ending

June 7, 1935

	Subject	Hours	Grade
202	Philosophy	3	95
116	American History	3	95
222	Greek	4	95
112	Rhetoric	3	95
112	Life of Christ	2	95
222	Rhetoric	1	90
	Physical Education	½	Cr.

Class. Freshman

Semester credit 16

Average 94.61

Rank 2

In class of 255

*Enoch C. Dyrness*

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS MUST BE  
REPORTED WITHIN THREE WEEKS

REGISTRAR

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Wheaton, Illinois  
320 E. Seminary Ave.

June 9, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Notice the change of address. We've moved across the street, and was it ever a tough job lugging heavy furniture around. We took three days to it and all the fellows pitched in and helped, for which work we were given some credit on next fall's room rent. Besides working day and night on that in the hot sun, I was washing dishes over at MacMillan's too, anywhere from two to three hours a day. And now I'm beginning to work for my room here for the summer - - four hours a week. That will be work outdoors most of the time, digging ditches and work in the garden, etc. I'm beginning to sympathize with the servants now - - it's no cinch washing rinsing and drying a steady stream of dishes and, what's worse, pots and pans for two straight hours - - three on rush days. I perspire all over working in that little kitchen over the hot water. I'm making 50¢ a week above my meals by washing and scrubbing the floors on Saturday. I didn't realize when I began the job that it would mean two hours work on Sunday, and didn't go the first Sunday until an agony call from Mrs. McMillan said she had a record crowd of 120, parents here for graduation, and asked my help on the huge piles of dishes. I went that day, a work of real necessity, I thought, and learned that I was expected every Sunday noon, since she serves no meals Sunday evening. I finally decided I'd keep it up. Is that breaking the fourth commandment? I thought not, since it is a necessity, the servants at home do it. I miss no services for my time is from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. But I have resolved that hereafter I shall look for jobs that leave my Sundays entirely free. I'll be through here in eight weeks.

I thought my grades were going to slip this semester on account of increasing interest in tennis and soccer, but I've been pleasantly surprised so far. Last semester I got two 95's and three 90's, but I've already pulled down three 95's for this one. 95's in Greek and Rhetoric I expected, with 96 and 100 respectively on the final exams (the Greek mark may not seem high, it's the first time I haven't led the class on tests, but grades ranged from 36 to Byron Straw's one 98 above me. The 95 in Philosophy is what tickles me though. I had a 90 last semester, but the first six weeks of the second semester I slipped clear down to an 80, which made an 85 seem probable for the semester if I improved. But the next two six weeks, he said, I had the highest marks in the class, high 95's - - I guess I came through on Plato and Socrates. He was quite surprised to learn that I had had no philosophy work before. Dat and I both rated 90 in Journalism - - though he deserves a 95, but since we missed the first semester's work, that's not so bad. The others may have beaten us on theory, but we've had the most practical experience of anyone in the class. History and Bible grades aren't in yet, probably 90 in both, but my 97 on the Bible final may possibly pull me up. Either way, that's an improvement over last semester's record.

I enrolled for summer school yesterday, and paid out \$21.25 for tuition and fees. My books will come to about \$1.70. I'm afraid that zoology will be no snap course, with two hours class work and from two to four hours lab work a day. I can take it, though.

By the time this reaches you Howard will be gone, I guess. My, what a great trip he has ahead of him. I plan to be in New York when he arrives, then we'll pick up Dat at Atlantic City and be off to Wheaton again. What are you going to do this summer?

Did I tell you I entered the DuPage County tennis tournament? I was beaten by Howard

6/09/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Oury, manager of the tournament, in the first round, but it was quite a match. He took the first set easily, 6-3, and appeared to be walking off with the second, but when the score stood 5-3 and he was preparing to walk off with the next game and match, my drive suddenly began to work and I took the next four games straight and the set, 7-5. I had him unsettled then, and had the advantage in the third set, though the score worked up to 3 all, and he was getting excited and banging his racket on the ground, but before we could finish he had to rush off and catch a train to his work in Chicago. That evening we began the third set over again and he took it 6-2. I'm afraid I warm up too slowly. Anyway, I'm still proud of that come-back in the second set. Now I'm in the consolation tournament, the third round already by default.

Time for bed - - lots of love to all. I should have told Howie to drop me some postcards from Europe.

*Sam*

P.S. In summer school I have six hours of zoology a day for four days a week, so that gives me holidays on both Friday and Saturday.

Dear Folks:

The first week of summer school is over, and there are seven more to go. I can see right now that I'm not going to have any too much extra time to waste while I'm here. I have to get up at seven (a frightful rising hour for the summertime), eat a milk-shake at the Student Supply Store for breakfast, and be in the lab at 8 a.m. For two hours there I slave away drawing grasshoppers and things - - it's lucky I spent so many hours under the patient tutelage of Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Parker, because my drawings aren't as bad as I thought they were going to be. So far we've drawn the grasshopper, giant water bug, the scorpion, king crab, cricket, June Bug, Bumble Bee and crayfish. Of course we have to make a lot of sketches of the various parts of all these. What makes it hard is that the sketches have to be so accurate and well-labeled. It's quite a bit of fun, though. Two hours of that, and then a half-hour out for chapel, then back to a two-hour recitation. With only three in our class, you can imagine what a lot of preparation it takes to prepare two hours of reciting. We cover about 25 large pages a day just full of scientific names and technicalities, and we have to know it all cold. That's where my good old Greek and Latin vocabulary comes in handy, because almost all of the scientific names are derivations. For instance, so far we've been studying the Phylum, Arthropods (joint - - foot) which includes insects, spiders, centipedes, crayfishes, scorpions, etc., all of which have jointed appendages. So you can remember, Mutso, that Xenophon and Greek will come in very handy some day. Flies belong to the Diptera, or two-winged class, and it isn't hard to guess that the Suborder, Phytophaga of Beetles, consists of plant-eating beetles.

Class recitation takes from 10:30 to 12:30, when I knock off for lunch at MacMillan's. Then back again at 2:00 for two hours more lab work. Lab periods are flexible, so when I'm tired I sleep and go to school at 9 in the morning, and then work until 5 in the afternoon. At six I go to MacMillans and eat and wash dishes until 9 or after. One of the waitresses usually helps me with the dishes until I come to the pots and pans. I have the clean-up job now, which is a lot of work - - pots and pans, dump the garbage, sweep the kitchen and tidy it up, wash the sink, etc. I study zoology before supper and for about an hour after I clean up, and it takes all that time usually, too. On Fridays, since there is no regular work, we can make up any lab we're behind on, or work ahead, or go free. Now that Tom Flath and Don Weiglein are gone for the summer, I'm chief dish-washer at MacMillans - - so you see I'm climbing up. I've sort of got on to it now, and am a good deal faster than Harold MacKenzie. However, Tom, I can't give Greek as the reason for any future success in the dishwashing line. On Friday afternoon I work four hours for Mrs. Roy for my room rent, pretty cheap.

I'm expecting Charles out here on Tuesday. He's been intending to come here for quite a while, but hasn't been able to make it. He and Marion are both coming out to see about her going to Moody next year to finish up her work there. I'll sure be glad to see them. About everyone I know is out of town for the summer.

There's not much news any more, since I work most of the time. In the consolation round of the DuPage County Tennis tournament, I won a default from Ed Busse for the first round and should take my next match in a week. I've beaten Busse 6-0 before, so didn't gain much by the default. Wasn't that great of Howie to get to the finals down at Seoul. I sure wish I could have seen his match with Langdon, the American consul.

6/23/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

I'm sorry that Tom's birthday package can't get through. I'll learn about Japanese customs yet. What do you hear about developments in North China? The papers here are quite full of vague reports for further Japanese encroachments.

I'm sure looking forward to seeing Howie in New York. Summer School is through the 9<sup>th</sup> of August, and I may go for a visit to Southington for a while afterwards. Well, here goes for another week of intensive zoology.

[he forgot to sign the letter]

Just past Antung, Manchuria

July 1st ?, 1935  
(undated)

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

I was too busy at Antung getting my baggage inspected, etc. to get a card off to you, but I'll write one now and mail it at one of the stations along here.

Everything's gone off swell so far, except for a rather smoky sleep. I've got everything except the creese [sic] in my pants - and am not broke yet. There's still hope that I'll eventually arrive in New York! Made acquaintance with two young fellows, an American going across Russia with us, and an Italian touring the world. So long, Mutso. I think you were too sleepy to understand last night.

Lots of Love,

Howard

Mukden [Shenyang], Manchuria

July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1935  
(undated)

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks,

Arrived all O.K. Sam [Crothers] and I are going sightseeing around town and then out to the tombs with Count Rasponi of Italy and a young American whom we rode up second class with on the train from Antung. The Japanese Tourist Bureau said it took about two hours to see the tombs so we'll have enough time to catch our 4:20 train for Harbin. This sure is a wild and wooly city. I've never seen such a mob of guys trying to ricksha me around, etc.

Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

On the way to Manchouli, China  
Wednesday afternoon

July 3, 1935  
(undated)

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Here we are, about fifty strong, halfway between Harbin and Manchouli on a crowded car with baggage piled everywhere. To go back - a little slip occurred in our plans when Sam [Crothers] and I didn't get back from the tombs in Mukden in time to catch our train. Our good friend the Count, however, made up for it by treating us royally, and we had a slick time there until the rest of the crowd came the next day, and we went on with them. We were able to get second class sleepers so everything else came out fine. We had several hours at Harbin, but we boys spent practically all of it carting around the 200-odd pieces of baggage which the women mostly brought!! What a life!

Left there this morning at 8:30 and arrive Manchouli 24 hours later. It's sure one grand big mess most of the time, with so many people, and especially when we have to change cars. Dr. Boots is just the shadow of the man he used to be. We took up a collection of \$1.50 gold apiece for him. Poor guy, but he seems to enjoy it.

I received all your letters from Miss Butts, and you may be sure they were appreciated. I'll have plenty of time I guess till I get to Europe to keep a full diary so you needn't bother about that. However, I'll write you a full letter after we get settled tomorrow on the international train. It's terribly messy and difficult on here. I doubt if you can even read this. Do as you see fit about the lumberjack, etc. Give my regards to Mutso [his little brother, Tom] and everybody else in P.Y. We're having a swell time, though I sure need a bath.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 7, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

We certainly rejoiced over the receipt of your Antung and Mukden postals - but we have wondered much as to why you stayed over in Mukden instead of going on to Harbin.

Annual meeting closed Thursday and all have scattered. No special actions taken by the Mission. The Lampes stayed with us and left for Sorai on Friday, taking Tom with them for a week or ten days visit - Jimmie being his special friend. So Mother and I are all alone and the house and whole place seems as empty as an old kerosene can.

Yesterday we settled a great big bill from Tai Il for clothing amounting to ¥ 182, so you ought to have clothes enough for a while at least.

Mr. McMurtrie had quite a send-off. Annual Meeting adjourned and nearly all went to the station, where we sang hymns and shouted a great farewell as he pulled out. Such changes affect our community most decidedly.

Mother has been upbraiding herself for leaving out your *Travellers Guide*, the little book received from Mr. Morris. I tell her you will be able to borrow one from Miss Butts or someone else or there will probably be several copies on the train.

A letter from Miss Stevens to Miss Ingerson, written after leaving Mukden is our latest news from you. We look for a letter or postal tomorrow. A letter from your Aunt Susie tells of Lenore's marriage to Edward Moffat Weyer - a fine fellow, I judge, as his family is fine. The Moffat in his name comes from Susie's husband, who was [an] intimate friend of Weyer's grandfather. We shall be most eager to hear from you from different points. May the Lord richly bless you - keep you from all harm or danger - take you safely and lead you in all right ways.

Lovingly,

Father

Keep the stamps for Sam.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 7, 1955

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Traveler Boy [Howard],

Last Sunday you were with us - even now you have a good part of the Mission with you somewhere between Irkutsk & Moscow [they took the trans-Siberian railroad]. I wish we knew where you would go after Berlin. It seems to lose so much time mailing to London.

Two postcards from Antung and Mukden have given us a great pleasure and the Biggers report. But like Oliver Twist our one cry is "more, more". How does one eat without fork or spoon? And how does a mother who sends her boy off that way expiate the foul crime? It did not dawn on me until a couple of days after you left.

Betty Lampe was here for a couple of days and though pretty easily tired, was able to go down to Sorai by train with the Herbert Blairs. Missing Huldah [Blair] so sorely, they found her a godsend. They even asked your father and me, on the spur of the moment in the station, to go on down with them. They spoke so highly of you. I enjoyed their company immensely, too, but the topsy turvy house was calling us. Tom went with the Lampes by auto. He took paper and envelopes to write you and Sam.

Mr. Hunt surprised us so the other day by speaking of the need of using several languages in Manchuria, and saying he thought Sam would be needed there. It just shows how the older members of the mission keep you boys in mind as the needs of the work come up. Don't stop praying for guidance on your trip and in choosing your college course. Mr. Hunt and Margie were both so glad that Sam had found time for athletics as well as books. The well-rounded man is needed on every field.

Lots and lots and lots of love,

Mother

P.S. Some clippings [enclosed] on Sunday observance (another thing you want to be sure to do is to tithe). I haven't looked up the Bible references yet - am reading Psalms now. We wonder if you could sing or worship together on the train.....

Miss Ketcham is already in the guest house.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



I may not stay here to second term summer school. Jim has just written me that he has secured a job for me as Junior Counselor at Camp Talcott, New York where he is this summer. The only complication is that I am supposed to be there by the tenth of July and first term school doesn't end until July 12. I can't leave here early because of the concentrated nature of the summer work. I've written to find if I can still get the job by July 15. I sure hope so because a month and a half at a summer camp is just what I need. Jim says I'll probably do some supervising work on the camp paper, do some tennis work and other camp duties. Jim is swimming director. That will keep me busy until August 30.

I've been having a great week with Charlie. He and Marion and a friend of hers drove out here Tuesday. I've been rather tied down with work but we've managed some swell get-togethers. Tuesday we went in to Chicago for a sukiaki - my first since leaving Pyongyang. It was fun brushing up on my five or six Japanese stock phrases again. It was interesting to discover that Charlie and I knew more about Japan than the Japanese waitress there who had been born in Seattle.

On the glorious fourth I had a day off from dishwashing and Mrs. Roy threw a picnic for us. That morning Charlie and I got in some tennis. He sure hasn't forgotten how and took the first set 6-1; but I came back and took the next 6-3. I can't see what makes me lose all my first sets. I hope we can play some more. I need Charlie's coaching. By the way - the day of the sukiaki I did my first driving in Chicago traffic. Charlie went in early and I drove the girls in to meet him at Moody Bible Institute.

Well, I'm still on the up-grade. Reports for the second semester work came in this week and gave me a 94.69 average. In other words, I got 95 in both History and Bible, in which I was expecting 90's. That gives me second place in our class of 255 - a step up from 9<sup>th</sup> place. My only 90, then, was that extra and unnecessary course in Journalism. I thought I had a fair chance in Bible - but I didn't expect Dr. Tiffany to come across, the way he's been giving me straight 90 all the way through, no matter how high my test grades were. Charlie says his grades at Princeton came up, too. He missed second grouping by .04 of a point.

I was forced to default in the Dupage County Tennis Tournament, the consolation bracket. The zoology takes more time than I had expected. In the summer school tournament I'm up against Loiseaux who's doped out to win the thing.

I got in a number of good hours work for my room at the auction here last Friday. Mrs. Heydenburk is moving out and selling her furniture. So I was moving stuff in and out all day. I picked up a desk lamp for 30¢ and a lamp stand for 80¢, also some good books free - "New Testament Moods and Tenses" (Greek) by Burton, "Mosses from an Old Manse", Hawthorne - "Alleged Discrepancies of the Bible" by Haley and two volumes of poetry - Tennyson and Longfellow.

Boy, I'm sure glad to hear that Helen Wills Moody came back after 2 years to take the Wimbledon crown from Helen Jacobs - it was some tennis with Helen Wills taking seven straight games after trailing in the first set 5-2.

Here's wishing you a great summer.

Sam

Hotel National  
Moscow, Russia

July 11 ?, 1935  
(undated)

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

It's hard to believe, but here I am actually in Europe. We breezed into this red metropolis 16 hours late, as seems to be a habit with these Russian trains, what with all the wrecks, etc. The last few days have been rather tiresome and boring, as we've been on the same train for a solid week. It was a welcome relief to get a foot on terra firma once again this morning at 10:30 when we arrived. Then, with tourist guides, we took a two-hour bus trip sightseeing around the entire city and stopping off at several places, such as the Kraemalin [Kremlin], red square, cemetery, etc. Then we came to this hotel for dinner but the prices in gold seemed so extravagantly high when turned into yen that Johnny [Wilson] and I lost our appetites and thrived on a 15¢ strawberry cake apiece. It seems our appetites ended on ... or four yen just for one meal! Oh, for a 30 sen curry and rice!

After dinner all of us boys went out on a little exploration party of our own, and wandered rather aimlessly over the city for several hours. It was extremely interesting - the people, especially. They all look rather dejected and shabby. I can't get used to seeing so many people in foreign clothes and white faces - although I appreciate the Korean white [clothes] much more than the dirty blacks and greys which everybody wears here. They look so much filthier, and there are just crowds and crowds of people everywhere. We were originally planning to go to an opera tonight, but they've all closed down for the summer, so now I'm not sure what the plans are. We leave for Stolpie [Poland] and Warsaw at about 10:30.

We've converted D.F. [Don Fletcher] and Clid [Clyde Allison] on the way, and now they're bumming along with us via Berlin - instead of Vienna. We have a through train to Berlin from Stolpie and arrive sometime Saturday night [July 13], I believe. I'll be glad to get there. I'm sick of this Russky country.

I don't have any duplicates of these stamps so you can either keep them or send them to Sam. I've got some more different ones for him, too. Tell Mutso to be good and not to grow too fast before we meet again. Au revoir or something like that in Russian.

Will write again from Berlin.

Lovingly,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pension Serгон  
Berlin, Germany

July 14, 1935

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Father and Mother and Tommy,

It seems like ages and ages since I was home last, and what wouldn't I give now to be in a real home and best of all in our home in dear old Pyengyang. I don't like this business of sitting around in a big city and not knowing anybody and not having anything to do but sightsee. I'm already sick of art galleries and museums and the bustle and the hustle of a metropolis like this although this is only our second day here. There's not a breath of air in the whole place, which makes the heat twice as bad. Oh, for just one swim up the river!

Well, to begin at the beginning, we had a much faster trip from Moscow on to arrive here Saturday morning. D.F. [Donald Fletcher] and Clid [Clyde Allison] had to wait over in Warsaw a day to see about changing their tickets from Vienna to Berlin and were supposed to get in here this morning but as they don't know where we are located we haven't as yet met up. However, we left word for them as planned at the American Express office, so when it opens tomorrow they'll find out.

The Clines advised going to the Christ. Hospiz here, so we put up there with them. The price of a double room for Johnny and I [me] for one night and breakfast was just a little over ten marks, and as we were under the delusion that 1 mark equaled 20¢ we thought it was reasonable enough. We soon discovered our error though when we cashed a travelers cheque. 1 mark equaled 40¢. That meant \$2 gold apiece for one night, so pronto we dug around town till we located this pension at 2 marks, or 80¢ apiece. Of course it's not nearly so nice, and has only one bed and a couch for both of us in a very small room without running water or anything like that, but it's clean and we have a place to lay our heads, and that's all we need. It's centrally located, too. We have quite a time making the landlady understand anything as she only speaks German, but it just adds a little spice to life. I forgot to say that since we'd already registered and all at the Hospiz we stayed there for one night before coming here.

Yesterday morning [Saturday], Johnny and I buzzed around till we found Cookes and got that book you sent on, and other general information about sightseeing, etc. At the American Express we cashed each a \$10 check and then inquired about sailings. Both of us are anxious to get to the States and relatives, and thought we could rush things a little more and see enough, too, and sail a little earlier than originally planned. It seems that the only choice we have is between the *California*, August 20 from Glasgow, and the *Corinthia*, of the Cunard White Star Line, August 10 from Dublin, Ireland, I believe. The latter also makes one or two stops in other parts of Ireland and calls at Boston before reaching New York on the 19<sup>th</sup>. Cost is \$108.50 tourist class. Unless we change our minds we'll probably take that. You probably won't like the idea of our leaving Europe so early, but doggone it - I want to get out of here! While I'm here, though, I'll try to make it worthwhile and get my money's worth.

To go back, we ate dinner Saturday from some left-over canned goods we took from home, and then rested till about five when we went on a general sightseeing tour of the city by

7/14/35 - p.2 H.F.M.

taking buses and street cars to the end of the lines and then hopping another one in some other direction. Rather haphazard, but I guess we got a pretty good idea of the place. We hadn't any idea where we were and it was quite tricky getting back to home base, but it was finally accomplished and we wearily tumbled into bed. I didn't sleep so well though because of the dry, hot air. It made my head rather stuffy, but don't worry - I'll get used to it.

This morning we went to the magnificent Dom Lutheran Church, or rather Cathedral, with the Clines. It was a lovely service and very impressive, but I prefer the simplicity of our services in the Seminary. They seem more like church!

After that, we walked through some museum (a huge place) and saw all sorts of famous paintings, statues, and art works (a lot of them copies) which I'll never be able to remember. That's the trouble - you see a little of it and then all the rest is practically the same and gets monotonous and boring - to me, anyway. I don't like to do any sightseeing on Sunday, mother, and would have much preferred to go sleep this morning, but this was one place every tourist is supposed to see if they see anything and it's only open on certain days.

For dinner Johnny and I ordered one regular lunch for 80¢ gold at some restaurant and then divided it. It was plenty, though. Don't start worrying about my getting thin or anything, but prices seem so terribly high we're trying to go easy wherever possible. It's now Sunday afternoon and we're just resting and writing in our quarters high above Wilhelm street. Tomorrow we'll really start sightseeing in earnest.

As regards our future plans, it's something like this: leave here either Tuesday night or Wednesday morning for Amsterdam; spend a day or so there; go to The Hague for a day and then cut back to the Rhine and take the boat trip up it to a point (Basil probably) nearest Geneva; then by train to there; spend a couple of days there in Geneva and then go direct to Paris where we'll spend a few days before going over to London; five days there (about) before going on up into Scotland. The rest of the time (which won't be very much I'm afraid) we'll meander around there till sailing for the good old U.S.A. and Wheaton. Boy, but will I be glad to get there. All but the studying part!

I suppose you'll be down at Chidi or maybe Wonsan when this letter arrives. Wish I was there with you, but it's a big comfort to know that God is with us both. Having a Heavenly Father who is always present and will always take care of me, never meant so much to me before in my whole life as it does now. It helps to know you're praying for me, too.

Tons and Tons of Love,  
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 14, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

How we have followed you and each day located you by saying "Well, Howard is at - - - a place today." "Howard is just getting up about now", etc., etc., wishing so much we could hear from you each day. Today we think of you as being in Berlin and before many days - on the Rhine. Compare it with the Tai Tong River and tell us what you think of it.

Tom is still at Sorai - expect him early this week - and the rainy season is on, though as yet not very severe. Few are left in the station and there is no special news. Another big earthquake in Japan with floods, also.

Another move to control all of North China and later on all of China - just as Italy moves for control of Ethiopia. Nations are all alike - selfish - even our own.

Another good letter from Sam came yesterday. He is having experience as dish-washer three hours a day and four hours a day of lab work in zoology. Says he expects to meet you in New York.

Had word a few days ago of Lenore's marriage [S.A.M.'s sister's daughter] to Edward Moffat Weyer in New York. His grandfather was a personal intimate friend of Dr. Moffat, Lenore's father. They are fine folks.

Pick up all the Silver Jubilee stamps you can and be sure to apply to Board Rooms, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, for mail as you come through. [I] hope you get in touch with Jim there.

Lots of love from all of us,

Father (OVER)

Have sent your trombone to Mr. Malsbary to be sold.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 14, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Howard,

We think of you as having passed Friday in Warsaw and already being busy in your second day in Berlin. All the way across Russia we have been puzzled whether to believe you 2½ hours behind the time on the schedule because you started 2½ hours later or whether to think that the time was made up and you reached Moscow at 5 to have a good five hours daylight sightsee. The postcard letters have been fine - the last was from Manchuli. Dr. Bigger is as eager for them as we and Miss Best adds some details from Miss Butts' letters. The "boys" seem pretty popular and to have not the easiest stunt. Miss Butts says they are "grand".

Tom is still at Sorai. Sam [at Wheaton College] gets up at 7, has a milk shake, then slaves for two hours drawing grasshoppers & things", then chapel and two hours of recitation. In the afternoon two hours more of lab, two hours study, supper at six and dishwashing until nine or after. Dr. Bigger thinks Johnny is the one to be sorry for. This is the third summer he hasn't had a job - the first two, of course, on account of his accident. Sam says it's lucky he spent so many hours "under the patient tutelage of Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Parker because his drawings aren't as bad as he thought they would be". Then his Latin and Greek are mighty handy to help remember the technical names.

You are going to be very glad of every bit of thorough work you have done and I am happy that there has been so much of it, this trip will start a train of new interests. Read along those lines while the impulse is strong - and make yourself put worthwhile things in words. You owe it to your companions.

We have about decided not to go anywhere except "Chidi"[mountain], late in August. By that time Sam will be on his way east to meet you and you will be continuing on westward.

This Sunday only the Bernheisels, Malsbarys, Miss Best, Miss McCune and Miss Ketchum are left with us - and Mr. Lutz.

Do you realize that your picture taken with the trophies & several of the others taken those last days, have the same expression that shows on Sam's face that last Sunday he was here? It must be the way a boy looks when he is trying to retain what he has loved and doesn't expect to see again soon.

The whole yard to us is full of pictures of you boys from babyhood on & is very precious. God had been very good to us. Hold fast to Him & all must be well. Here is a verse for you. Is. 26:3. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." That is for traveling.

unsigned, but from,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Amsterdam, Holland

July 17, 1935

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Things have considerably brightened up since I last wrote. I really became quite attached to dear old Berlin after getting acquainted with it somewhat, and we met various people, and things in general got pretty rummy for a change. Clid came in from Vienna on Monday and finally found us and D.F. dropped in Tuesday, so the four of us were united once again. I just missed meeting a classmate of Jim's at Whites who saw my name in the American Express register and tried to locate me. Her name was Mildred Mitchell. It's funny, but we kept bumping into folks who came with us from Korea all the time - on the street, in museums and most anywhere. We had four full days there and saw the place cold. We got our meals at Woolworth's 5 and 10 cent store fierce cheap and still have a can of spinach left from what we brought.

Tuesday night [July 16] the four of us checked out for Amsterdam and had quite a night of it in one compartment with two others. Johnny slept on the baggage rack and I slept on my air mattress on the floor. We had a lot of fun joking around and quite amused the officials and passengers. My 100,000 mark paper money, which you gave me, father, caused quite a lot of consternation when we had to declare our money on the border. They finally figured it out, though, and the whole car went into gales of laughter.

We arrived here at 10:00 this morning and because we didn't know any place to go, went on a splurge and are parking in this pretty swell place for \$2.60 a day including meals. Boy, it was sure swell for once to really have more than we could eat!

This morning we visited the Royal Palace, which the Queen uses for about one week of the year. Her regular residence is in the Hague because it's more comfortable. After lunch we listened to the radio for awhile and then hit out for the sights of the town. We ran into a very enthusiastic and peppy English-speaking guide on the street and after talking to him just for the fun of it for awhile we finally swindled him into giving us a personally conducted tour of the city and principal points of interest for 35¢ apiece - which took up all the rest of the afternoon. His regular price was far higher, and he was lots of fun. We're hiring him tomorrow morning with his car for a trip out to some nearby town where we can see the Dutch people living just as they did 500 years ago and also the dykes, etc. Price - \$1.00 apiece. One of the most interesting places we saw today was the largest and most famous diamond cutting establishment in the world. It's an awfully unimportant looking place and totally unguarded, but they sure have the works - all of which was carefully explained and demonstrated. We also saw fake replicas of all the most famous diamonds in captivity and slews of real ones. It was awfully interesting.

I've fallen hard for Holland and especially this city. I don't think I've ever been quite so taken by any place before - unless it's Pyongyang. Everything's so clean and orderly and the people are far nicer and more intelligent looking than the Germans. Lots of them speak English, too. The houses all have narrow doors, so at the top of each domicile there's a large hook so that they can lower and place big pieces of furniture out of the windows. That's the only way they

7/17/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

can get them in and out. It was heaps more fun sightseeing with a guide, too, even though we did feel like bloated plutocrats. He told us a lot of interesting things about the place and we learned a lot. Apparently one of the government projects is to supply every one of the 800,000 inhabitants of the city with a bicycle free if unemployed and for \$1.75 rental a year if employed. It beats Japan, even. There are bikes everywhere. Grandmothers and infants all ride. It's a lovely city and lovely country. I'd sure like to live here for a while.

However, we have to move right along now. I forgot to say that we've booked passage and paid for our tickets (Johnny and I) on the *Corinthia* sailing from Liverpool on the 10<sup>th</sup> of August and touching Belfast, Dublin, and Boston before arriving in New York on the 19<sup>th</sup>. We've got \$118.50 Tourist Class tickets from Liverpool all the way, but for some fuzzy reason which we never could quite understand the agency offered us Second Class transportation from Berlin to London and one full day with all meals in a swanky London Hotel free of charge with the ticket. Since we weren't going direct they gave us the cash instead which amounted to \$30 gold with a draft for the day, etc. on the London Hotel. All we can figure out is that it's about a \$34 or \$35 dollar gold gift. At any rate we have our ticket in full and hotel draft and turned over only \$88.50 in money. However, we'll probably take the boat at Belfast, though we learned that rail travel is very cheap in England and instead of going from Glasgow to Belfast we may go from Glasgow back down to Liverpool. It seems like a swell boat, too.

We leave here tomorrow noon for the Hague; a day there, a day in Rotterdam, [then] take a four-day boat trip down the Rhine to Mannheim. From there for \$4 gold per day everything included (though we sleep on deck), from Mannheim to Geneva, and then on mostly as formerly planned.

Hastily, but with lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

July 21, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

You can hardly know how eager we are for news from you. We know nothing since July 4<sup>th</sup> at Manchouli but tomorrow should bring in letters from Moscow. Why no letters have come from Irkutsk or Tomek [?] or Omsk [?] we do not know.

No special news here - at Foreign Church today we had 15 present - almost everybody who is in town. A good spirited talk from a Scotchman from Glasgow! How these Scotchmen do know their Bibles! and what a blessing it is to them and to others. Saw Braden today. He goes back and forth to and from Sorai. Tom is still there having a good time while Mother and I are having a very quiet and cool time in this big house of ours. Rainy season is now on and the last two days have been so cool that we have enjoyed having a fire in the grate each day.

Won Si came over this afternoon to tell me that a telegram from Severance Hospital came saying that Kyem Oh is in the hospital with appendicitis and was to be operated upon.

For three days last week I was in bed with diarrhoea but came through all right and no complications. Must have eaten some unripe peaches.

The McCunes are back from Japan having gone with Mrs. McAfee [Mrs. McCune's mother] to Kobe. She was quite sick there but they think will reach America all right. The Kinslers are on the same boat.

In another ten days we may go to Chirisan [Chiri mountain] for two weeks. Hope this reaches you in London - but if not, look for it at Board Rooms, 156 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue, New York.

We are thinking you will likely be on the Rhine early this week. Give us your dates. We have enjoyed calculating where you are each day.

Regards to John Knox [Wilson].

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 21, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Howard,

For the last few days we have not known where to think of you. Your father put you to sleep in Mainz last night, ready for a Rhine trip, then we took you up & deposited you in Cologne, instead, for Sunday. However, I wonder if you have wandered as far south as Interlaken for today. You keep us very busy, I assure you. It seems as if you never, never would get up in the morning, for you are, I suppose, eight hours behind us and don't get to breakfast time until it is 3 p.m. + here. Every night we wander up to Miss Best's to see if there is anything from Miss Butts and Dr. Bigger calls out, too. Tomorrow will surely bring a letter from Moscow. It will be richly worth waiting for.

The latest National Geographic (July) has an article on the "Penn Country in Sussex. It is not far from London and includes Hastings & the country where William the Conqueror landed. You can find files of National Geographic in almost any library and might find the trip worth while. July "St. Nicholas" has an article by Lowell Thomas on "Explorers Bold and Courageous" that begins: "If you go to Marseilles, actually the oldest city in Western Europe, one of the first places you will visit will be the Vieux Port", etc. Pytheas, sailing from there, was the first Greek to sail out into the Atlantic. Just before 300 B.C. he slipped past the Carthaginian watch at Gibraltar. On this or a later trip he became one of the first adventurers in the Arctic - the first so recorded. All this because it is possible you may not get a northern boat and may decide to go sail from the south, I suppose.

There are so few people here, news is scarce. The McCunes have come home from Japan. Mrs. McAfee was very, very ill in Kobe - temperature 104°, so they were thankful they went. However, the party got on board safely. She was better. Peggy found Mac's baby a marvel, saw Mac get his doctor's degree, saw Shannon graduate. Shannon and Edith Blair are soda fountain clerk and tent maid respectively at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Peggy stopped a little while with Mr. Crowell, the [Quaker] Oats man, in Chicago and he sent her in his limousine out to the lake instead of by train. Now she is in Los Angeles helping a friend in a public kindergarten which runs all summer. In the fall she will enter San Anselmo to take Welfare work.

I used to have a cousin in Chicago whose summer home was at Lake Geneva, Mary Shaw. But alas! she and her husband are dead. The three daughters may be near Chicago, though. Sam has an old address of one of them which I want him to look up to get a photo of your great great grandfather Hull's portrait. Be liberal with post cards. Send to your Aunt Marian - Mrs. W.H. Webb, 924 McKinley Avenue, Oakland; to Cousin Margaret Woolfolk, my mother's sister's daughter. - Sam has written her so she will know you. [She is] Miss M.E. Woolfolk, 221 Winn Street, Alexandria, La., U.S.A. - and Helen Bernheisel at Beaver College, Pa. if you have time.

Love and still more love,  
Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks,

How's everything back there in the land of the morning calm? Br-r-r- it sure isn't that here! The sour-faced steward just kicked us off the upper 1<sup>st</sup>-class deck where we were cosily sleeping above the engine room to keep warm. It's only five in the morning, too, so that means a long day of it.

It's easier to remember if I tell you about things chronologically, though, so I'll skip back to Amsterdam. Our last morning there we took a little trip by car out to Valendam with our salesman guide and three young Frenchmen. The guide kept trying to squeeze more cash out of us most of the time and it really became quite humorous. The village and its inhabitants were extremely interesting. Wooden shoes, pantaloons, fuzzy hats and all - they were unmistakably Dutch, just as they lived years and years ago. We saw the interior of some of the homes, and sat around down on the wharves with some of the ancient tars who contentedly smoked their pipes and gossiped all day. There wasn't a thing modern in the whole place. We came back by way of Edam and saw them making real Edam cheese. The farmer's house constitutes the entire establishment in winter. The stables are in his living room, and a huge stack of hay covers a lot of the interior, while the walls are lined with apparatus and the kitchen is used chiefly as the factory. The process was explained and we saw the cheese in its various stages. The trip finally cost us \$1.20 each.

That noon we took the train to The Hague, where we rented bikes for the afternoon and roared around the place at a great rate breaking every traffic regulation in use and becoming quite used to being sworn at by the cops. It was great sport - and incidentally we saw a good deal of the town and its environs. Distances are so short that we soon found ourselves in another town. We left in the evening - or rather, Johnny did, and we followed a half-hour later for Rotterdam. He was first on the train and had just gotten in when the bally thing started off and the conductor locked the door so that we couldn't get on and he couldn't get off. I'll never forget his expression out the window as it chugged around the corner and out of sight. However, it was only a twenty minute run, and we pulled into Rotterdam only about an hour later in a pouring rain. No Johnny to be seen, so we hunted up a Pension and settled down. Along about eleven-thirty in comes the wandering boy, having gotten off at the next stop after the Hague, and looking for us on every succeeding train. We can't figure out yet how he missed us. He finally gave it up though and came on, fortunately striking the same taxi driver, who recognized our P.Y. blazers, and brought him to the same place.

We spent the next day and night in Rotterdam and saw most of the sights I guess, but nothing of particular interest that I recall. The people there seemed a little more rowdy and brassy, especially the children, than elsewhere, but were very friendly. I forgot to tell you before that we saw Hitler pass by on the streets of Berlin. It caused a lot of excitement in the neighborhood, and people came flocking from all over to salute him and yell "Heil Hitler!" He didn't seem to pay any attention to them, though. In Rotterdam we saw by chance a very impressive and solemn funeral of a noted Dutch aviator who had just been killed.

7/22/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

Saturday morning we boarded this river tub and have since been churning up the brown waters of the Rhine in a seemingly futile effort to get to Mannheim. The first 24 hours it rained and stormed unceasingly and boy, oh boy was it cold sleeping on deck that night. We lived to see the dawn though! We heard that food was terribly expensive on board so we have subsisted entirely on bread, butter, jam and cheese which we brought along, except for one meal of doughy pancakes last night at Cologne. We arrived there about nine after passing Dusseldorf in the afternoon, and had an hour and a half to wander around in.

It seemed to be some sort of a national holiday - at least the whole darn town was sure making merry in the streets with all their beer bottles and what-not. From there we went on to Bonn where we spent the night. So far the scenery hadn't been anything to boast about but this morning we woke up to find a lovely sunny day and lovelier scenery. We're in the hills now, and have already passed several castles and ruins. The future looks bright, and we're having a grand trip and getting along fine. I almost feel like taking a morning dip, but I'm afraid the captain wouldn't feel the same way about it.

We get to Mannheim tomorrow noon and then on to Geneva by train. A couple of days there and Paris. I'm hoping to get to London by the 30<sup>th</sup> in order to see the finals of the Davis Cup matches at Wimbledon. Haven't heard yet whether Germany or America won the right to challenge England. Hope it's the latter!

Another month and I'll be in the States. Will write again from Geneva. Am anxiously waiting to hear from you all in Paris. I want to know about Sam's and Jim's and Charles' [his brothers] plans for the summer, too.

Lots of love,

Howard

P.S. I haven't included much that would be of particular interest to young "Mutso", but cheer up Tommy - I'm thinking about you and perhaps I'll get off a letter to you in the not too distant future. Be good now, and don't do anything I wouldn't do! Don't study too hard on that Greek or you'll make me feel dreadfully inferior. Practice a lot on your trumpet, though. You won't have so much time later on.

Adios guy - and go to it.  
H.F.M.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Camp Talcott  
Huguenot, Orange County, New York

July 25, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Better late than never - so I had better get this letter written while I have a chance. Here I am in New York at Camp with Jim. I'm counsellor, in complete charge of a cabin with six lively fellows about 12 years old - but I'll begin at the beginning.

Around the first of July, I received a letter from Jim saying that due to an unexpectedly large enrollment at the Y.M.C.A. camp where he was swimming director, there was an opening for me as a Junior of Senior Counsellor. The catch was that I was supposed to be there at camp by July 10, and the first term of summer school did not close until the 13<sup>th</sup>. Since the zoology work in summer is so intensive I couldn't leave early without losing it for the term. However another letter from Jim brought the glad news that the position would still be open if I came as soon as possible. That decided me because the summer work and study was proving pretty hard and I thought a good rest and change would do me good before I returned to school in September.

That zoology was interesting even if it was hard. I just received my grade - a 95 - that's one grade I sure worked for. The last two weeks we did microscope work and that was the best part of the term. We made cultures of pond water and searched around in drops of water for englema?, paramecium and other protozoas. Once I found a minute worm, almost transparent and colored like the rainbow. We also ran into several relatively large crustacea (almost invisible to the naked eye but great big monsters under the microscope). I was lucky in the regular semester exam because I had done some extra work in lab on blood and tissue structure.

[Time out - I've got to referee and instruct four of the fellows of the cabin in an impromptu wrestling match on the cabin floor]

The minute I finished my exams I streaked home and packed for camp. Then the next morning we set out for camp via Madison, with Charlie driving Marian's car and me following in our buggy. By the way I got three dollars for my extra hours at dishwashing. We got into Madison Saturday morning and stayed over Sunday there. Uncle Tom and Clinton's family were on the Hilltop too, so we had quite a bunch of Moffetts. Uncle Tom took me down to the Moffett lot at the cemetery and also showed me around Hanover. He likes Latin better than Greek, and told stories of Father in college - about his spiriting forth Latin and philosophy to the Negro lackey at the dormitory.

I discovered I had another cousin - Frances, Clinton's thirteen-year-old. The whole family was greatly intrigued by the Chinese puzzle-ring I was wearing. Howie and I have a standing invitation to visit them at Westchester, Pa., anytime we can make it.

From Madison we struck up through Cincinnati to Cleveland and across northern Pennsylvania to Port Jervis, N.Y. We stopped off for a while near Towanda, Pa, to see the site of the French settlement, Azilum, founded in 1793 by noble fugitives from the French Revolution. The city or town, once quite large with theatre, market, church and log cabins was visited by many French notables including the Duc de Talleyrand and Louis-Philippe, later King of France.

While we were there we noticed a tall man, rather familiar, who turned out to be Dr. Will Houghton, president of Moody's. He told us of a short-cut through Montrose where we saw the Bible Conference grounds and Dr. R.A. Torrey's grave.

I'll tell you about Camp in another letter soon. Was glad to get 2 letters from Howie - one from Berlin and one from Moscow - with good stamps. He will sail for the States either August 10 or 20. Boy, but I'll be glad to see him.

Am enclosing a program for a Camp Day.

Sam

Pyongyang, Korea

July 28, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

You certainly are a queer one - to write undated letters to tell us nothing about your money transactions or your meals. You did give us a good account of your "near wreck" and of your trip around Moscow and we were certainly glad to get the Siberian letter and the Moscow one. You have given us no word as to your financial settlement with Dr. Boots.

Glad indeed that D.F. & Clid decided to go to Berlin. You four will have great times. We think of you as probably in Paris today and wondering if you found your Cousin Williams there.

Tom is back from Sorai, came Friday the 26<sup>th</sup>, red as a berry - happy as a lark, grown taller and having had a glorious time for 3 weeks in Sorai.

[I] have sent your Russian stamps to Sam. We plan to go to Chirisan early this week, for about two weeks there. Tom is the only child in Pyongyang now, so we take him where he can have some playmates.

Rainy season still on but not severe and no real floods up this way. In Whanghai and near Seoul floods have washed out the Railroad in places for a few days.

Arch Campbell [Jr.] will take your trunk and it should reach you just about in time for opening of college. Hope it is not delayed any. How we do long for your letters.

Lots of love,  
Father

Dear Howard,

The day before I came from Sorai we had a picnic up the beach as a result of which my face is peeling as it has never peeled before. I think we are going to Chidi San Tuesday but I'm not sure.

Lovingly,  
Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

July 28, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Howie,

Friday night Miss Best saw us coming home from the Bigger pavilion and came out under an umbrella to intercept and ask us if we didn't want to hear a letter from Miss Butts. News at last from the long departed trans-Siberian party! We hollered for Dr. Bigger, Sam dashed home to see if there might not have been a letter from you, too. There was, and he came up umbrellaless, cane under his arm, reading the letter from the "Hotel Nationale". Then we had a treat. Miss Butts had mentioned how well and happy Ruth was so even her father had big crumbs of comfort, though his letter had gone to Sorai.

Next morning we were the only ones to have a grand surprise - another letter, written before the Moscow one. That was a narrow escape you had that Saturday night. We must give thanks to Him who alone can keep you safe. We feel very certain this trip is the right thing for you. But don't neglect prayer and the Bible. Search the Scripture. Isn't it fine that the other two boys have changed to the Berlin route!

Tom came home from Sorai with Miss Payne Friday and got here just a few minutes after we finished enjoying the letters and reached the house. He was properly thrilled, too. He is a bright and fiery red where it hasn't settled into black. Everybody was so amused down there, Mrs. Lutz says, because he looked just as tow-headed and Lampey as the rest of the row of Lampes. He was there for three weeks & shot up at least ½ inch, I believe.

Miss Ketcham has not been very well but is better now. She is a bit timid & last night when Papa and Mr. Reiner & Tom had to go over to see why her lights wouldn't come on when ours did, they found Wag had been enticed inside. They fell over him in the dark.

Lots and lots and lots of love, dear boy  
from  
Mother

How we wish we might know where you are today and follow you in our thoughts a little more closely. One night during your journey across Russia I remember waking suddenly with an impulse to pray for you but it happened again the next night and I think again. It was the Wednesday I thought you were getting to Moscow I was most unable to sleep, thinking of you, and thought you might possibly be having some experience.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



London, England

August 1, 1935

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

So many swell things have happened since I last wrote that I don't know which I should write about first, but for the sake of convenience and clarity I'll take everything up chronologically and relate events as they occurred from last Sunday evening on.

As I mentioned before, we were invited (along with the Y.M.C.A. fellows) to a reception at the American church - and it turned out to be a splendid evening. Unfortunately, Mr. Williams was away on his vacation, but they were all very interested when they heard I was a relation. Everyone spoke so highly of him, too. I left the letter of introduction with his substitute, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris of Washington D.C. who, by the way, was one of Mr. Shaw's best friends and is himself exceedingly friendly and interested in young people.

First we were shown around the entire church, which also includes a gymnasium, locker rooms, bowling alley, vault, kindergarten rooms, library, social room, kitchen, and clubroom --- besides several smaller rooms downstairs. The stained glass windows in the main chapel were wonderful, and the whole lay-out seemed very expensive. After concluding our survey, we met many of the church women and a few men up in the clubroom where Rev. Harris gave a short and informal address before we were served refreshments, followed by a song service. One lady knew you pretty well and asked to be remembered. Her name was Mrs. Cutler and she used to teach at Mount Hermon when Jim was there. She was awfully nice, too. Then we met a jolly little fat fellow by the name of McClerry (I think), who used to be an Italian Count, is a fascist and intimate friend of Mussolini's, and an internationally known artist with many of his works in famous museums all over the world.

Monday morning we grabbed a train for Dieppe and arrived shortly after dinner, and, after saying our last adieus to the continent, boarded a British vessel bound for New Haven and Merry England! No more fuzzy languages to put up with! It still seems terribly queer, though, to hear everyone speaking English and to be able to speak to anyone and expect to be understood. We had good weather and the channel crossing only took a little over three hours. Customs was easy, and after a short train ride we pulled into Victoria Station at 6:00 p.m. D.F. and Clid [Donald Fletcher and Clyde Allison], who are sailing on the *President Harding* August 8<sup>th</sup>, buzzed off to Don's cousins in a taxi, and Johnnie and I decided to cash in on our National Hotel order. Rather quakingly we breezed into the place and nearly fell over when we found out what we had gotten ourselves into. Good grief! the place covers nearly a solid block and is one of the best in town. I never felt so foolish in my life - coming in with our old clothes and having bell boys and what nots besieging us with all sorts of services. Once in my room I locked the door, and it was some time before I mustered up enough courage to venture out. Gaining still more nerve I nonchalantly hailed a passing stewardess and ordered a bath. I lost face later, though, as I left my key inside my room and the doors lock automatically when closed, so, coming back from my swell bath I rather shamefacedly had to admit my ignorance and call for assistance in getting in. After dressing as well as possible, I hunted up Johnnie and together we made our way into the immense dining room about nine. That meal was torture, and I must have committed every

8/01/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

social error possible - and talk about being embarrassed! In the first place we didn't know a blooming thing hardly on the menu (what with their high-faluting unpronounceable names, and secondly everybody seemed to be looking at us all the time and we never knew what to do. We stumbled through half of it and then broke down and gently confessed our ignorance to the waitress and asked for directions and anything she cared to bring us! From then on we got along O.K., but I never did enjoy the food so much. After supper we staggered out, wandered around, listened to music and then hit the hay.

Tuesday morning we called at both the American Express and Cook's, but not one bit of mail. I don't know what's wrong, but we'll go again before leaving and then leave our forwarding addresses.

Guess what!! I actually saw the Davis Cup Tennis Finals at Wimbledon!!!!!!!!!! Boy, and was it great? I've waited nearly 18 years now to see real tennis - and believe me - I saw it!!! It seemed that most of London had the same object in view on Tuesday afternoon but Johnnie and I finally managed to get out there and obtain seats along the back line for \$2 apiece. It was more than worth it, though. The English won both matches, as you've doubtless heard long ago. Austin first defeating Budge (a young red-headed Californian with a backhand like nobody's onions) and Perry beating Allison. Both were four set matches.

Words can't describe the actual playing. It was wonderful! They'd sit back there and with seeming ease drive them back and forth for ages. The Americans struck me as having better serves, but you couldn't beat Perry's steadiness and court mastership. Between matches we saw Wood and Maco playing on a side court. After the thing was over Princess Victoria presented the huge cup to the English captain. Then a lot of people tried to get autographs, but I was way back and by the time I'd gotten there the cops were pulling them all away. I jerked loose from one, though, when he collared me, and shoved my pen into Austin's hand before he [the cop] got me again. But then he let me wait for my pen before kicking me off the premises with some well-chosen words. However I got one signature, at any rate.

The Cunard order on the Hotel worked and after getting back from the tennis we moved out with all the stationery we could swipe and absolutely no expenses.

After wandering around for some time we found this Bed and Breakfast place near Waterloo Station, and have since been staying here.

Wednesday morning we started (or began) sightseeing in earnest and headed for the Tower of London. Who should we bump into there but Jean Ross [daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Alex R. Ross, Canadian Presbyterian missionaries], Huldah Blair [daughter of the Herbert Blairs, of Taegu], Miss [Harriet E.] Pollard [principal Girls Academy, Taegu] and Miss [Rainier] McKenzie [Presbyterian missionary in Andong]! We saw the place and then had dinner together. It was sure great to meet up with other Korea-ites that way. They are staying at some Foreign Mission Club place, where the Barnhouses are, too, and the Crothers are coming Saturday. We phoned for a room, but unfortunately they were full up. We're going out there Sunday though

8/01/1935 - p.3 H.F.M.

just for a visit.

Wednesday afternoon we "bussed" around London a while, and then called at Selfridge's Department Store. It's a monstrous place and I was too scared to even so much as ask for [Mr.] Selfridge, himself (he's probably out of town anyway for the summer) so we just looked over the store. [There was some relationship to the Selfridges through Lucia Moffett, Howard's mother.]

Wednesday evening was one of the most enjoyable I've had. We saw Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in Queen's Garden Open Air Theatre for 31¢. It was perfect! We heard the words through microphones, loud speakers, and the setting and scenery was gorgeous. Honestly, the splendid lighting effects as dusk came on and it became dark, and the perfect summer evening with a beautiful sunset - together with the slick acting and costumes and the music and oh, just everything made it a - well - I've about run out of adjectives, but I guess you've gotten the idea.

Thursday (today) we got up late and then began a systematic bus tour of the city - getting off to visit places of particular interest. It'd take too long to tell you all the things we saw, back late, and it's very late now, so I'd really better quit for the present and get a little sleep. So -

Good Night,  
with loads of love,  
Howard

P.S. With regard to future plans: We're planning to leave Monday for Glasgow by bus (it's five dollars cheaper and takes 17 hours) and then take a trip through the Trossacks to Edinburgh and back before taking the "Corinthia" at Liverpool on the 10<sup>th</sup>. I'm sending one suitcase direct to Liverpool by the Cunard Co.

P.P.S. A few photos are enclosed which you can keep.  
H.F.M.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Edinburgh, Scotland

August 6, 1935

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Father and Mother:-

Here we are in Scotland now, and getting along splendidly. I dropped you a card yesterday but I doubt if it gets to you before this because I forgot to put "via Siberia" on it.

I wrote you last Thursday evening, so I'll continue my narrative from there. Friday morning we called on the head of the World's Leper work, whom Johnny [Wilson] knew. He was exceedingly nice to us and we spent a very enjoyable hour chatting with him. As a parting gift he presented us with a swell book on Scotland with all sorts of maps, which has come in handy. We spent practically all afternoon wandering around the British Museum, but it wasn't nearly so interesting as I expected. Mostly just a repetition of stuff I've seen all over the world in museums, but a few things such as the Rosetta Stone, and various original Bibles were most interesting. The place wasn't as large as I thought, either. We saw a scientific museum at another time which I liked better. One thing there was the original plane which the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawks.

Saturday morning we slept late and then made one find round of Cook's, American Express, and shipped a suitcase each to Liverpool, as we couldn't take two on the bus. I got your letter then, and believe me - it was certainly more than appreciated. The first word I'd received since leaving, but as you didn't know for sure I was going to Paris I guess I shouldn't have expected mail there. So young Thomas went on to Sorai by himself, did he? He's getting to be quite a man, the old scout! That bill from Tai'il does seem rather large, but as I can't remember just what I've gotten and what I paid for, I can't very well deny it. However, I surely do have enough to last me for ages now, so that won't bother me for some time. Except for things in Woolworths 5 & 10 stores, everything seems dreadfully expensive all over here. I'm glad I stocked up at home. I had a little washing done in Paris, but they soaked me a whole dollar gold for it, so I take time out now and then to do my own now. Our landlady in London did some pressing for me free, too, so I'm getting along fine in that respect. I can sure sympathize with Cheisi and Whongsi on Mondays now, though. It's more work to wash one shirt than play a whole set of tennis.

Saturday afternoon I washed and wrote letters and then in the evening we went to an open air free concert in one of the parks. They're all over Europe, it seems, and we've been quite a lot. Sunday morning we called for the Crothers [John Y. Crothers family, from Andong], etc. just after they'd gone to church, so we followed them to Spurgeon's Tabernacle where we heard a splendid sermon by Dr. Donald Barnhouse before meeting them all. It was sure great to see them. All afternoon Sam [Crothers], Johnny and I sat around in our room and chatted and snoozed. In the evening we heard Dr. Barnhouse preach again. I certainly like his sermons - straight from the Bible.

Monday morning at eight we took the bus and got in here at 11:15 that night. It wasn't much fun and rather uncomfortable, but we saved \$5<sup>00</sup> by not taking the train - so we didn't mind much. In London we came pretty close to missing the bus, though, as we patiently waited nearly

8/06/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

a half hour for the wrong one to pull out and just discovered our error as the right one began moving. Too close for comfort - as they make no refunds!

After getting in here late last night, we rather forlornly walked the streets in search of a lodging - finally accosted a cop who directed us to the Y.M.C.A. They were full up, but the man there was swell and called up several other places which unfortunately were also full and then gave us some addresses. We made the rounds then and eventually routed out the folks here and obtained a room. It's really the most home-like place we've struck yet, though, and awfully nice - especially the landlady. All the Scots are nice though, and very very friendly and helpful. It's the nicest country we've come to, I think.

This morning we slept very late and then spent the rest of the day sightseeing. Of course Edinburgh castle itself was the most interesting and we thoroughly enjoyed exploring it. Then we saw John Knox's house and a lot of other churches, etc. besides window shopping along Princes Street. The scenery is certainly grand along there.

Tomorrow morning at 9:45 we leave for Glasgow and get in there at 7:50 - after traveling via the Trossacks [Scottish National Park] for \$4<sup>00</sup> by train, bus, boat, and horse carriage. It ought to be interesting, and they say we run through some of the prettiest scenery in Scotland.

Thursday and Friday we'll probably spend in Glasgow and will sail Saturday from Liverpool unless we find it's much cheaper to the boat at Belfast instead. At any rate it won't be long before we're on the high seas bound for the U.S.A. Don't know a thing about Sam, Jim, or Charlie's [his three older brothers] plans for the latter part of the summer. Hope Sam gets to New York. Johnny plans to head South after a few days there.

So far as I can see I'm in splendid health, but I feel that I'm losing a lot of weight. For some reason or other lately I haven't had a very hearty appetite, either, which has been helpful from a pecuniary standpoint, but doesn't seem natural. It doesn't seem to phase me in the least to skip a few meals now and then. The sea air ought to remedy that though, and thank goodness we'll have plenty of swell good then.

Financially I'm very well off. I think - and will land in N.Y. with something over \$300. I hope I haven't spent too much, and that that will be satisfactory to you. I wanted to keep it down to the \$280 allowance of the Board, but couldn't very well. Will send you a detailed account of expenditures, etc. from New York as I'll have time on the boat to prepare it. Will also write again before sailing. Johnny and I are both very pleased with the prospects of the "Corinthia" and are looking forward to a swell crossing. We've had just about enough sightseeing for one time, but are mighty glad we came this way.

Lots of Love to you all,  
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Moffett papers)

Edinburgh, Scotland

August 6, 1935

John Knox Wilson

Dear Folks,

Well, here we are in Edinburgh and it sure is a nice place. Everyone is so nice to you. We got in about 11:00 last night and didn't have any idea where to go, but everyone we asked was real nice and we got a nice cheap place in about half an hour. It only cost \$1.10 for a nice room and breakfast. The lady here gets us up just as late as we want and gives us whatever we want for breakfast. They have a nice big sitting room with a vic[trola] and piano. We sit here and play the vic and eat or write or loaf. We are playing the vic now and it sure is hard to write while the music is going. It is by far the nicest place we've been. This morning we got up at about 10:00 and had a swell breakfast. Then we went sightseeing. We went all through the castle and then went to "John Knox house" but I couldn't even get in. I thought about telling them who I was, decided I'd look at it from the outside and let it go at that. About two o'clock we went to a movie, only 12 cents, and it sure was swell. It was called "Westpoint of the Air" and was all about flying. After that we came home, or to our room. It is just like home almost, they are so nice. We had what they call "tea" but it was a big meal as far as I could see. We have been sitting here ever since, about three hours, listening to the vic. It sure is good to be able to have some music.

I guess I'd better go back to London and start where I left off. Friday morning we went to call on Mr. Anderson but he was out as I told you before. Mr. Haywood was in and gave me the mail and the cheque. I haven't needed it yet, but will probably before I get to the journey's end. I now have just \$30 left but will only have about \$15 by the time we get on the boat. Well, after seeing Mr. Haywood we went to the British Museum and wandered through it for several hours. Then Howie went home and I went off to the zoo. It is the first one I've been to on the whole trip except the one at Berlin where all we did was listen to the music. I got home from that about seven and we went out for a little while to an open air theatre and listened to a band for a while.

The next morning we went to cook's and I got another letter. We sent one of our suitcases, one each, on to Liverpool and then bought our tickets to Edinburgh on the bus. That afternoon we sat around and loafed. The next morning we got up early, about 8:30, and after breakfast we started for the "Foreign Missions Club" where the Crothers, Hulda [Blair], Jean Ross, and the Barnhouse family were staying. We were going to go to church with them but they had already gone so we followed them on to church. The church was only a few blocks from where we were staying and we had spent two hours going out to their place and back. When we did get to the church, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Dr. Barnhouse was just ready to start the sermon. It sure was good to hear him again, and he sure did preach a good sermon. After it was over we met the Crothers and the rest all except Dr. Barnhouse. Howie, Sam Crothers and I went off to our hotel till supper time, and then about 6:30 we went back to church to hear Dr. Barnhouse again. After the service we wanted to meet him but didn't get a chance. We did meet his wife and little girl. We then said goodbye to Sam and went home.

The next morning we got up about 6:30 and hurried thru breakfast. We left our hotel for the bus station in plenty of time and just as we got there I remembered that I had left my camera.

8/06/1935 - p.2 J.K.W.

We had been in an awful hurry and I never thought of it. I did take a careful look around the room just before I left but the camera was hung on a chair and could not be seen unless you were looking for it. The first thing I did was write a note back to the man at the place we had stayed. It wasn't exactly a hotel, just a place where you can get a room. I'm sure they will send it on to Liverpool to the boat. They are nice people. And if they don't I'll write Mr. Haywood or maybe Don Fletcher and ask them to get it. The only thing that I don't like is that I don't have it here in Scotland.

They have the F.W. Woolworth Stores all over England and you sure can get bargains in them. We almost always take our meals there. I got this pen there for 6 pence, 12¢, and it sure writes well. I lost mine in Russia. Then I got two pair of heavy wool sox there for 6 pence a pair. They were pure wool and real heavy. You can get almost anything you want, except suits. You can even get tennis shoes.

Well, to end with I'll say good by.

Love,  
Johnnie

P.S. We had a real nice trip up to here in the bus. We got to the bus station 20 minutes early but got on the wrong bus and just as we found out, our bus was about to leave. We got there just as we were closing the door to go. It wasn't our fault, because they told us to get on one bus but it happened to be a 1<sup>st</sup> class one or something like that. Well, it's 10:30 so I'll quit. I sure hate to leave this place tomorrow, especially the vic. We are going by the Trossaks tomorrow and then down to Glasgow.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Camp Talcott

August 9, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks -

Uncertainty about my summer program has sort of wrecked my regularity in correspondence. I'll try to bring the news up to date in this attempt. I sure am glad I didn't finish my second term summer school - this time at camp is just what I needed to build myself up a little.

We're expecting Howie in New York in about a week and a half. He's sailing on the 10<sup>th</sup> on the "Corinthia". Jim and I are saving up our weekly days off until we can go to N.Y. to meet him. Charlie is coming down from Southington - so the four of us will be together for the first time in a good many years.

Well, I've been in camp for a full three-week term now. I am in full charge of a cabin of seven lively youngsters - 12 yr. olds. At first I had only five - a peculiar bunch for a YMCA Camp - four Roman Catholics, a Jew and only one Protestant. It was tricky in other ways. The Jew, Marvin Goldwater, had been a camp problem for two years. Since my cabin is the last in the line next to the woods I guess they figured he'd disturb fewer people way out among the trees than in the center of camp. He picked continual fights with everyone - but now, fortunately he has been moved to Greenkill.

And then I have two Lorenzo brothers, Italians, and from a rather wealthy family. In spite of parental admonitions in previous years neither had ever been induced to stay at any camp for more than two days. I can easily believe it. They immediately became dreadfully homesick and kept asking to make long-distance telephone calls home. But I discovered an interest in nature in them and organized some snake and frog hunts and before they realized what was happening both were working well into camp life. Louis Lorenzo has become wrestling champion of the cabin, and both passed their swimming tests. When their three weeks period was up they delighted their parents by asking to stay another week.

Jack Germon, a grinning young mischief-maker left at the end of three weeks. Now I have left Ivan Deane, Austrian, and Bob McDade, a twelve-year old who is really too big for the camp. However he is a good worker. Besides these, two fellows have just moved into my cabin by request from another cabin group which was broken up, and a new camper, Jim Crawford, who is quite a tennis player for his age.

I've been plenty busy taking care of this bunch, but I've had other work. I started soccer games and have helped out in tennis coaching. Jim and I have also taught the Broadway kids (7-9-year olds) prisoners base, giants and the Korean stick game and are in constant demand as referees. I've also been taking Senior Life Saving under Jim.

On one of our overnight hikes - which lengthened out into a 2-night affair by request of the fellows - we had our only accident. While climbing the Eel's Belly, a slippery rock ravine bordering a mountain stream, Augie Lorenzo fell on his face, receiving a gash above his eye and a broken tooth. He's all right now and seems quite proud of his jagged tooth-line, which will not be fixed until he returns to the city.

I'm getting \$15 from the camp for transportation which is quite good for first-year counselors. It's a great place up here in the woods above a glacier lake. It is one of the few sandy lakes about here, the sand having been deposited by the glacier ages ago.

Well - this Monday Howie comes into New York - and the tribe will be there in force. Mr. Bingham says there's room to use him in camp unless he has other plans for the latter part of August.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



On Board  
Cunard White Star  
"Carinthia"

August 11, 1935

John Knox Wilson

Dear Folks,

Well, we are on the boat at last, and it sure is good to get started. Traveling is alright for a while but I think I'd rather stay in one place. We got on yesterday about two thirty and pulled out about 4:00. It was quite rough as soon as we got started and has been ever since. There was quite a wind when we left and it is still quite windy, but so far I haven't fed the fishes or even felt like it. There are quite a few people who haven't come to any meals yet and we saw someone feed the fishes just a few minutes ago.

We have a room with two other men. They are both white-headed and quite old, but quite nice. The cabin is real small for four, only nine feet by 10; but we spend most of the time on deck so it is alright. We got our suitcases that we sent from London, and I got my camera. I sure was glad to get it back.

It sure is swell on this boat. It is a 20,000 ton boat and tourist class sure is swell. There is a big [enclosed] swimming pool with a [diving] board; a gym with all kinds of things in it. Then there are all kinds of lounges, smoking rooms, writing rooms and about a hundred other things. The best part is the diner. You have about [anything] you can imagine to eat. You don't know what anything on the menu is, they have such fuzzy names but it sure is good.

We got in to Belfast some time this morning about 2:00 or 3:00 but we didn't get up to see it. We get to Galway some time tomorrow morning and then start for good old U.S. I sure will be glad to get to a place where I can stay for a while. We get to Boston just one week from today. We had a church service this morning but it was all just ceremony. It was the church of England, and all it was, was a lot of reading and responsive reading. There wasn't any kind of sermon at all. We have been passing along the shore of Ireland about all morning, and guess we will continue to do so till tomorrow.

Well I guess I go back to London where I wrote, or I guess it was Edinburgh. We left Edinburgh about 9:00 in the morning and went by train as far as calendar. We got off there and took a bus thru the Trossacks for about an hour or two. The scenery was good but no better than Korea. After that we crossed Lock Katreen by boat and then took horse carriages to Lock Lomond. It started to rain but stopped after a few minutes and we had quite a interesting trip. At Lock Lomond we took another boat and went for about an hour or two across it. There was a little band I guess you would call it, on board and they played a lot of familiar pieces. They reminded me of our soonchun band. They had a little organ, a violin, and an accordian. They were almost as good as we were. Well, when we got off that boat we took a train on to Glasgow, getting there just about 7:30. We looked around for a while for a place to stay and finally got in the Y.M.C.A. for only about 85¢ a night. We didn't do much there, and after two nights we went on to Liverpool, and after one night there we got on the boat. When I got on the boat I got another letter from you, mama. It is the third I've gotten from you. It was forwarded from

8/11/1935 – p.2 J.K.W.

London by Mr. Haywood, I think.

P.S. I just got off the operating table and can't write very well. I just had a cinder cut out of my eye and they bandaged me up like I was shot. I got the cinder day before yesterday I think when we were coming from Glasgow. I didn't notice it till the next morning when I woke up. I felt something in my eye and tried to get it out. When I looked in the mirror I saw it imbedded in the iris, the blue part, and couldn't get it out. Then this morning I woke up about 5:00 with quite a pain so after about an hour of trying to go to sleep I got up and tried to take it out but still couldn't. I tried to go back to sleep but couldn't do that till about seven or so. After that I decided I'd see the doctor so this morning I went to his office but he wasn't in and they told me to come back at 4:30 which I did. The doctor put some cocoin (sp?) in and then got out his little knife. He cut for about five minutes before he could get it out, and boy did the cutting feel nice. When he did finally finish he washed it out with saline solution and then used about a whole sheet bandaging up. Everywhere I go people stair at me like I was in a cage so I'm afraid I'll have to spend the next 24 hours in [seclusion]. I hope you can read this, but I can't write very well with one eye.

[unsigned]

[but from Johnnie Wilson]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

CAMP C.E. GRAHAM  
CHIDI SAN, KUREI  
SOUTH CHULLA DO  
KOREA

Chiri San, Korea

August 11, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard:

We are remembering Howard especially today as he sails from Belfast. The Wilsons got Johnnie's Amsterdam letter two days ago so we know their plans. How I wish we might be with the boys for the Rhine trip. We look for a letter from Howard and one from Sam in a day or two, for Moon is to forward letters from Pyengyang.

Here we are at Chirison - having a fine time. Tom has a whole host of 11-year-old playmates and has been going at tennis with a vengeance.

In the tournament here Walter Levie and Robert Winans from Tung Chow school near Peking had a nip & tuck fight for the "singles" but Walter was victorious. He is now No. 1 P.Y.F.S. since Howard and Junior Phillips left.

We had some excitement last week when about 7 p.m. word went round that Mr. Hugh Miller was missing - lost in the mountains. Dr. Wilson and his dogs (5) and boys (2) - Dr. Holdcroft, Mr. Swicord - a lot of others and a number of Koreans were soon out with lanterns, rain coats, etc. (it was raining hard) and the search was on. Not until 11 o'clock did they find him and his dog he had with him. He was soaked through, exhausted, cold and shivering - 15 li off. A heavy mist had come upon him. He got on the wrong trail, darkness came on. He had his dog whistle which he blew from time to time - called until he was hoarse and knowing he was lost, stayed where he was (but already far away). Just before 11 o'clock Joe Wilson said to Crane, "I heard a whistle". Crane could not hear it. A little later Joe said, "there's the whistle again - and they and some Koreans rushed towards the place where the sound came from, came to the dog first which was howling - then found Mr. Miller. The word "Chachutta" [we've found him!] soon came sounding over the whole camp and I tell you we were relieved. He seems to be none the worse for it now but it was a pretty narrow escape.

There are about 20 at this Inn and about 150, I should say, in the whole camp. What a climb it is from the valley to the camp - steep as a staircase, almost. Mother & Tom came up in jiggy chairs and I came in a 4-man chair. We plan now to be here until the 19<sup>th</sup>, leaving that day for Seoul and then to Pyeng Yang on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

The only way we could find to get Howard's trunk off to America was to send it by Arch Campbell, Jr. - who leaves Pyeng Yang on the 26<sup>th</sup>, taking the trunk with him. That means it should reach Chicago about the 10<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> September. I do hope it is not delayed and am hoping Howard will be able to get it just as college opens. If it is delayed he will have to buy what is necessary or borrow some clothes from Sam if they are big enough.

We are longing for news from Sam as to how and where he is spending this month. We

8/11/1935 - p.2 S.A.M.

are wondering if Howard got to the camp with Jim and Sam and whether Charles got with you all. Where to send this [letter] we know not but are risking it that it is more likely to meet you at Madison than anywhere else. Wonder if Howard got the letters at Cooks in London, at Board rooms in New York and if Sam got the letter sent to the camp to all of you.

Tom has a big job on his hands - trying to fill in the home the places of our 4 boys in America but we are certainly thankful the Lord gave us you four for the years we had you with us.

We have had fine weather here - contrary to all the prophesies that we should have nothing but rain as in past years.

How we do long for letters from you all. With "oodles" of love,

Father

Greetings to all the loved ones in Madison. Arch sails on *Empress of Russia* for Vancouver on 29<sup>th</sup>. He will have key to trunk and will have it sent to Chicago and you will get it from Customs House there. Arch may be able to take the trunk with him on train, dropping it off at Chicago. Send him a letter or telegram % *Empress of Russia*, telling him where you are.

Chiri San, Korea

August 11, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Brothers,

In the semi-finals of the tennis tournament Mr. Linton (of the S.P. Mission) played Mr. Winans (of Manchuria). Mr. Linton beat but since he had to go, Walter Levie beat Bob Winans in the finals.

Tuesday night Mr. Miller was lost and a lot of people went out in search. I'm not sure who found him.

Lovingly,  
Tom

P.S. MAKE CHARLES WRITE

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Chiri San  
Overlooking the world

August 11, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Tom and I are out on the hillside at 4:30 this Sunday afternoon feeling quite sure three of you are asleep and wondering whether Howard has sailed yet. This is his sailing day as Johnnie's letter has told us and a week from Monday will be your glad reunion if plans carry out [Johnnie is Johnnie K. Wilson].

Our two weeks here will be up Wednesday, but we can stay on until the 19<sup>th</sup>, Howie's landing day, and still be in time to send the trunk by Archie Campbell on the 26<sup>th</sup>. We are so sorry, Howard, to send it late, but Olivette had two trunks of her own with a good deal of fancy work from the school that might be dutiable, and Miss Stevens' trunk, besides. So that didn't seem wise. We think since he goes by Seattle, it will arrive about two or three days after college opens. Your father will see it weighed and checked with Archie's Monday night when Arch [his father] buys his ticket here at Pyeng Yang.

Isn't it amazing that as frail a man as Mr. Hugh Miller could go to the 11 o'clock service the day after his stormy night on the mountains. He had only cotton shorts and sports shirt and kept his dog for warmth. It had lost the trail home, anyway. I told you, didn't I, how warmly Mrs. Miller expressed her liking for you boys? She had a bad night, too. There was an immense volume of prayer going up for them. Every household was up.

Tell us all about your boys, Sam, if you were at the camp. I had a hunch you were happy just before time for the first term to end and thought you must have been excused from the exam or something, then I rather lost you and am more anxious than ever for your letter. I am guessing either auto trouble on the trip or complete absorption in new work, so you didn't spend quite as much time with your Bible (I have figured out that when it is harder than usual to pray for you, that is often the reason - the connection with heaven is cut either on your side or ours) - now that has become a signal to pray harder. It is very easy though to let work or acquaintances interfere for a time.

Since you, Sam, are taking Psychology this year, it may be profitable to write you my guesses and impressions. Don't forget, every thought for others must be submitted to God's will or you open a path for Satan. Be very, very careful. Thought is a tremendous power and God's laws in regard to it are plain.

Often you both seem very, very close.

Reuben Pieters is assistant pastor of one of the large churches in Dayton, Ohio. You may go through there some time. If so, call on him. Mr. & Mrs. Pieters are up here and looking well.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Camp Talcott  
Huguenot, New York

August 17, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Well - we're almost off to New York to meet Howie tomorrow. Am I ever eager to see the dirty bum. I'm getting a ride in to the city with some parents of campers, and Jim is going in with Eleanor Prosser by train.

Yesterday I took the cabin on an all-day hike to the Neversink river. It's rather small but it brought back many memories of the Taitong. We had a great time floating on our backs down a small rapids, bouncing along on the moss-covered rocks.

We hope to bring Howie up here to camp for a while before we start back to Madison and Wheaton.

The old tribe is collecting again,

Sam

Camp Talcott, New York  
Huguenot, Orange County, N.Y.

August 23, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

At last Howard has arrived and was I ever excited at seeing him again. The dirty bum has shot up a couple of inches since I left and is as husky as a bear.

I left [camp] Sunday afternoon for Southington to spend a day there before driving down to New York to meet Howie since his boat was a day late. I got a ride in a swell big green Packard with the father of one of the campers who dropped me just the other side of the Holland tunnel. At the Pennsylvania bus station I was just in time to catch the 7:30 bus to Meriden, Connecticut only to find that all seats were taken and the next bus left at 11:00 p.m.

September 15, 1935

This is the letter I started about a month ago. Today is a regular reunion. In the room here are Dat, Howie and myself, and Charlie and Archie Campbell. But I'll continue with the other letter --

By taking the 11:00 p.m. bus I arrived in Southington, or rather in Meriden, 6 miles from Southington, at 3 in the morning. So I slept on a bench in the depot until morning. Then the next day I learned from Charlie that Howie's boat was not due until Tuesday, so I spent Monday sleeping and playing tennis. Early the next morning we left for New York to pick up Jim and meet the boat. We could make out Howie's broad-shouldered figure long before the boat pulled in. We saw Johnny Wilson safely settled in New York, then pulled out for Southington for two days before Jim and I dragged Howie up to Camp for the last two weeks. I think that both Howie and I will be able to get back there next summer. I passed my Senior Lifesaving tests there with the highest score of the four counsellors who took it. Jim gave me a lot of practice breaking holds.

After camp we left for Southington to pick up Charlie, thence to New York to say goodbye to Jim, and on to Princeton for Dayton. We arrived in a driving rain which kept us there for two days at the home of the Hales [Dayton's aunt which is now, late 20<sup>th</sup> & early 21<sup>st</sup> century, a N.J. state museum]. We patched up the roof of the car with some dime store oil cloth, but the minute we set off for Madison the rain stopped and the sun came out. However we had engine trouble in Chambersburg, Penna. late at night and had a hard time finding a garage. But we had a great time at Madison with a picnic at Cedar Point, basket suppers on the hilltop, trips to Hanover, etc. Uncle Tom was up there several times.

The drive from there to Wheaton was rather peculiar. In about three hours Howie got tired of riding and began to wonder what hitchhiking was like. We told him to get out and try and sure enough he was all set to do it. Thereupon Charlie and I decided to relieve the monotony of the trip by staging a thirty-mile hitch-hiking race to Lafayette, Indiana. Dayton was going to drive along behind us. I got the first ride -- a fast one clear into Lafayette. So I sat around there and waited. Dayton and Howie came along about half an hour later, but we could find no trace of Charlie. We searched the town for about half an hour, then got side-tracked by a night football

8/23 & 9/15. 1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

game, and finally decided to start on without him. We reached Wheaton only to find that he had beaten us by a couple of hours. The dirty bum had wangled a ride clear to Wheaton. We awarded him first prize for the race.

We seem to be off to a good start at Wheaton. I'll enclose my schedule. I'm pretty well off without any afternoon classes. The astronomy and poetry courses are going to be good. One thing though isn't so nice. I only get \$37.50 scholarship this semester and perhaps next because of the unusually large number applying for scholarships.

There sure are a mess of freshmen here - about 400. School enrollment has increased 200% in the last seven years. The chapel will barely seat us all, and we may have a new building.

I'm all ready hard at work on the *Record*. We're trying to get an issue out this first week, and since the reporters aren't organized, the editors have to do a lot of work.

Prospects look good for the soccer team, and I think Howie will rank way up in tennis. Time for bed -

Lots of love,

Sam



Pyongyang, Korea

August 25, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam:

Surely Friday was a red-letter day for us in that it brought your letter telling us you were with Jim at the Camp - and also brought Howard's letter from Edinburgh. What a fine trip he and Johnnie Wilson have had.

Now we are hoping to hear that Howard found you or you found him when (or soon after) he landed at New York. It was great that you finished your Summer School with so high a grade and yet were able to land the job at the Camp.

We had a fine time on Chiri san - a fine clear day for our trip down the mountain and a safe arrival home on last Tuesday night (20<sup>th</sup> August). We find Dr. & Mrs. Mowry have arrived (Miriam went at once to Sorai) and one by one each day this week - others have come and more than half the houses are again occupied.

At Chiri we learned of the cable to Dr. & Mrs. Reynolds telling of Carey's marriage to Dean Bruce Wilson - of San Francisco - but who he is no one here yet knows.

It is hot here yet - a few showers. Mother has been quite unwell for two or three days but is better and all right again. Miss Swallen left a week ago for U.S.A. Keep an eye open for her - you may meet.

How glad I am you got to Madison and met so many of the tribe. The Lord bless and keep you, guide you and use you.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

August 25, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

What a treat we had Friday when your Edinburgh letter and Sam's Tallbott Camp letters came. We have read them over & over again and rejoice greatly in all your experiences. We think of you today as at Camp with Jim and Sam and wonder where Charles is. What a fine trip you had! Letters sent you in London will follow you to America. Our last was sent to Madison.

Tomorrow Archie Campbell takes your trunk and I do so greatly hope it goes through all right and reaches you just about at opening of college. It is awfully heavy. Archie goes via Vancouver on *Empress of Russia*. All are gathering home here now. Dorothy Adams and the Mowrys have come from America - many from Sorai and Chiri while Miss Swallen and Edwin Braden have left for U.S.A. The Claphams have moved into McMurtrie's house and Mrs. Baird & Anna are expected in about two weeks.

The enclosed letter from the Registrar calls for a photo of you and a "recommendation". The photo I enclose for you to give the registrar. Will hope to enclose a recommendation from Mrs. Lutz in regard to your Secretary work in Sunday School.

We have church service there tonight. Glad you saw Hitler and more glad you were at Wimbledon. That was great!

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

August 25, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest and best and most entertaining of Boys,

A letter from each of you came on Friday when we supposed there was a dearth of several days before us. Sam's was from Camp Talcott, dated July 25, Howard's from Edinburgh August 6. They brought great joy and satisfaction. I was so glad Sam's first long drive was not alone and was safely over, with that good Sunday at Madison to rest with all the relatives. Today we read over aloud all Howard's letters from the blue [?] Sunday at Berlin to the last day at Edinburgh. They make exceedingly good reading. Remember we have them on file and can type and send you copies if your diary has bare spots. Sam will probably not want copies of his just yet unless he begins a college story.

The weather is hot down here but we had a good day in Seoul. It showered several times. Lunching at Mitsukoshi's we remembered your longing for a "good old curry & rice" and had some. Soup, unlimited tea, curry & rice & ice cream, all for about 20¢ apiece. But don't turn everything into yen. You must eat and we are so proud of and thankful for you both. That 95 grade in zoology in hot summer weather gets loud applause. Evidently this paper can't be used on both sides, nor can one letter do for two boys. There will be much more you want to hear about when school begins. People are coming back, the younger members groaning over heat and early opening, the older members fearful of what measures the government may take to strengthen the national spirit.

Severance is being greatly weakened. Dr. Avison has retired & the new Korean head is not so well liked. Dr. Anderson [Albin Garfield Anderson, M.D.] had to leave to supply a vacancy in his own mission at Wonsan [Methodist] and there may be other changes. The school [here in Pyongyang] is very fortunate to have Dr. Block [Nellie Bernetta Block, M.D.], this year. She [a Methodist missionary] is the only one working just now and when I went to bed 24 hours after getting home, sure I had dysentery, wasn't I glad to see her! It was only a hot weather "food upset". Did you have one on the boat, Howie? after cultivating the stomach as a financial asset only. We hope you are all having a great time at camp together with lots of food and not too much responsibility & how we look for the photo. The kodak views from the Rhine, etc. still look pretty hearty.

Mrs. Phillips, as you probably know, is thinking of entering Junior at Whittier College. Los Angeles looks pretty wicked. Mrs. Reiner with Hugh and Ruth have driven up the Redwood Highway to within about 50 miles of Medford but probably did not see Mary [Jarvie Thompson]. The [Reiner] twins are craving the opening of medical school. Mrs. Reiner heard Hugh preach.

Miss Ketcham was surprised that her English students, young bankers, etc., would carry a bed, big ice chest, etc., from Kinslers for her. She asked if it was not considered beneath a Korean gentleman. They answered "Oh no, there is nothing one would not do to serve parent, king or teacher".

Love, lots of it,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

August 25, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

Well, to begin with, we got here Tuesday evening stopping off in Seoul for half a day and went to the zoo and around it all morning. We had lunch at Mitsukoshi's: soup, currie and rice and ice cream. It sure was good.

It's terribly hot here in Pyongyang. You guys are lucky at camp. Almost everybody is here now. There is not much more to tell so I'll quit.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 1, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam:

We have been quite rejoiced at the word you were with Jim and would have a real vacation. Camping experience, even though it may involve a lot of hard work, will be a complete change from dish-washing and summer school. Hurrah for your grade of 95 in summer school.

We are eager to get your account of camp life and also to hear of Howard's landing and we hope his finding of you. We have had fine letters from him coming regularly via Siberia.

Yesterday I received a cable message from Charles and answered it. I suppose that means he will be in McCormick Seminary when this reaches you. I hope he has not transferred just because he wants to be near Marion, for if that is it he will not get much good out of his senior class work. I hope too that his being near Wheaton will not mean going back & forth to the detriment of your studies and of his studies - also of Howard's. If Howard and Charles are near together their extra interest in tennis may interfere seriously with their studies.

Our teachers in P.Y.F.S. have arrived. Miss Thomas is back and Mr. Miller, 6 ft. 5 in., is here from Biblical Seminary, New York. He knows Jim & Charles. School opens this week. The Mowrys are back, Miriam the only child with them. Word comes today that James Underwood has meningitis and that is serious, indeed.

Let me remind you that you have never sent the financial report I have wanted from you. Take time out for it. Howard should send me a report of his travel expenses. Your first year has been a most satisfactory one and we are grateful indeed that the Lord has given you health, a fine year in studies and so much of interest, as well as great spiritual blessings.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 1, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

You have been fine about writing and your letters have come regularly and been so greatly enjoyed. Your last came two days ago - the one written on your steamer from Galway, we think. Now we long to know what you did after reaching New York and where you found Jim and Sam. Hope you found letters at Board rooms and also that you found Uncle Azel.

How we have enjoyed your Wimbledon tennis experience, for we know how great a treat that was to you.

Archie Campbell [Jr.] got off from here on Aug. 26<sup>th</sup>. Your big heavy trunk checked through to Sannomiya, went also and while we have no news as yet we are hoping it is now on the Pacific on its way to Vancouver. I shall breathe more freely when I know it has landed in Vancouver. Shall expect to hear from you about it as soon as it reaches you.

The new teachers for P.Y.F.S. have arrived and school begins again on the 4<sup>th</sup>. We shall miss you most dreadfully. Tom is up at Syen Chun visiting Jimmy Lampe before they both come down this week for school opening.

Dr. Robb has returned but had to go at one to hospital on account of an ulcer on his eye and lumbago in his back. Otherwise all seems normal. You are in our thoughts and in our prayers every day. When you meet problems or questions take them to the Lord. He will guide.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 1, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Howdy dear,

What a brick you were to get off that letter to us from Galway! Aug. 11 to Aug. 31 from one edge of Europe to the other edge of Asia gave us considerable respect for the Irish post and the Trans-Siberian R.R. and I was so sure you were seasick we had only slight hopes of anything before it could reach us from Boston! Congratulations on that dinner.

Tomorrow we are pretty sure to get a good letter from Sam. There has only been one so far from camp. Don't forget to tell us about the other H. Moffett.

Tom has gone to Syen Chyun again for the week before school opens. Dick O'Brien had a birthday party the day before any one got home from vacation so asked Tom and Miss Adams to picnic supper on the river when they did get here. We reciprocated by inviting the two boys to dinner last Wednesday. Meanwhile Mrs. Lampe wrote that Jim was going through alone on the train Wednesday at 3. Couldn't we send Tom up with him and keep the three girls here over night as the rest were all coming by auto and would go on up to Syen Chyun Thursday. It worked out very nicely, though Betty decided to go by train too, so we had only Frances and Mollie. Philip came to dinner, too, to act as host after Tom had to go.

The Lampes will all come down to school or General Assembly and all but Jim go on to the Diamond Mountains, even though school has begun. Betty's time to see things is getting short, too.

Mr. Donald Miller is 6 ft. 5 inches. Your father told Miss Adams that made no impression at our house! All the teachers are here but Mr. Crowder. He had his pocket picked and had to wire Mr. Reiner for money to get back, so may be a day late. Mr. Hobbs has married Miss Edna Van Fleet. Cards just arrived.

Mary Elizabeth [Hill]'s jiggy man stumbled and dropped her coming down Chidi but caused no damage but a scratch on the arm.

Mr. Hamilton is to have charge of the "Boys' Clubs" in Mr. Kinsler's absence but the government is making some restrictions. It seemed doubtful for a while whether they would be permitted to meet at all. Buddhism and Shinto are being promoted in every possible way.

The Roman Catholics are said to have permitted shrines in their schools. I can hardly believe it. Hitherto they have sent non-believers when the schools were called to celebrate at the shrines but punished baptized children who went.

Miss Butts and Miss Stevens got their youth renewed in Switzerland. Dr. Robb got home Friday and went to the hospital Saturday with lumbago in his back and an ulcer on the cornea of his eye. The latter is quite serious but Dr. Kang is treating it.

9/01/35 - p.2 L.F.M.

Mary Helen's broken arm will get out of splints now [that] Dr. Bigger is back. The H. boys look tough and well and glad to get more grapes than when our family was larger. We are only putting up a half dozen bottles or so. Wish we could send you dozens.

Will write Sam Wednesday or Thursday after school begins. Tell us whether it catches the same boat.

Mrs. Baird and Mary Anna will be a little late. Their rooms are ready at Miss Best's and the Malsbary's still in the Baird house. Mr. Reiner & Philip, Mrs. Adams - and I guess Miss Axworthy - have been taking meals there. Miss Yeths and Miss Thomas just got in last night and are probably there, too. It's the pre-dorm dorm.

Lots and lots and lots of love to both of you. Only a little over a year ago we had you both here! God bless you, Sam and Howard, and God keep you in His peace and joy. Don't forget to let Him.

Lovingly,

Mother

When I write to one, I find myself writing to two - when to two, to one at a time. One thing to be greatly thankful for is that you are together and not far from your brothers. Till Sam's letter tomorrow! That will be the last from you separately, I guess. You have had two weeks in America already, my dear young Asiatic. Yes, we are praying now especially about your college choice of subjects that they may fit you for the work God made you for. Trust Him & obey and nothing can go wrong. Think of His glory, not the weakness of the flesh or our wishes. Not too much of Korea.

P.S. Dear Boys,

We brought two linen towels with us from Chidi, Soonchyen made. I was sick & did not sew on the names but have it done before they go to the wash. The small towels with Chinese characters have them, but you can give those away if you like. The linen towels may seem coarse but are far more absorbent than cotton. If you want more let us know.

Lots of love,

Hope the neckties will keep you both for a year & leave two or three to give away. Don't forget Dat's! If that hanging pocket is useful, we want to get those for Sam & Dat, too. I can just see these swinging from the good old Lizzie, keeping toothbrush and washcloth handy.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

September 4, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Samsy Dear,

Last night we went to bed thinking someone else had taken all the Women's Missionary Society guests and leaving Jamie's room scrubbed but without even a bed or rugs. This morning at seven Chai Si called at our door in a pleased whisper that Miss Hayes had brought three sonims [guests], and with Mūn's help escorted them to Jamie's room! Mrs. Talmage came for the missionary meetings. David and Mary Ella couldn't go to the dorm until p.m. so breakfast for two was turned into a feast for five by watering the chouk [cereal] and scrambling some eggs. Dishwashing, however, was all O.K.

David says Miss [Mary K.] Thomas is faculty adviser for "Kum & Go", Dr. [Donald G.] Miller for "Kulsi". Miss Thomas has Sophomore English and plans to run a kind of journalistic class in connection with it on which the staff can call for help. We'll play up your coaching the boys at camp for their paper and get a rush to the department. Dr. Miller seems to have right ideas about getting the [tennis] courts in order right away, etc. Mr. Reiner told Mr. [Sam] Whang to find out how much asphalt would cost and turn a bunch of men on to work.

Tom just got home on the 3:30. Poor Jim [Lampe] got off at Nishi Heijo to get his bicycle [which was] checked only to there, and ride down. The bicycle came on to the main station where Mrs. Lampe, Tom and the girls had to leave it, for Jim had the pyo [ticket].

We are happy to hear that Archie [Campbell] and all his baggage - and ours - got safely on the *Empress of Russia*. He must have gotten the last ferry that ran. It stopped for three days on account of storm. So probably Howard is all duded up by this time in clothes he parted from last June.

Dr. [Bernetta] Block is in the mansion keeping house, I believe; for a basket of matches & eggplant for her strayed this way. Edwin [Braden] you know, decided one night to leave for America and was on his way next morning. Archie took the instrument he forgot, for him. Tai An is now run by Koreans only in a building belonging to the college down by the fountain. Lekasoffs have part of the store building. Kim Tong Won, that rich Presbyterian elder who entertained us all at dinner, you remember, etc., is one of the backers and a Methodist man of parts is manager. Fuji is trying to drive out Chinese and Korean competitors. I hope these men will not lose.

Lots and lots and lots of love to both of you and plenty for Dat [Dayton Roberts].

Since his cable we think the chances may be good for a letter from Charles. Your father can't give much advice without knowledge of any of the circumstances, can he? Yet he is a mighty wise man. Perhaps we can have a round robin if Charles and Marian are in Chicago. Did Jamie seem to you strong and well and, by the end of the summer, rested?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Tsing Kiang Pu, Ku

September 4, 1935

Kay Geiser

Dear Marion and Charlie:-

By rights I shouldn't write you since you owe us a letter! But who could resist after meeting Charlie's Mother and Dad! I meant to write immediately but well, just didn't get around to it.

Marion, you will adore them! I think I'll start right off at the beginning of our visit and describe it all.

So - - - come with us as we parked Hunt's Ford just inside your folk's Korean gate and went around the side of the house to the front porch where your Dad, a handsome man, met us at the door.

Oh, he's a dear! Tall and of grand physique! A beaming face that radiates with love and interest. Grayish white hair. White suit, lavender shirt and black tie (I think). He certainly made a striking picture.

Well then we stepped inside the long living room where your sweet mother greeted us. You'll love her too, Marion! You first notice her beautiful eyes that are like two stars. I can still see her all smiles and her eyes just so bright with thrill and interest! She wore the most becoming gray wash dress trimmed in rose and white. Her hair is quite gray and she's sorta tallish - and thin.

How your folks swallowed up any news about you! And we saw the picture of Marion (I told them it didn't do you justice) and really, you ought to send more. They said it was the only one they had - in a tone that showed they'd love more.

Then we saw Charlie's picture by the three tennis cups - and of his brother with his three - and the picture of the houseboat you used to go up the river on. Oh, we had a peach of a time.

Then, we went out in the front yard and saw where you boys had such grand times.

At last we had to say goodbye - but too soon. The Lord has truly given you a rich heritage, Charlie, in your precious parents. Write them often. They love it!

Oh yes, as we left, your Dad showed us where you stayed in the little cottage next door and played the vic! Well - that's that - to an enjoyable visit. And now, do you think you will be coming out to the Orient next summer? We want to see you if you do, so please keep us posted - and come on, Marion, old honey, write!

We loved Korea and it did us lots of good. Aren't the people quaint and interesting! Margie was a peach to us, and of course, her Dad was too!

9/04/1935 - p.2 Kay Geiser

We first went to Kwangju, then to Preston's at Soonchun, Shannon Preston Cumming's at Mokpo, Dr. and Mrs. William M. Clark's at Seoul, Hill's at Pyeng Yang, then to Chairyung and Sorai. Then to Bernheisels at Pyeng Yang and on up to Manchuria, sailing from Dairen for Shanghai.

[following is a hand-written note from Charles to his parents added to a copy of the above letter]

There is more to the letter but that is all concerning Korea. How did you like the Geisers? I have known them both for some time, knowing them in college, and think they are fine. Kay (Mrs. Geiser) was Marion's best chum during her year at Moody.

I wonder if Kay told you about our engagement and the part which she played in it, helping me out. We told Dr. McCune all about it, too, but maybe I will be able to include my account to you in one of the succeeding episodes of my writing. Remember, my aim is one letter a week and I am looking for His strength to help me in attaining my desired goal.

In one of my episodes I hope to go through your letters of the past two years, which I have in a pile arranged according to date, and to answer all of your questions therein which have not been answered in my other writing.

And now I must be off to bed to have a peaceful sleep and a well-earned one, I hope.

Yours,

Charles

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 8, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard:

Not much for me to write this time. By the time this reaches you Howard's trunk should be at Wheaton and all well. We know Archie got off safely with all his luggage. Hope he had no trouble at Vancouver or Chicago.

Mrs. Baird and Mary Anna arrived yesterday - the latter a great big tall girl. School has opened and Mr. Miller, the new teacher, matches Charles in height - 6 ft. 5 inches.

Word comes to us that Laura Phillips is married and that Junior and Edith will enter Whittier College.

Tomorrow we look for a letter from Sam telling about the camp life and telling us something of Jim and Charles. It is barely possible a letter from Howard from Boston or New York may reach us tomorrow. My! but we'll welcome one. Mrs. Wilson sent us one from Johnny from the Carinthian which we were glad to see. Hope to hear his eye is all right.

If you, Howard, should have another fainting spell you must consult a doctor.

All join in love,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 8, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

School for you in three more days! Here everyone is settled and the routine getting established. Mr. Miller's 6 ft. 5 inches is making due impression on the frosh. Miss Yeths has all those in Tom's room, at least, sorted out for part singing and they are to have music every day but Physical Education not so often. Miss Thomas wants to be remembered to all three of you boys.

Taking Virgil are Lucy Mackenzie, Annie McLaughlin, Miriam Berst, Mary Power, Ruth Romig, John Anderson and Francis Browne. It seems to be a very nice class.

Stacy has hard work ahead of him to stand on his own feet in Latin II but has started out with eclat. I was greatly pleased with his first recitation on second year work.

Poor Annie McLaughlin, they say, expected to graduate last year. This year her hopes were higher yet but she finds she is still 5 or 5½ credits short. Mr. Reiner has asked David [Talmage ?] to coach her through a review of algebra, trig. and a lot more. To do this he will have to drop History but will complete the Jr. Math, and make up that credit. Math is his easiest subject so his mother is pleased. He is very very well but has not much resistance. The trip up made him nearly sick for several days. He and Harold M. room together - with the senior Vic, and are the only boys with senior privileges.

Today the dorm entertained at dinner a bride & groom - the Talbot boys brother.

Mrs. Baird and Mary Anna arrived early Saturday. Mary Anna is a tall and slender young lady apparently, but America seems to have done her only good. Mrs. Baird was offered the position of matron at M.B.I. [Moody Bible Institute] but felt that her call was plainly to Korea. We are most thankful, though for Marian's [probably means Mary Anna's] sake it would have been nice otherwise.

James Underwood is "holding his own", though still a very sick boy. School opening, I believe, has been indefinitely postponed at Seoul. The Underwoods write they want everyone to know "the Lord is wonderful in times of trial."

Lots and lots and lots of love to you, dear boys,

Mother

Tom is buried in *Life of Grenfell* loaned by Mrs. Roberts. Your letter from him may be short. That is so fierce swell. Something else fierce is the weather. Sunday School was at the regular time but church at 7:30 to avoid the heat.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 8, 1935

Thomas Fish Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

School started Thursday and I've been playing basketball all the time since. The team tennis court is all foy. There is dust an inch thick on it. They've fixed the other one though and it's quite good now. I'm in Mr. Crowder's room at school now and we've got six in our class. Miriam [Mowry], Lorene Lion [Lyon], Douglas Wright, Dick O'Brien, Jim Lampe and myself.

I was up at Sunshun [Syen Chyun] a week just before school began. I had swell sport up there. Went swimming 3 or 4 times.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 11, 1935

Samuel H. Moffett

[postal card to his family in Korea]

Dear Folks:-

I'm still alive and kicking. The vacation mood must have been upon me - but now that school is upon us again, the weekly letters will once more trickle forth. However, even though he fell behind, Howard has been doing nobly.

The schedule is all filled out. I am taking Greek, Memorabilia, French, Astronomy, Psychology and English Poetry. And I'm already assigning beats to *Record* reporters. Wheaton is submerged with Frosh, the reported number ranging from 350 to 400. The college, unable to care for them, is hastily throwing barracks up around the campus. Enrollment this year, around 950, last year, 750.

Howard seems to have survived the first day of Freshman tests. Here goes for a big year. Letter will follow shortly!!!

Sam M.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 14, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Howard has registered and soon we shall know both your schedules! The reception is over and you are asleep - or perhaps meeting Archie and the trunk that is leaving such a gap in Mary's room [Mary Jarvie Thompson, a girl cousin from Oregon who was with them for 2 yrs.].

A letter came from Boston Tuesday - such a good letter that when Dr. McCune had it typed for Mrs. Wilson, he wouldn't take any pay and thanked us for letting him read it. A postcard came from Sam Friday - such a good postcard we are keeping it on the mantel for frequent re-reading. This has been a rich week. We didn't expect either one of those mails and our delight hugely pleased the postman. The Talmages at Tam Yang (they live in the country now) had a funny experience with a letter. John didn't write, then took many things for granted and talked about people they didn't know. But he was supplying his first church and might be rattled. Then Mrs. Morris went to Tai Myung and was fallen upon by an old yangban whose son is in America. He was trying to read an English letter, had gotten all the help he could and annotated it liberally with Chinese characters, yet he could not make out much about what the boy was doing. The "My dear father" was all right. As soon as she began to read it to him, she found that it should have gone to the Talmages and sent it on. Poor yangban! It was from John Talmage to his parents.

P.Y.F.S. [Pyenyang Foreign School] is running smoothly. Dr. ----- has been holding evangelistic services in the assembly room and school spirit is fine.

It looks now as if the government were making arrangements so Christian schools can attend the Memorial services this month without bowing to the spirits. The educational secretary, himself, came up from Seoul to make arrangements such that they could be complied with. On leaving after the wreaths for the spirits have been presented by principals of government schools, and the spirits have gone - our schools which have been in the background, on leaving, salute the prefect. The executive committee were all here at General Assembly, so the burden of decision has not rested alone on the few principals here. Nothing further about the shrines seems imminent, we hope. These memorial ceremonies, you know, are at the monument in the park by the Town Hall. Pray for the Korean Christians, though, that they may have strength for any trials they may have to undergo.

Whang Si has a temporary place, cooking for Mr. Reiner and Philip while his cook is away for a month or six weeks. Mr. Lutz will probably take Tom's Sunday School class. Paul Crane is Sec.- Treasurer of the Sunday School. I must find out for you the new class officers.

These marks are ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ (meant for infinity signs) of love,  
Mother

An article on Manchukuo - *The Wild West in the Far East*, in *Readers Digest* for September would interest you. Do you have it in the library?  
(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

September 15, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Sam's postal was gladly received and now we look for word that Howard has reached Camp all right. It has been a long trip but one he will look back upon with great interest. We think of you tonight as being in Wheaton and trust all has gone well.

We have started in here on the fall term, basketball seeming to be the chief attraction. The place seems somewhat deserted with all the big boys gone - but my, how the little fellows do grow and soon become big.

Stacy and Mitchell and Jamie Moore are the big ones this year but Dr. Miller (6 ft. 5 in.) out-tops them and seems to be a good coach.

The Claphams are in the McMurtrie house. Miss Ketcham in our guest house, Mrs. Baird and Anna in the Best house while the Kinsler & Parker houses are empty. Dr. Block is in the "Mansion" and looks after the health of the "dormites".

General Assembly is over and I had less responsibility than any time for 35 years - and I enjoyed it. I am trying to get responsibilities off of my shoulders. Next Assembly meets at Kwang Ju and I shall not plan to attend it.

We are eagerly awaiting news of Howard's arrival. What a time you 4 boys will have!! May the Lord watch over you all and guide you in His service!

Remember us to all the Korea-ites.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 15, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Sam,

Your postcard told us a lot. For one thing it shows that "entire charge of a cabin" is no sinecure. In fact I found that two boys kept one pretty busy - but it pays, doesn't it? Don't stop praying for them.

At camp you were not very far from Sydney, N.Y., the old home of the Johnstons. If you ever have a chance, go there & claim any Johnstons you find. Hugh, your [great] grandfather, left there long ago, Milton, his brother, more recently.

Take good care of that "dirty bum" and don't wear more than half of his measly little pile of shirts. Buy underwear, both of you, when it gets chilly and charge to my account.

Health is most important. Mrs. Mowry says you were looking fine. Keep on eating at the dining hall - three good meals a day.

Love,

[Mother]

Howard says the *Corinthia* was to be in New York at 4 or 5 Tuesday. It was considerably after that that I got the thrill that seemed to me to mean that you had met. Sunday & Monday, etc., I had a feeling as if you were getting toward the meeting but much more slowly than you wished - as if you were being frustrated in hurrying on - I interpreted it as perhaps a late start or auto trouble. Probably it was the delay of the steamer's arrival. I thought Azel perhaps had met him & you found them later when that thrill came. I wish I had noticed the time. It seems to me it was Thursday here.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 15, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Howard,

It makes us very happy to know how the things of this world go with you but when you pass milestones on the road to heaven and to strength and peace and joy in this life it gives us the deepest satisfaction of all. You have a right to expect great things from Him. Spend enough time with Him to be sure of the path. Everything else will go faster and more smoothly.

I have been reading Ephesians through every day lately and just after your letter mailed at Boston came, how those verses beginning at 2:19 did stand out: "So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." - and go back to verse 18 - "through Him we have our access in one Spirit unto the Father." In another sense we are all sojourners and "our citizenship is in heaven, and may Jesus Christ be praised!"

J.B. Priestly is a well-known writer. I wonder if your roommate is a poor relation. That nine hours of sleep was good but you had breakfast at 9:15, didn't you. An hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after. You have a lot of good sense. Take care of yourself. Those rules for exercise came down from your wall and are up on Tom's. I hope he will use them.

[unsigned, but from his mother]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 15, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Brothers,

Well, I hope you blokes are working hard as I am even though I am working harder on basketball than school it seems like. There isn't such a very good basketball team this year but there sure is a swell coach in Dr. Miller. We're going to have an awfully swell Grader team this year, just think, Hill, Rich, myself and I don't know who else since nobody else can play worth a cent.

There will be a swell Senior team also since there are only two boys, Mitch and Johnny Anderson. There's going to be a Junior Band this year and I'm going to be in it. As we get better we'll go into the real band.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 18, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

We were delighted to receive your letter of August 17<sup>th</sup> which reached us September 16<sup>th</sup> and told us of your being met by the boys and of being in Camp with them. You have been fine about writing and I can tell you we appreciate it.

This is an extra letter for you in order to clear up the financial situation and so that you can keep your accounts accurately.

Of the money given you here, ¥ 295.42 was the balance in your bank account here which you turned over to me. ¥ 200<sup>00</sup> was the amount to your credit with me for gifts, earnings, etc., etc. through the 17 years at home. This at rate of exchange from Mr. Genso [mission treasurer] amounted to \$172.07 from which I deduct ¥ 7.30 or \$2.54 paid out for you after your life here. That means that of the U.S. dollars you have left after meeting all traveling expenses, \$169.53 belongs to you personally and for which you do not make any report to me. Keep that as a reserve fund from which you use for any extras, etc. - not your regular necessary expenditures. Deduct this \$169.53 from the balance you have on hand after settling all accounts with the Board of Foreign Missions and your expenses to Madison and credit the balance on hand to your fund for tuition, books, fees, board and school expenses generally. This is your school expense account and to it will be added \$35<sup>00</sup> a month from Uncle Howard - these two sums to be sent you each month beginning with September. To this fund should be added whatever balance Archie Campbell may turn over to you as a balance from the ¥ 80<sup>00</sup> which I gave him here to meet expenses in getting your trunk through to you. This school fund is to be accounted for to me at the end of each term.

I think that will make all things clear and you can let me know how much you have on hand. Sam ought also to be sending me a report.

Wasn't it great that the boys could meet you! A fine ending to a great trip!

With love from us all,

Father

P.S. You may have some things to charge up against your personal fund!!

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 21, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

This week our story seems to read "My days are gliding swiftly by", but without many high spots to record. Tom's history pleases me greatly. He has "ancient history" and has read avidly to by request, whatever a couple of High School histories have to add on both the nations so far studied, Egypt and Babylonia.

Probably you know the various class presidents by this time - 8<sup>th</sup> grade, Frances Lampe; Freshman, Jimmie Phillips; Sophomore, David Rogers; Junior, James Moore; Senior, Annie Mc Lauchlin; C.E. [Christian Endeavor] President, John Anderson, Vice Pres., Helen Torrey.

Miss Best, Mrs. Hayes [mother of Louise Hayes], Miss Doriss, Miss Shields have gone to the Diamond Mountains. Miss Doriss for one week, the rest will probably stay three. Undo is going as their cook ("Chaisabang" to them).

Whang Si is cooking for Mr. Reiner and Philip. We evidently do not need her. Chai Si gets along better alone.

They think they have found Mrs. Reiner's trouble and can cure it. By freezing the nasal nerve with cocaine they can stop a headache in an hour or so. That is the seat of the trouble, yet various doctors in various parts of the world have treated her everywhere.

Mary Jarvie says her letters to Wheaton have been returned this summer. Ours have not so she must be addressing them incorrectly.

Summers are nice but they don't bring us "Wheaton Records". We shall be glad when they begin again - also letters, my Sammit.

James Underwood, I understand, has gone home.

Miss Thomas walks up and down stairs somewhat stiffly. Her typing is on the third floor.

Basket supper for newcomers and those returned from furlough will be on our lawn Monday evening. Hence, today there is great activity in lawn cutting and weed pulling. I am also informed that we are not only to have chestnut soup tonight but that tennis and basketball have temporarily failed to pull all their devotees all the time - to the great extension of several young gentlemen's pockets and the puncturing of their rubber tennis shoes, if at all worn. Master Malsbary suffered the most on the latter score. Tom and Philip ranked high on the former - also "Frenchy".

Yesterday was the day we went to the door every whipstitch to find a breathless grader offering opportunities to order Kulsu and Kum & Go. Their interest in all our absent family would have touched you deeply. Frances Lampe got the order, one of each to be mailed to

9/21/35 - p. 2 L.F.M.

Wheaton, one of each Tom is paying for himself, one for us to be sent on to Mary Jarvie. That is enough, isn't it? The "Record" will get Kum & Go, I suppose.

David is looking so well and strong on his rest program. I hope you know what proper rest does for one and what a waste of time it is to be habitually tired.

God bless you! There couldn't be finer or better boys.

Lovingly,

Mother

Tom is starting over again on Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. Nap times we are on Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*. Do you remember when you read it, Sam? How about you and Dickens, H.F.?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 22, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Sometimes I shall write you personal individual letters and sometimes joint letters. This is a joint letter written as we await news of your finishing your camp life and have a short stay in Madison. Here we have entered upon the Fall work. All schools are open, country itineration is on again and the work as a whole seems to prosper.

The *Pyongyang News* sent you last week will give you lots of news of the advance in the work. Today I took Mr. McIlwain (the Independent Foreign Mission Board worker in Japan) to see the churches and saw two new large brick churches just about finished. I had seen neither before today. One is over beyond the Academy on part of which we called *Slieman's Hill* - a fine new building which on the floor will seat probably 1200 people - and [the] other [a] fine new brick church just this side of Kicha's grave on high ground - beautiful site which will seat 1000 and more, probably. The work is now too big to keep track of. Let us rejoice that it is!

I have been spending about an hour each day in the gym watching the basketball practice. I enjoy it and I am coaching Tom who is doing well. He is the youngest of those practicing and is coming on well. Wonder if he will ever equal Howwow?

This week has been chestnut week and all the school children have been after the chestnuts hanging over the wall. We had delicious chestnut soup last night - something you won't get in America.

How about your visit to the dentist - once a year at least, you must have an examination. What about your sleeping arrangements? If need be, buy two single beds - long ones - and do not try to crowd two such long fellows into one double bed. Plan for good sleeping arrangements.

I keep looking for Howard to come in. It does not seem normal without him.

Lots of love,

Father

Mary Jarvie wrote Sam a letter which was returned to her undelivered. Did not Sam leave any address at Wheaton when he left for camp?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

September 22, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Howdie mine,

What a good picture you gave us of your first days in America! Indeed, we not only could read it but have done so over and over - almost getting in on the good times ourselves. But you did have some real photos taken in New York, didn't you - not just snap shots?

We hope the cold disappeared early enough so you had some good swims but wish Jamie might have been there too - almost. Of course the promotion is fine. He is bound to be an admirable social worker. I hope he will enjoy the next few months and not be over-burdened as he has been. What did you think about Eleanor?

Lots and lots and lots of love. We are still feeling you ought to be coming in. Your father often speaks of it - and your room is full of you.

Love,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:

I played my first game of handball yesterday and survived with only a bruised hand and sore arm. I had always thought the game was soft, that one stood in the court and took occasional swings at a little rubber ball. But, boy, it was hard work. The ball is hard enough to leave your hand red and swollen after 21 points, and you have to dash madly around the floor to bat the trickily bounding ball. It was loads of fun, though. And all this happened at McCormick yesterday when Howie and I drove in to bring Charlie out to the football game.

And it was a real football game too. Wheaton won in the last three minutes with a final dash to a touchdown and then a flukey safety which left the score Wheaton 9 to South Side Junior College 0. And the S.S.J.C. had a freshman class of 1700 this year. So things look good for the football team. We've got one Frosh who refused a football scholarship to Temple University.

Studies are going along o.k. Greek is going to be fun since there are only six in the class. We're beginning with a little review grammar, I always was weaker in grammar than in translation. Thanks a lot for the copy of the *Clouds*. It will be interesting to compare that with the Socrates of the *Memorabilia*. One poor fellow in the class developed a system last year whereby he figured when his turn to be called on would come, and prepared his lessons accordingly. We had about forty Greek students then, and now when we're called on at least twice or more a period, he's discovered he can't do more than a half an assignment a day.

By the way, at a meeting of *Aristonian* which I forgot to attend I was elected society *Record* reporter. I've got to write about five articles for every *Record* already as it is. I don't think I'll be able to work on the paper next semester, because I've got to begin getting on the ball in observing for the *Tower*.

By the way, mother, I've just been looking at Howie's pictures. He's got a swell lot of postcards of Korean scenes and people. I was wondering if you and Tom couldn't work me up a small scrapbook of that kind - - just postcards and things. I'd sure like it if you could find time to do it - make it a birthday present. I missed out on that side when I was fixing up my photographs.

Howie's trunk is here and the first thing he got out was the prized deerskin which is now proudly draped on a chair. The three of us are in the ground room of the house across the street from where we roomed last year, but Mrs. Roy is still our hostess. We haven't as yet got the room in order since there are so many things which must go in it. Howie and I are sleeping in a big double bed and Dat has a single. And I'm wearing one of the bright new ties you sent out to me by Howie - - a dark red one for my blue serge. You must have scared Howie with tales of great Chicago winters for I see that he is well fortified with three overcoats.

Did you hear of the way Allison beat Perry in straight sets to win the National Singles title at Forest Park? It did have to rain the day we intended to go out for the quarter finals of the tournament on Long Island.

9/22/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

The evangelistic services this semester were held by Dr. Will Wrighton, of Scotland, and were really good. Dr. Wrighton, strange to say, is head of the philosophy department of Georgia State University, rather an unusual position for an evangelist. He has borne a consistent testimony for Christ in all his classes.

Prospects seem good for the soccer team. Some of last year's football team who are unable to play this year have turned out for soccer practice. It takes up most of my spare time.

Here's wishing Tom a good year in school. I can see by Howie's pictures that the little bum has shot up. Raise ned on tennis, Mutso, and don't forget the Hairpuller. I reckon your table manners will be hopeless now that both Howie and I are gone.

Lots of love,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Pyongyang, Korea

September 28, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Boys,

Through Dayton we have had a glimpse of the plans for you at "Battlefield Farm". It sounded like a good time, though perhaps painting the "buggy" would arouse more enthusiasm in H.F. and W.D. (Dayton) than in S.H.

Your father and Tom are playing a game of "Over the Top" - just finished with an unexpected victory for the elder.

Sunday, September 29<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon Tom has been sitting in the hammock on the porch reading. The string stretches so he almost sits on the floor but head and feet soar plenty - and I have been out there with the file of Moffett Brothers' letters. It begins with the Sorai letters in '34 and I have had a good time. Like all classics every reading brings out something new.

Howdie remarked that "not having an enterable pantry sure has been a pain." Has it faded or passed into a pleasure? Then Dayton's "tell Howie we are waiting for him", was reassuring. The account of Sam's steamer experiences & views in the Canadian Rockies, his funny roommate, Williams, learning Japanese to combat rivalry in the porcelain business, the six of old '34 traveling together, reconciled me more to his missing the European trip. But I am expecting him to get it some day.

Sam got \$30 for ¥ 100. How about you, Howard? It was reassuring to read again that the freshman tests were easy. Did you work H. through registration in 1½ hours as you prophesied?

However, some remarks about last year's freshman valor and preparedness was less reassuring. Are all five of last year's freshmen in your house there still, and belligerent sophomores? Of course Howard isn't our baby, but remember we're awfully particular about his appearance. Does he have any freshman support in the house? And Howdy M. treat your elders with respect, especially eyes & noses. Sam told you last year not to let the new fellows off too easy but that has nothing to do with Wheaton. Don't take on too much but remember debating has real value - public debating, not private.

Finally, Sam, help your brother to perceive the virtues of cauliflower. Keep fruit in your room - all of you. And lots and lots of love to all of you,

Mother

You hoped, Sam, to get Physics this year. Never mind, I am glad the Geography will give you some economics - and dozens and dozens of useful subjects have to be omitted. Don't make the mistake of overloading, or of wasting time, either. You will make your reading count toward your future usefulness, I know. Most novels, not all, are pretty idle reading. Taking subjects & memorizing many passages of Scripture all bearing on one theme is fine. I never have done it,

9/28,29, 1935 - p. 2 L.F.M.

though, but Mr. Kinsler has made it tell.

I wonder whether you & Howard will both be preachers, one, or neither. We mustn't take anything for granted. More and more I realize how wonderfully and blessedly God leads and how the way opens when we shut our hearts to Satan's promptings and take time for prayer and the Bible. Nothing else pays.

Do you remember how you ended your first card, Sam, from Riki Ho? I loved it and will adopt it. Loads of love to the best boys going,

Don't forget, one of you, to draw a diagram of the new room with its equipment for three. Our old diagram is obsolete. We got a lot of satisfaction from it, though.

Tom is eating chestnuts for you, all right. The injunction came too late last year. He and his friends are eating for the senior class of '35 as well as of '34. Everything is as well attended to as possible without the **Big Bosses**.

Virgil class O.K. Annie McLaughlin & Ruth Romig plan to go to Wilson, Helen Torrey and Mary S. to Wheaton, John Anderson to Asbury Methodist. No, Mrs. Anderson told your father yesterday they have not decided. I hope for his sake it is Wheaton.

What do you want for Christmas? Jamie, too, and Charles? A pin to hold his collar together would be nice for Sam, Sr., a fountain pen, but we'd better get it here. For Tom, books or that birthday parcel - the tape measure. Are you sorry, Howard, you haven't a Korean suit? Sam has not mentioned his since he wore it on the steamer. If you can get Schonberg Cotta Family, a story of Luther I think by Miss Muhlberg but I am not sure of the author. It was written 50 or more years ago - - get it for Tom either for yourselves or for us to give him. Send two suits of summer B.V.D.'s for Tom - size 14 yrs.

Do you remember that sermon on the three sets of garments of Dr. Barnhouse's on Adam & Eve you wrote us about? **Light** - perfection; **Fig leaves** - sin; **Skin** - God's gift, bought with blood and given only after promise of a Redeemer. And how the serpent tempted Eve so both might fall? I had forgotten though it was so interesting.

David says the new system for "Kum & Go" works slick. One person is responsible for a page, sophomores have been appointed as reporters to gather news. They plan to get out a number early in November & he thinks his job is pretty light until time for proofreading & the dummy. Since it counts for English credits there isn't much fear of slackers but he will know by November. Johnny was away 'til late and has not collected all the bills yet but there is quite a bit in the bank & when it is all in there will be a surplus - - O.K. Howdie!

[Now, back to Christmas gifts], send Tom, if you can, a pretty little Greek Testament and a Greek grammar like yours. I liked that ever so much. Charge against my account anything more than you boys should pay. More safety pins for me, please, and a cotton dress - size 36 -

9/28, 29, 1935 - p.3 L.F.M.

not silk, the duty is too high. They run from 90¢ to \$2.50. More than the dress, I want to see what you would buy. Whatever it is, I'll love to own it.

Have you ever gotten a Gayley's *Classic Myths*? Look one over. I think every classics student should have one and wish we had not waited to buy ours until after you left. That will be one Christmas present for you, Sam. Substitute another book if you prefer. Perhaps H[oward] will not have had time to know what book he wants. The offer holds for a year.

Tom is beginning Greek history and I want him to look up Cecrops & that family, Thesues, etc., Cadmus & his family, to get a nice good legendary start with the founding of Athens & Thebes. After he gets Parseus too and the other heroes geographically placed, he will be pretty familiar with the map of Greece as Xenophon knew it, as well as Herakles. We are going to stress history this year, I guess, and review Greek verbs and noun forms again only for a while. Can take a lot of syntax imperceptibly with that.

Love,

[Mother]

Your father is deep in Ethiopian problems when not writing an account of early days for *Korea Mission Field* or a commentary on Jude for the Seminary.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

September 29, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

We are having a long wait this time for news from you and we are eager for tomorrow's mail. The letter Sam was reported to be writing at the camp has not come and you probably found no time to write at Madison.

Chestnuts are falling and chestnut soup is certainly good. The drought is on and grass is almost all dead and everything is drying up. I have finished an article for the *Korea Mission Field on Early Days* and sent it to Dr. Rhodes, the editor. Will send you a copy which may interest you. Am spending a little time each day in the gym watching the basketball practice and am enjoying it. Wish you could see how Tom is improving. Stacy [Roberts] says Tom's motions are "just like Howard's", which makes Tom work all the harder on it.

We welcomed the new teachers and community members who have returned from furlough, having a basket supper on our lawn. How Mary Anna [Baird] and Miriam [Mowry] have grown!! And we are glad to have Dr. Mowry with us again. David reports that when Johnny Anderson collects for the advertisements in Kum & Go there will be a good sized balance on hand. That is the result of Howard's good work last year.

Do you remember "Sister" Newland? She was at church here today with her husband. They are on their way to China as missionaries under Southern Presbyterian Board. We have had wedding announcements of Mary Hunt and Laura Phillips and word to Biggers of Ruth's hard time crossing the Atlantic when she nearly passed away. They took her to hospital in New York and I believe [she] is all right again.

Are you following the Italo-Ethiopian dispute? What an outrage to rob Ethiopia, though it is just what other powerful nations have done. We are praying with many all round the world that war may be averted. We are not able to follow conditions in America very well and prospects do not promise much in the way of improved situations. Things look pretty serious in America both in government and church.

We are delighted with Sam's work in college. 2<sup>nd</sup> in such a class is certainly a record. However, we do not want you to injure your health trying to maintain that standing. Keep it if you can in justice to health and other things but don't worry over it if some other fellow pushes ahead of you. I wonder what Howard's impressions of America will be. Write us all you think.

Lots of love from all three of us and greetings to all the Korea-ites.

Lovingly,  
Father

I have very few wants these days - so for Christmas pick up a few things at 5 & 10¢ stores which you think I may want.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 29 [?], 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Soccer is starting off with a bang. Our first game is next week with the University of Illinois, rather a poser to start the season. We'll have to leave for Urbana on Friday for the game on Saturday morning. And they say they can get us free passes for the U. of Illinois and U. of Washington football game. We have to pay transportation expenses and they will care for us down there. We'll have a return game here in a couple of weeks.

Last Friday I gave another missionary talk. Mrs. Shapleigh, dean of women, arranged a program for the Women's Missionary Society in Wheaton with talks from missionary kids from Costa Rica, India, China and Korea. Eleanor [Soltau] and I and Annabelle Reid, a frosh who comes from Songdo and left there seven years ago [daughter of Dr. Wightman Tilletson Reid, M.D.], represented Korea. I gave a ten minute talk, and then the three of us carried on a Korean dialogue and sketch. One of the ladies there knew father, said she had seen me in Shanghai when we went through, and knew Father over in China in 1926, I believe. I can't for the life of me remember her name.

Nobody can cook rice like Choi Si, I've found. We have it here once in a while, but it's always dry and mealy.

I can't get up any enthusiasm over my course this year. It's too easy. The only thing I work on is Greek. French is particularly a cinch. But I guess I'll get down to work. Most of my courses are interesting, but they don't require enough work.

I'm writing in spurts, for the room has become a Korea reunion, with Sid [Dodd] and Clid [Clyde] Allison dropping in. Just another bull session at which we are deciding the destinies of P.Y.F.S., Wheaton and the country.

There are fourteen fellows in the house this year, seven of them freshmen. One of the frosh has been an editor of a fairly big Long Island newspaper for several years. He worked up to the position with no college training, and now that he plans to enter the ministry feels that he needs to go through college. He sure knows his stuff. Another of the frosh, Bill Claudon, is a first-string guard on the football team. Seldon Ward, Adrian Heaton, Wally Drevitts are back again from last year's house. Tomorrow Freshmen Days begin, so we are all prepared to attire the Frosh fittingly. Howard is to wear knickers, his bright orange shirt and a huge bow tie, his hair will be offensively perfumed and he must drag around a toy automobile. This for two days.

The room is beginning to look habitable. Pictures are up and the laundry off the floor and our belongings separated and in order.

I've written to the Board about my August allowance which I didn't receive. I got my Sept. one all right, but my August check which came while I was away must have missed me. It was probably returned to the Board.

It's time for bed. Last night, while the city changed from daylight saving to standard time, we had an hour longer to lie in bed, but no such luck tonight.

How's school going, Mutso?

Sam —



Pyongyang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Sam's postal received yesterday - and how welcome it was! Here's hoping for a letter tomorrow. I am desperately eager for news that Howard has his trunk through customs and safely in his room at Wheaton. Sam evidently knows better about postage rates in U.S.A. since he has mailed postal with only 1 cent postage. This last one dated September 11 was postmarked 15<sup>th</sup> and "returned for further postage".

It seems to me we miss you boys more and more as the days go by and it has been fine to have a house full of boys again today. The Lampes have gone to Diamond Mountains and left Jimmie with us for some days. The Hills have gone to country, taking Mary Elizabeth that she may know what itinerating is before she goes to America. They have left Robert with us for 8 days. Mr. Phillips is in the country so we had Jimmie come to us for dinner today. That gave us 4 boys (11 & 12 years old) - such as Jim and Sam and Howard had to deal with at camp. We are enjoying these boys.

Howard's letter from Madison was certainly appreciated and we are glad to know of your visit there. We wonder how with so much night travel you can get sleep enough to keep you going.

The large attendance at Wheaton this year interests us. Wonder if Howard will feel lost among 400 boys & girls. We will look for a letter of first impressions - which will certainly interest us. Sam, of course, will feel at home as school opens and doubtless will soon be grinding away. We are immensely interested in Howard's choice of studies and of his thought of medicine. Just wait on the Lord and the way will be made plain. No need to worry. He will lead although at times you may have to wait for the road to be made clear.

I wrote Mr. Carter to send \$35 monthly to Howard. Let me know that it is being sent to you.

Tell Dayton we hope to hear he has gotten the better of his malaria. I had it for 8 years and it took a good many doses of Warbury's Tincture to rid me of it. Hope he gets over it in less than 8 years.

Greetings to all the Korea-ites, especially Eleanor [Soltau] and Clyde [Allison].

Lovingly,

Father

After you get 3 or 4 each of these special stamps for yourself, send a few of each back to me.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Today we have been somewhat of an orphan asylum and very musical when not indulging in literature, making candy or playing "Bible Families". The Hills wanted Mary Elizabeth to have a taste of itinerating so are out in the country and left Robert here for the week end. The Lampes wanted Betty to have a trip to the Diamond Mountains and took both girls, so Jim was lonesome and Tom asked him for the week end. Then after Sunday School Jimmie Phillips came in for a book and we discovered his father was in the country and invited him to stay until due at church and the Bernheisels for supper.

We started Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery*. Read it some day if you have not. There is an article you will like in the *International Review of Missions* for April, '35, by C.A. Clark. He says people often think methods used in Korea have worked because of specially favorable conditions. But he shows how the Korean missionaries sent to Shantung province, to a district shared with other denominations and having Presbyterian churches - feeble, but lingering on without taking any collections, depending wholly on outside support, have built up a self-supporting church and been asked to take over more and more territory to work. They were asked not to use Korean methods but knew no other & the church here refused to send them money to pay evangelists. Several times committees were sent to see that these instructions were followed. Work began in 1912. Since 1920 there has been a gain of 150% in communicants. In offerings, a gain of 124% given for buildings and of 975% for evangelism in a territory of 80 miles square. The medical work also is fully self-supporting. Yet the work in China as a whole had not seemed to indicate very favorable conditions. The whole article is very interesting.

Howard's letter and Sam's post card told us lots and lots we were eager to know. Hurrah for the pre-medic course (but more of that in your own special letter enclosed) and hurrah for the English poetry! I wonder if you have Miss Dow. After we looked through the "Tower", her face stayed with me. She would seem a remarkable woman.

Did you know Clarence Fraser had your trombone, H.F.? Robert Hill is enthusiastic about his, too. As usual, we are eager for tomorrow's mail and as always, we love you well.

Mother

Seniors won the Kum & Go/Kulsi contest. Graders and freshmen were way ahead with rosy visions of victory but the frosh found themselves doing the hard work Friday & the graders just -- it. Laura Phillips and her husband, Paul, are in Troy, N.Y. - 765 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. by this time. They spent their honeymoon in Mexico or Arizona or New Mexico - somewhere around there. Our new pastor here is Dr. Robb again. Dr. Roberts is assistant. He asked to be excused from acting as pastor.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

My dear, dear Howie,

We were praying, too, about your course. If your father here knew all the future and had all power and you asked for advice and help, you would get it, you know. So don't for one instant feel doubtful about God's immediate answer.

Often if we feel the course is very plain before us, we go on in our own power and forget to submit the details to Him, even forget He has anything to do with it. So He often, when seeing we really want to do His will, leads us the shortest steps at a time. If you will read the biographies of men He has used most, you will see this most clearly. Remember how George Mueller was prevented from carrying out some of his purposes. God shut the door until the time was ripe for the great work he was to do in Bristol. And how much easier perhaps for Abraham if he had known where he was being led! Faith just knows that all is well with the All powerful, All-rich and All-loving Heavenly Father's obedient child and does the daily task with joy and thoroughness as for the Father himself and in His sight. You know all this and so does Sam but I like to think of it and of you as resting in it without fear. Perfect love casteth out fear and doubt.

As you grow older you will more and more realize both God's power and God's love. It makes us so happy to know your pleasure is to do His will for He will do the rest and His eyes are "constantly running to and fro throughout the earth" to find those so surrendered that He can use them.

More love - so much of it - for both of you,

Mother

Pyongyang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Samsie, Dear,

Only a line for yourself, for Chai Si has a fair sized table to set tonight and is at my shoulder.

It seems to us a most promising thing that Wheaton is growing so - a good sign for our country. But I'm glad Howard has a room ready for him outside the "barracks". Robert [Hill] says he thinks Mary Elizabeth [his sister] will probably go to Wheaton.

More power to the "Record". I shan't feel the school year really started till they begin coming. Don't let Howard work too hard and don't you.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyeng Yang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

The seniors won the Kulsu/Kum and Go contest with an average of five [orders] for each person. The freshmen came last.

Hill and James Lampe are spending the weekend here and we're having swell sport.

I'm trying to think up some Christmas presents that I want but you know what I want, anyway.

Lovingly,

Tom

P.S. Oh, I forgot, a very good Christmas present would be for you to swat each other for me.

Pyongyang, Korea

October 6, 1935

Robert Hill

Dear Sam and Howie,

The league games begin next Thursday. Mich will be center, Walter and Clarence forwards. Sticky and Moore gards [guards]. I hope have a good time and have good luck.

Mom and Dad & sis are out in the country so I am staying at your house.

Tell Dat not to eat to much dinner and not to get malaria. I got it and had to eat that old weed.

Yours,

Hill

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois  
320 E. Seminary Avenue

October 6, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Back at last from Urbana. I enjoyed the soccer game more than any other I played in, even though we did lose, 1-0. The field we've been practicing on here at Wheaton is so small that when we got out on the University regular size field it really felt like soccer. And then we were playing with a tight, balanced ball for the first time in a long time. Transportation was up to us, so we took roadsters - - I rode in the rumble seat most of the way, with two others packed in like sardines and muffled in reams of blankets and sweat shirts. And that wind was cold. We were stiff and half-frozen when we pulled in at the University about 10:30 p.m. after one of the cars had run out of gas on the way. The team divided up to sleep in different frat houses. Howie and I and Howie Fischer, goalie, were cared for at the Alpha Kappa Pi house. We hit for bed right away, and slept pretty well except for a disturbance at 1:30 when there was a fight over beds.

The game at 10 was swell sport. Their goal came in the first quarter out of a scrimmage in front of the goal. The rest of the game was a see-saw affair. Our chance to score came on a hand in their penalty area. Howie took the penalty kick, but the light, tight ball fooled him and went over the post. The last quarter was all ours, rushing their defense line all the time, but to no avail. However we're all set to beat them when they come up here next Saturday for the return game.

Room and board cost 35 dollars a month at the Alpha Kappa Pi frat house. It costs us a little over \$28 a month. Incidentally we got free passes to the Illini-Washington football game, and saw the Illini Football Band, largest and best in the world perform. It was plenty good, and so was the game which the Illini, picked to lose, won in a big upset, 28-6. One of the stars of the game came from Glenbard High in Glen Ellyn.

We started back right after the game, smothered in blankets in the rumble seat. But before we got far Howie, who had had a headache all day came down with a bad sick-headache. When we stopped for supper I decided that rather than have Howie jolt along for another four or five hours in an open car - - he was really sick by then - - we'd stop over and take the bus the next morning after Howard had slept it off. He was o.k. by morning but the next bus didn't leave until 3 p.m. so we thought we'd save time and money by hiking, and sure enough we hadn't gone more than a mile out of town before we were picked up by a fellow who bought us a small lunch and took us clear in to Roosevelt Road about 10 miles from Wheaton. He was a newspaper man who worked on baseball averages, and so had to get to Chicago before the fifth game of the World Series was over, since Detroit had already won three and might end it today. It so happened, however, that the Cubs won, making it three and two, Detroit's favor. It was easy to get a ride to Wheaton on Roosevelt Road, and we got here about 4 o'clock.

This is Monday. I was sort of tired last night, so will finish up tonight. I had charge of Sophomore prayer meeting his afternoon, and spoke on "Fishing" from some ideas I got out of the last issue of the Pyengyang News. It was a good issue, wasn't it. I'm glad you sent it on. I also interviewed Miss Jameson about the coming lecturer, Dr. Oldfather, head of the department of classics at U. of Illinois, and Sather lecturer at the U. of California in 1933, President of the American Philological association for 1936 etc. etc., under whom Miss Jameson studied for her

10/06/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Ph.D. He's going to speak on "Levels of Culture", comparing Greek and American cultures - - she says the U.S. comes out on the bottom - - and he may teach our Greek class one day. I bet we learn our lessons cold that period. Incidentally, I hope you're getting the *Record*. Soccer is being played up a lot, and I see in the last issue I've broken into print as a likely prospect for the tennis team. More publicity.

It's been a pretty good week, with only one fly in the ointment - - I'm due for a short story in *Arrows* in two weeks.

Good night. I'm betting on that fierce good grader basketball team. Incidentally, the Tigers took the World Series today, 4-3, in the ninth inning, last half. And so to bed. I've an eight o'clock every day this year, worse luck.

Sam H. Moffett

Pyongyang, Korea

October 13, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

What a relief it was to get the word that Howard had his trunk all safe and sound. I had unnecessarily worried a good deal over that for fear Archie might have trouble with it or that you might have a time getting it through the customs. It is all O.K. now and I hope you express your great gratitude to Archie. It was awfully good of him to take it.

As for news, there is very little out here these days. Everyone is busy and things go on as usual. I am spending about an hour each day watching basketball practice. It looks as though the team this year will be Mitchell, Moore, Stacy [Roberts], Walter Levie and Clarence Fraser. Johnnie Anderson is not playing as well as he did last year and Jodie Wilson is too small but doing fine work. They played a practice game with the College last week with Mitchell absent. The score was 60 to 49 in favor of College. Dr. Miller is a first rate coach.

In city churches a great campaign for revival is on. Mr. Soltau is leading meetings for church officers, Sunday School teachers, etc. and night before last there were 1300 in West Gate Church and at early morning meeting, 6 or 7 hundred. Tonight they will probably fill the big gymnasium.

We have had good letters from Mary Jarvie. She enters hospital for nurses course next February and in the mean time is earning some money with which to meet expenses. She is sorting apples but will soon be pasting labels - easier and better paid work. Write her a couple of times a year just to keep in touch. You may be able to help her in her religious life.

We are eager for tomorrow's mail, as usual.

Lots of love,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 13, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Such good letters! Thank you!  
Then more thanks.

Dearest Boys,

Just a note this time to punctuate an uneventful week. We are reading all we can about Ethiopia, of course, and much thought has been given to the shrine question, but in P.Y.F.S. and at home here, the lovely autumn days are slipping quietly by.

The hardest work I did last week was to make out questions for the regular bi-weekly test in Virgil and find a nice selection for them to translate at sight which has good and useful words they haven't used too many times. This week's far harder work will be to grade the papers. It is a fine class - all girls but Francis Browne - and they have plenty of time to read over the whole review each time (6 or 7 pages). I like that. Ruth Romig & Annie McL, getting ready for Wilson College, are spending the two or three minutes at noon from the school building to the dorm gate in acquiring a few Greek forms and incidentally, the alphabet. λύω, γράφω, κελεύά & ἄγα in the present tense, so far.

Do you remember how we persuaded Ian [Robb] to get a head start that day we had him up the river? Then Donald [his brother], without our fostering care, distinguished himself, while Ian seemingly was content to be merely one of the vulgar herd?

Dr. Bigger thought you should have given the customs inspector the toothbrush, Howard, but considering your starving state through Europe, we rejoice that you made 22¢. Besides, he might have considered it a bribe and charged you duty. I was considerably worried for a little while after the letters came Monday - over Sam's irregular lunches and Howard's two very, very long days. But you will realize what is the matter, won't you, Sam, if you find yourself tempted to eat at odd times between meals, or if your head isn't as clear as it has been. I think hot milk before your first class, regularly, would be a good thing. Just put a pint bottle in a good sized hot water container then there is no messy saucepan to keep clean. Howie knows all about that kind of cooking.

If you like the zoology as I hope you do, Howie, you will soon be telling us hard work is O.K. You will need to be a little strict with yourself, though, or the Tuesdays and Thursdays will tempt you to waste them.

Tonight when we start for bed about ten, we will think of you, of course, but tomorrow night we shall know Sam is looking intelligent in poetry class and Howard getting ready for German, to be busy until 6 a.m. when it is almost time for us to get up. Sam will be at lunch at 3 when we usually wake enough to think of you.

Lots and lots of love,  
[Mother]



10/13/1935 - p.2 L.F.M.

P.S. Did you send that \$10 to Mrs. Bassett just after you left Wheaton for the summer? I must have asked you to do so, Sammit.

Don't bother about the cotton dress unless you have already done so. They are continuing the dress making department here with Mrs. Hamilton in charge and I am afraid you would not pick a dress out yourselves without some unpleasant qualms.

Did you see the *Reader's Digest* counsels us to pronounce Addis Ababa as *Ah dis Awa wa*, both accented on the 1<sup>st</sup> syllable? We are practicing and get in all the necessary w's but balk at the accent.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 13, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam, Howard and Charles,

Well, Howie, it's about time you had to do a little studying.

This week I haven't been doing much but play basketball and study. This Thursday I went to Rickie's party and had swell sport. We played charades and had races with little tin cars.

Today we saw a little woodpecker out on the pear busily hammering away and apparently getting lots to eat.

Lovingly,

Tom

P.S. It's about time you wrote, Charles, you lazy bum.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 13, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I can hardly toddle around today, every bone is creaking. The University of Illinois beat us out again by one goal, 2-1, in two hours and forty minutes of hard soccer. A regulation game lasts 88 minutes, but the timer took time out for every out ball, hence the extra hour. Needless to say we could hardly keep on our feet toward the end of the game. Howie covered himself with glory by scoring our lone tally on a beauty of a kick from about 35 yards out. We both of us played all except for about 10 minutes of the game, though there were a lot of substitutions. In spite of the loss, the game was a pretty good start for the home soccer season, for the game was rather rough, and that's what delighted the fairly large crowd that turned out. All scoring was in the third quarter.

I've been pretty busy this week as acting News Editor of the *Record*, while Sanderson took a vacation and started work on the big Homecoming edition. It's fun, but it's a lot of work to rewrite stories. A whole raft of Freshman reporters are still trying to get the hang of newspaper style, and that means work for the editors. I'm doing a lot more writing on the *Record* than I did last year, and also a lot more rewrite work. But at least I don't have to spend all Tuesday night on make-up work in the city like Dayton. So far I haven't done much *Tower* observing

I'm afraid my grades aren't going to be so good this six weeks. Most of my subjects are easy enough to get by in without studying, and hence it is harder to get down to work. Boy, I got fooled on a Greek test the other day on irregular declensions. I'm sure glad I had that year of philosophy last year. This Greek course follows it up beautifully, with its study of Socrates and his criticisms of the philosophies of his day. We've just been having his conversation with Aristippus. Astronomy is getting interesting too. They say that Dr. Taylor, our teacher, is one of the few men in the U.S. that understands Einstein. He was formerly one of Edison's helpers, and is a dollar a year man with the college, since he lives on royalties from an invention of his that is being used by the War Department. Next Saturday we visit Yerkes Observatory. I seem to be in a dumb class in French, or else I got an excellent start at P.Y. Anyway, I'm way up in the class, and have decided that the only way I can get much out of the course is to do a lot more outside reading than is required. Just at present I'm reading a couple of Marivaux's comedies - - just started. Charlie knew the professor, Free, at Princeton.

On Thursday night I heard one of the best lectures I've ever been to. Dr. Henry Abbott Oldfather, head of the department of classics at the U. of Illinois contrasted ancient and modern levels of culture. I'll enclose the write-up Dat and I composed for the *Record* just after the lecture, these are the rough drafts, but I think you can decipher it.

I think I'll have to begin to write double space on this typewriter to you after this. Howie writes in pen and makes his things seem about twice as long, the dirty bum, but don't let him fool you. He's really going to town on his studies, though, and pulling down a flock of 9's on his rhetoric themes and German tests.

I forgot, I'm invited to a roller skating party on Nov. 2 by Delle McKenzie. The party is being given by the girls that work in the library. Dat is going too, with the girl with the short name

10/13/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

-- Naomi Neuschwander, - Howie says he thinks she's German.

Charlie was out yesterday to referee the soccer game. He had to do almost as much running around as we did. Next week Betty Moffett, [their Uncle Howard's daughter] may come up from Indianapolis, in which case Howie and I, after visiting Yerkes, will come into the city for a Korean dinner. Boy, it's been over a year since I've tasted kimchi.

Well, mutso, how's the basketball star? How tall are you now anyway? Yes, I guess it is about time I was sending you your last year's birthday present, but you wouldn't take it the first time I sent it to you. I wonder if you really deserve it again.

Must sign off - letters are due to Jim and Mary Jarvic. I left my forwarding address at the city post office, but not at the college, hence letters addressed to the college were returned unclaimed.

Lots of love,

Sam -

Dear Jamie,

The days here are passing so quietly we find it hard to believe that a quarter of the new school year has almost glided by. Your days, I hope, are as busy as you like them, and as interesting, but not as over full as your last few years.

By the way, do you have a typewriter? I was just wishing that we could see on what lines you are developing your thesis and then realized we did not even know whether you had to write it all out in longhand.

Mrs. Lampe and Mollie are with us for a week or so and that energetic lady, now she has only one chick left, is learning to click off her letters in duplicate on a machine!

Your father is busy working on a Commentary on Jude for the seminary but everyone's chief concern, aside from the trouble in Ethiopia, is the government attitude toward obligatory attendance at the shrines. Mr. Cook has recently been in Seoul and says they saw one of the higher officials. All he would say was "You must come and you must bow."

The Presbyterian Mission wishes to obey the gov't in anything possible and to teach the Koreans to do so, as we still hope that they will find a way for Presbyterian patriotism to manifest itself. A meeting at the school to pray for the Emperor has been suggested and is not satisfactory.

The S.[unday] S.[chool] Times of Sept. 14, mentions that a visitor at some church heard prayer made to "save" His Majesty. Horrified, he took the speaker to task and was told the form was from the Episcopal service. Soon the Episcopalians were requested to amend the form, as such an expression used of one of divine origin and power was "improper". It has been changed to "prosper" and the phrase "Lord of lords & King of kings" to "Lord of heaven & earth".

Evangelistic meetings that fill the college gym. have been held under Mr. Soltau's leadership. We hope for a great revival.

Roman Catholics have been here so long & done so little, you would have been surprised to see the big procession they had last week at the 150th anniversary of their first entrance into Korea. The American priests have made the difference and a new policy - to get and educate the children and wait for the next generation for solid results. I do not think they will be solid, though.

Mrs. Lampe has your old room - still Jamie's room.

Yours affectionately,

Lucia F. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

**SAMUEL A. MOFFETT**  
**PRESBYTERIAN (U.S.A.) MISSION**

Pyongyang, Korea

October 19, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jim:

We have no address for you so do not know whether this will reach you. It would be such a satisfaction if we could hear from you once a month telling us where you are and what you are doing. I feel chagrined when people ask me, "Where is Jim? What is he doing now?" And I have to reply, "I don't know. We have no letters from him for some time."

I have wanted to write you and there are many subjects on which I should like to suggest some things but we have lost contact to such an extent that I am at a loss as to what you are thinking or planning and I do not know what to suggest. I have not known what your relation to the Seminary is - but I judge that they are expecting you to finish some work (is it your thesis?) before you go on with your seminary course.

I do so hope you will buckle down to hard work to finish, which you should so as to graduate soon. It will militate against you very seriously if you fail to finish your work and get your diploma. I wish I knew what you are preparing for and what you hope to do. Have you given up all thought of [the] foreign field? Korea, I fear, will get no new missionaries - but China is the great mission field where men of the right sort with convictions are needed.

Let me hear from you soon - send a postal card now & then if you cannot take time for letters.

Why did Charles want to leave Princeton? What is he expecting to do after graduation? I have had no word from him for a full year - except his cable which I had to answer without any information from him as to reasons, etc. We pray for you each day. May the Lord direct you and bless you.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel A. Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 20, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

There has been precious little news this last week but you will want to hear from us anyway - so here goes for comment on a few subjects. Our weather has been ideal - bright, warm and invigorating with one day of rain to freshen things up. We are making good use of our fireplace, burning up a lot of surplus logs. What a cheerful time we have had gathering around the fire. Some of the boys, Tom's friends, come down from the dorm to thaw out and enjoy the warmth.

Mother doubtless has written you that Mrs. Lampe and Molly are with us for two weeks - and that brings Betty, Frances and Jimmy down here whenever they can get off.

Tomorrow is "big athletic day" at College and Academy with some good soccer I think.

One of Won si's granddaughters (Lee Sung Whee's 7-year-old girl) died yesterday of scarlet fever.

We are having a good many visitors from London, Australia and U.S.A. - all greatly impressed with the development of the work here. The evangelistic services this week in gymnasium have been an inspiration. From tomorrow for a week, services will be held in all of the churches - seeking to reach the constituency of each church. There have been a good many new believers and we look for many more as each church takes up the campaign.

We were glad to get your letters about first week in college. What an attendance!! We are greatly pleased with Howard's selection of his course of study. Doubtless he will enjoy the work more and more as he gets into it. What about your meals? Where do you get them? How about your bed? Am not sure that you two long-legged boys will be comfortable in one bed. If not - be sure to get two single beds - the longest you can get - or two 3/4 beds. Also provide yourselves with plenty of covers and have some long and wide comforts made.

If there is not room for so many beds - get another room. Good sleep - plenty of it and in comfort is supremely important.

Again, I want to warn you and Charles - that he must not visit you too often nor you visit him too often - to the injury of your studies.

Give my greetings to Dat, to Clyde and to Eleanor Soltau. You are all of you in our thoughts and prayers. May the Lord guide you and keep you.

Lovingly,

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyeongyang, Korea

October 20, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Precious Boys,

The letters last Monday gave us cause, as usual, to rejoice in your decisions and accomplishments. Howard's 9 in his first theme was a real achievement. Just one grievance we have and that is, there has been no "Record" yet to read. I overheard Miss Thomas asking David Rogers about ads for the *Kum & Go* and he said he had gotten about ¥ 20 worth and would go after more right away. She seems very especially interested and active & they expect to get the paper out soon. Yet I am almost glad Dat. & Howard had the whole load. They learned even more, probably.

We want to know if Dayton could find any flaws in the last *Pyeongyang News*. I thought it was so good and so good looking. But we want a *Record*.

By ground floor across the street, you mean just a little above the ground, don't you, with plenty of cellar space underneath? If the room is damp, it won't do.

Lois says Clyde did not expect to like Wheaton. I do so hope he does. Try to help him make friends, for his parents want him there.

Jean Ross [daughter of Rev. Alex Russell Ross, Canadian Presbyterian missionary in Yonjung and Songjin, Manchuria] is very enthusiastic about Kansas & Emporia. The girls were curious to see the "girl from wild Manchuria" and made a special feast to welcome her. The first Sunday as she and a friend were walking home from church, the friend's room-mate's "date" passed in an auto and picked them up. Something was said about her coming from Manchuria and the lady in the front seat turned around, saying, "Py'ong an hasio". It was Mrs. Roger Winn and the "date" was Allen. They used to live in the Lee house before it was pulled down to make room for the tennis courts.

She had a bad bus trip from New York to Kansas. Several young men were drunk and noisy. She looked with concern at her seat mate, who was also of college age. But when he introduced himself as on the way to attend Moody, she felt better. Moreover, in New York they wouldn't let her land until her relatives came for her. She is a Canadian. Her Brooklyn aunt had sprained her ankle and was laid up but they said Miss Pollard ceased to be her chaperone when they reached New York. Finally they turned her over to the Dollar line people, as a ward of "Uncle Sam" but the Dollar liners let Miss Pollard finally take her to her aunt. They were on the point of sending one of their men with her.

When will you finish your year of zoology, Sam? With Howard this second semester? I like to think of all three of you going to "Astronomy" together. Is it going to get you in deep in mathematics? Don't forget that you may need some courses sometime that develop your voices and help you to be more effective speakers.

Lots and lots and lots of love. Let us know how the meal schedules turn out. We are interested in your every move and every thought. Yet the "God of glory" loves you more than



10/20/1935 - p. 2 L.F.M.

we. May Jesus Christ be praised.

Yours,

Mother

We are having such a nice visit with the Lampes. She teaches Mollie, I teach Tommie, and the girls come and go. They have Jamie's room.

Do you want more items from old *Korea Mission Field's*? I just haven't started on them. Betty is reading *Fifteen Years Among the Topknots*.

A book, *Christ and the Student World* is highly praised in the *Sunday School Times*. One quotation is: "Is it not well in every problem of guidance to endeavor to reach the intersection of these three lines: the will of God as revealed in the Bible, the will of God as revealed in providential circumstances and the will of God as revealed in prayer?"

Also, is not the petition "Thy will be done" often offered as if it really meant "Thy will be endured since it cannot be avoided." One chapter is "The Fight for Character", another "What constitutes a missionary call, etc."

Buy one for one of your Christmas presents from us, if you wish.

Pyongyang, Korea

October 20, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

Not much has happened this week except basketball. We played the seminary a few days ago and beat them.

What are you guys doing, anyway? I've been thinking about something I wanted for a Christmas present all week but I've forgotten completely what it was.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 20, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

We just got back from Chicago, - - it's about 9:00 p.m. Six weeks exams are over and we really celebrated with a big sukiaki dinner. Betty [Moffett] came up from Indianapolis and brought along Virginia Grover, a friend she went to college with. Howie and I dashed back from a trip to Yerkes Observatory in time to get in with Charles about 6 p.m. yesterday. We went to the same place Charlie had taken me once, Futaba's, near the Drake Hotel and Lindbergh Beacon. We were honored guests and taken right upstairs, next to a table of Japanese gentlemen talking Jap in a blue streak. I could have vowed we were back home. Futaba's is a swell place (they entertained a visiting Japanese admiral the week before) so of course, no one found fault with the sukiaki, and the girls caught on to chopsticks easily. I'll have to go in there oftener and brush up on my 5, or is it 6, Japanese phrases.

That Saturday was a full day. In the morning we went with the Astronomy class to Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin, about 80 miles from Wheaton. We weren't allowed to look through the 40-inch refracting telescope, since it is used most of the time in photographic work. This is the largest refracting telescope in the world, since the lens on this type must be much more free from imperfection than the mirrors of the reflecting kind, like the 100 in. telescope at Mt. Wilson. Advantages of refracting instrument - - brings ray of light to finer focus, [from here on the letter is hand-written in pencil] and it does not distort color rays in spectroscopic work - computing the composition of the stars.

I'm continuing this letter in at 2222 N. LaMin Ave., Chicago - where the *Record* is printed. We came in Monday night (tonight) and are hard at work on the 8-page Homecoming issue. I'm taking time out between dashing off stories and getting them set up and proof-read.

Incidentally, Sanderson, probable editor next semester, has asked me to stick with the *Record* for his first month or so, as News Editor, and break in a new man to take my place. I was going to drop out at the end of the semester and get on the ball about the *Tower* [College Annual]. More work, but journalism is fun.

Plans are almost ripe for a soccer trip to Ohio this Thanksgiving and games with Wooster and Oberlin. Dean Emerson is quite enthusiastic about the game, and is going to see the athletic department about it. That will sure be great fun if it goes through. How do you like the way Howie made the *Record* headlines!

My short story was well received in Arrows on Friday. It's the kind I like to rip off - light nonsense in my best P.G. Wodehouse manner. Relief from my deep research in Greek philosophy - - that's my excuse! And by the way, I pulled down an A, highest in class, on Memorabilic 6 weeks. Even beat Byron Straw - straight 95 Junior and Greek grammar wizard. I have the edge in translation, but he can fool me in syntax.

No other grades as yet. Hope you can read this pencil - all I can find, and my fingers get tired. [He closes by drawing a diagram of their room, shading the double

bed he shares with Howie to show Howie's  $\frac{2}{3}$  and his  $\frac{1}{3}$ . Dayton has a single bed. And then he adds]

How about sending me a picture of yourself, Tom, to put up in a bald spot? I'm also allowed a little room under each bed. It's really a nice room in spite of my drawing.

[Love,  
Sam]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 26, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Homecoming week has been busy as always. The soccer team has turned in two victories, sophomores trounced the frosh in pushball after sending Howie to the infirmary, and then went ahead to take the tug-o-war, Wheaton lost the football game and took the cross-country, six weeks marks are out, etc. - - -

Tuesday we dashed over to Mooseheart for a practice game and won 3 - 1. It was rather a peculiar game - - we played only thirty minutes - - and the referee was their soccer captain who was out with a broken nose. I was acting captain, incidentally. We took over two full teams and changed substitutes every five minutes or so, testing men for the Wisconsin game. Of course that knocked our teamwork, but Mooseheart wasn't so strong. On the way home, one of the cars went on the blink, and we had to tow it into Batavia before we could leave for home and dinner.

We covered ourselves with glory by beginning Homecoming weekend with a 2 - 1 win over the University of Wisconsin on Friday. Howie shot one of the goals according to custom and our other score came out of a scrimmage. The backfield wasn't going so well, but the line was clicking at its best. All scoring was in the third period again, as with Illinois. The soccer team has been invited up to Madison for Nov. 9 to play the Univ. at its Homecoming. We'll be seeing the Purdue-Wisconsin football game there. This victory has raised our chances for an eastern trip to Ohio around Thanksgiving to play Wooster and Oberlin.

The pushball contest was held at 8:00 Saturday morning on New Lawson. Dat and I tried to persuade Howie to turn up for it at 9 on Old Lawson, but he refused to be fooled, and consequently furnished the big scare of the tilt. The Sophs with better organization and concentrated power had the edge all the way through and turned in a 6 - 0 victory, but Howie remembers only the first few minutes of the affair. Teams line up ten yards from the huge ball and dash in at the whistle. Rebound from the ball is terrific and the first who hit are thrown back hard. Howie was on the first Frosh team, and would always dash out ahead to hit at the same time as four or five fast sophs hit the other side. The fifth time he tried it, he leaped through the air, caught it off his feet and was thrown far above the heads of the frosh to land with a dull thud on his neck. Charlie was halfway out on the field before he hit the ground. I can't see yet how Howard escaped a broken neck. He didn't come to until he had been carried off the field and driven to the infirmary. I have never seen the pep go out of a crowd faster than it did when he was carried groaning off the field. It wasn't until after the contest that I learned he was all right. The best we thought we could hope for was a broken collar bone, but evidently the impact with the ball knocked him completely out so that he landed limp, and not a thing was broken. He was up today and going to church with us. Prexy and Dean Emerson were scared stiff that he had been seriously hurt, since the pushball contest was a faculty introduction, designed to replace the rough flag-rush. Anyway, when I had to go out in the third quarter I didn't have much fight in me.

The soph-frosh tilts were followed by the Alumni-Jayvee football game. The alumni, with six former captains, in spite of their lack of training, held the fighting jayvees to a scoreless tie. Only setback to Homecoming was the 20 - 13 loss of the football game with Whitewater teachers. It was a fast exciting game, though, and the squad is really showing some power, with good

10/26/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

promise for next year. Wheaton scored the first touchdown, the other team scored three times, once on a blocked kick, and then Wheaton scored again in the last quarter, and was on a long drive to a tying [sic] score when the game ended.

Six weeks grades aren't so bad after all. In Astronomy I got an 89, saved my face by beating Howie's 88. I could pull that up if I did a little studying. In French I got a 90, highest in either of the two sections. My test grade of 92 was the only one lowered. Mine was dropped to 90 while all others were raised, the lowest ones as much as twenty points. Average of the class was 65, and the next highest to me a straight 80. The fellow next to me had a 56 raised to a 70. So it seems that Miss Logan and Miss Thomas gave me a good start in the language. I have already finished my fifty pages of outside reading for next six weeks. Poetry and psychology grades are still to come, the latter probably the lowest.

No letter from you this week. It should come in tomorrow. For Christmas I want a pair of courderoy [sic] pants from Tai Il, dark blue with belt, not button over arrangement. I mean the kind to wear with a belt. I also need a fountain pen, broke mine the other week, but I guess you can't very well get one out there. And remember that book of Korean pictures.

I'll send my accounts for September and October in my next letter.

By the way, tomorrow I'm to be excused from all classes to report Dr. Buswell's trial for the *Record*. I'll be going in to the Second Presbyterian Church.

Today, tired and sore from the pushball we were fifteen minutes late for church, and couldn't get in. Dr. Straw was preaching the Homecoming sermon, and the building was jammed. Fos Oury and his wife came along at the same time and invited us down to listen to Dr. Ironsides of Moody Church over the radio, and then asked us to stay to Sunday dinner. It was great food, and I certainly enjoyed eating in a home again.

It's time for church again. We'll be on time tonight.

Sam H. Moffett

Pyongyang, Korea

October 27, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Your good letters of September 29 did us lots of good. We are so thankful for the way in which all things are working and for the way in which you have all fitted in to the new conditions. Wheaton certainly has made good in its appeal to those who want an education in a real Christian school.

Howdy may find some things pretty hard at first (German?) but studies will come easier after a few weeks. The main item of news here and the most sorrowful is the sudden death of Dr. Robb last Tuesday morning at 6 - 7 o'clock. The funeral was held in the McMurtrie gym on Thursday and they took the body to Ham Heung for burial.

I hope you write letters of sympathy to Donald and Ian. Dr. Robb was 63 years old. His loss will be so greatly felt. I think, too, Mrs. Robb would appreciate a letter of sympathy from you three boys [Sam, Howard and Dayton].

Howard's financial report was received and I am glad to have it. Nothing more is needed on "travel expenses" but I do want an account next semester or next summer of your expenses for the year.

We are eagerly looking for the "soccer" report - due on tomorrow's mail. Hope you won!!

Should like to see Howard and his toy auto.

The first *Kum and Go* for this year went to press last night so we will soon have one for you. Keep up your messages to Tom. They do him lots of good. May the Lord watch over and keep you in all your ways.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 27, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Last Sunday Dr. Robb was apparently well. Monday morning he woke with a pain on the left side. Dr. Anderson was sent for but was out and before Dr. Bigger could be notified and reach the house, Dr. Robb was dead. Of course Mrs. Robb was dazed. It all came so suddenly and after their great anxiety over his serious illness had passed. Mrs. Robb says the boys are settled in the dormitory for the year and there is so much work in the Canadian Mission, workers so few, she will stay and do what they give her. Pyeng Yang will miss her greatly and the seminary and community have received a blow in the loss of Dr. Robb. As the seminary men marched by in the funeral procession, each with mourner's cap, it was very noticeable that they felt real grief. The Lulu Wells woman, just behind, who had not known him, looked very different.

Choi Si says she would like to be able to cook rice for you again, that she often thinks of you.

We are hoping Howard made a nice child on Freshman days and treated the auto in such a way you will dare trust him with a share in the new sedan when he suddenly grows out of the orange shirt. Wouldn't we like to see him, though, with his toy!

Mrs. Lampe is a wonderfully nice guest. She knows just when to work in her room and when to sit a while by the living room fire and talk. Mollie, too, grows on one. Some children, even as small as she, try to be grown up and make mashes on poor little boys like Tom. She was just nicely and simply friendly - a bright youngster, too. Tom, like his big brothers, was nice, also. Wherefore he has an invitation to Syen Chyun for part of Christmas vacation to support Jim amid a feminine influx. He and Jimmie have been rather out of luck on trumpet lessons. Mr. Malsbary has been either sick or out of town for three weeks, but he practices some every day.

When you get your trombone, Howie, try to use it, won't you, every day if only five minutes. And if the German keeps on taking very long, scrutinize your routine. You need lots of sleep to keep your mind clear. Once, though, on a special assignment supposed to be a finished translation of a whole lesson in Plato, I spent seventeen hours.

Mrs. Clapham came the other day to borrow *Religions of Old Korea* to make extracts for Bill, who is writing a term paper on "Monasteries". It sounds like an interesting subject. One of you may want to try it sometime. Tell us who your professors are. I like to look up their pictures. We hope Professor Mack is proving more interesting. Is he the one you had in summer school, Sam?

With lots and lots and lots of love,

Mother

10/27/1935 - p.2 L.F.M.

Men at the top: Those who deliver twice as much as they are paid to deliver.

To find South by a watch: Point hour hand to the sun. South is exactly half way between the hour hand and 12 on the watch.

"Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them." Numbers 11:29. Pray that the Lord's people may be more eager for His spirit in these days when even America seems to be forgetting Him.

Separate notes to Howard and Sam:

Howie mine,

You are showing such good judgment and pluck in your trip and in your school work, we are certain of fine results. Our God (Phil. 4:19) will supply your every need and preserve you blameless (1 Thess. 5:23) in spirit, soul, and body and we praise His holy name and rejoice in your progress, wherever and however He may lead you.

Every tomorrow has two handles. We can take hold by the handle of anxiety or the handle of Faith - Henry Ward Beecher.

Sam Bo (Bo stands for beloved, of course),

If your work is too easy, can't you take up some special reading along lines that interest you - history or economics, or get your English poetry or psychology teacher to recommend some books? So much time is wasted on indiscriminate reading or plain idling. Time is not only money, it is success. And it belongs to God.

I am almost sure you have found the very best way to budget your time already. You can make an hour count more than many people.

Lots and lots and lots of love from your proud and happy parents

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

October 27, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam, Howard and Charles,

Have you heard that Dr. Robb died Monday morning of heart trouble? The funeral service was on Thursday. The gym sure was packed - I had to sit on the floor and a lot of people stood up. He was buried in Hamheung.

Yesterday I went down to the movie, *Treasure Island*, but had to come back before it was finished on account of my music lesson. I saw most of it and it sure was swell.

I've been getting along pretty well on my trumpet lately. Say, I'd like to have a bike speedometer for a Christmas present if you could think of such a thing.

Lovingly,

Tom

P.S.

PLEASE  
WRITE,  
CHARLES

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

November 3, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Pretty good soccer game I should say when you can keep a university team taken from thousands of students to a score of 1 - 0 and 2 - 1 against a team from a college of hundreds of students. Congratulations, Howie, on that good kick you made. I hope you do not have any more such prolonged games and am thankful you got through it without serious consequences. I wish we had some way of telling what articles in the *Record* have come through Sam's hands. Call our attention to some of them as they come out.

Glad, indeed, to know Howie has had his eyes examined. We wait further judgment of the oculist. The first term is bound to be hard in many respects as you get adjusted to new ways, customs, standards, etc. Good for Howard's "impromptu speech", also his hard work on lessons. The better you master studies this first year the easier all the rest of your college course will be. As for Howard's money - \$169.53 - he is to use that amount from all he receives from any source - using it gradually for other than necessary items and charging them up as "personal items". Now that first semester bills are all paid, the \$50 per month he receives should be accumulated in cash for next semester dues, etc.

About your soccer game, your great mistake was in losing so much sleep (and being kept up with broken sleep) the night before the game. When you are going into a game get in the very best physical trim just before going in. You are wise, Howie, in limiting your athletics until you get your studies well in hand. You will find German much easier after your first term's work is over. I had German one year.

Last night was "Halloween", also Tom's roller skating party. Tom was fine in Sam's *Uncle Sam* costume. Have at last had a long letter from Charles and I have written him. I am worried over his situation and have written him that he is in no way able to support a family now and certainly should not think of marrying until he is able to support a wife and has a church or work of some kind which will bring him an income. Hope you boys keep him from any foolish move. What is wrong with Sam that he is not using special stamps on your letters to us? For some time no stamp but the envelope stamp and the regular 2¢ stamp. I want all I can get of the Boulder Dam stamp and other special ones. When I can get to it I will have another lot of "blocks" for you. I was glad to get a lot from Charles in his letter and one (first one) of the Boulder Dam stamps on it.

No other special news here, I think. Hope the prosperity of Wheaton and its thousand students doesn't change the spirited tone of the institution and that it retains that perfectly Christian atmosphere which has done so much for the students.

With love from us all,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 3, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Letters on Monday; letters on Saturday! This was our lucky week. They give us lots of Wheaton news to rejoice over, but quarterly exams [at P.Y.F.S.] have kept the school quiet and the community has sprung no surprises, apparently.

Mitchell sprained his ankle but hobbles around. He turned it to account at the Halloween masquerade by being a lame beggar on all fours. Of the other clever costumes there was no end. Betty Lampe as *Italy* was a soldier in khaki and her mate, *Ethiopia*, was Alice Ross with face blacked and fuzzy hair. Mr. Crowder had a fiber rain coat from Formosa + a bunch of bananas. He became a fruit peddler. Tom and his kind held forth at the girls' dorm for the first time in the evening. He was immensely pleased with his military and grown up appearance in Sam's *Uncle Sam* suit.

Last night we thought of you, Sam, at the skating party and hoped it didn't come after another 3-hour soccer game. You'll be sure to get that same time keeper always, I suppose. Did he do it to favor the other team?

We are so glad you are having your eyes attended to, Howie. If that does not altogether stop the trouble, you'd better have a general physical overhauling. The Pre-Medic Society sounds interesting. You may get Sam in it, too. He has a lively interest in almost anything unusual. The *Records* are coming regularly now and are certainly good. They seem to me much better than they were a year ago.

Miss Wambold is studying in the *American School of Oriental Research* at Jerusalem and sent us a *Palestine Post*. I'll send it on to you. The marked article is about a Miss Sentney who met Charles on the boat coming to Korea. Miss Wambold called on her at the hospital after she was injured and Miss Sentney inquired about Charles. She will be many more weeks confined to bed and would appreciate a note from him, I am sure.

Lots and lots of love - best wishes for that "Thanksgiving loaf" - and congratulations for the good work done. Lots and lots and lots of love.

That may have been hard luck, Howard, to get an extempore when they had so many others to choose from but it was good for you. Your cousin, M. Woolfolk, looking at the array of pups [?] calls you "popular & appreciated". I'm so glad you met Dr. Oldfather. Your father knew his father at Hanover and it all helps you get more out of the Greek. You're the boy that gets about all there is - and Howie's another. That German lesson with 125 new words meant work - and good grades in it mean smooth going soon. And Dat [Dayton Roberts], too, we are not forgetting our right to wear the high hat on his achievements.

[unsigned, but from their mother]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 3, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam, Howard and Charles,

By Gum! Sam, you'd better send me that birthday present. Say, you guys seem to expect a lot from our basketball team but not half as much as you ought to.

I'm getting up in the world, you blokes. I'm 4 ft. 10½ in. tall and I actually weigh about 75 lbs. Isn't that remarkable?

Hey, Sam, I'm expecting you to be first in your class this year - and you, too, Howie. I must say though, I think you'll get to be the first in the tennis and basketball and soccer sooner than in German, zoology and astronomy.

You folks seem to be millionaires with all this business of getting a new car every month or so. Why don't you send us one of your cast off cars?

Well, to get down to business. We had our Halloween party Friday and I dressed as *Uncle Sam*. We had ice cream and cookies which were the chief delight, though the ghost stories were good.

Say, Charles, I think it's about time I got a letter from you. Thanks for that nice epistle you just sent, though I wish you would write shorter ones and write them oftener.

Lovingly,  
Tom

Pyongyang, Korea

November 3, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Sammit,

Mention of Mary Hope Wood in a late *Record* reminds us that Mrs. Brodhead hoped you would meet her. Have you ever introduced yourself? Mrs. Brodhead was your Cousin Alice's most intimate friend & certainly knows nice girls when she sees them.

Don't forget a dental examination. Howard seems to feel you are taking pretty good care of him! and well able to do it. More love - more joy -  
Mother

Do you need two typewriters? Is that why H. uses it? Or does he use it at other times enough to keep in practice?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 3, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dear Howdie,

You have learned where to go for help in all your needs. And God, himself, gives you faith through reading his word. That faith will enable you to accomplish every duty God calls you to.

What you said about the score you made for Wheaton was a very precious acknowledgment. Don't forget to pray about the headaches, food problems, etc. Satan often blinds our eyes to some things if he sees we can't be misled about others and after we have been bothered for years, we wake to a realization, "Why, I never prayed about it before."

Lovingly and in highest hope,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

November 3, 1935

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Another uneventful week has dragged slowly to a termination with pleasant prospects of beginning the ordeal all over again tomorrow. I hate the idea of having nine more years or so of this before being able to do something with it, but I guess I ought to be thankful of being able to get this preparation at all. Nine years seems like such a long time tho, and it'll be that if I go to medical school.

Last Thursday I finished up my tennis match with Paul Miller, easily taking the next three games to make it 6-3; 6-2. I meet Howard Fischer, last year's No 1 player, next and will probably make my adieus to the courts at that time for the rest of the fall. Sam is still going strong, however, and at present is in the quarter-finals.

My two rascally roommates and a girl friend of theirs pulled a foul stunt the other day and roped me in on a blind date with a girl I hadn't the slightest acquaintance with. It was to the moving pictures and accompanying lecture by the second-in-command of Byrd's last Antarctic expedition. You probably read about it in the *Record*, but the bums might at least have chosen a more auspicious occasion where they didn't charge admission. I wasn't even sure whether I should go, myself. However, the pictures were most interesting and I somehow managed to survive the rest of it. Once is enough, though.

Charlie was out for Friday evening but had to go back early the next morning. He seems to like his course at McCormack but says he wouldn't like to take his full three years there.

Next week we play the U. of Wisconsin again up there at their Homecoming, and there's also a chance of us playing a team down in Peoria sometime in the near future. The possibility of our taking a soccer trip through Indiana and Ohio during the Thanksgiving holidays has brightened considerably, and if that happens I'm afraid we won't be able to get down to Madison. We'll know definitely pretty soon, though.

We received two swell letters this week, which made up for none the last. Yes, I'm receiving \$35 a month from the Board and also received notice the other day that my account for the trip from Pyenyang to Madison was accepted as rendered.

Thank you heaps, Mother, for the clippings you always include in the letters. They've helped a lot, and I love to go over them now and then whenever I'm feeling sort of blue. My Bible has helped tremendously, too, even though I haven't taken enough time for it.

I do like zoology more than any of my other subjects and its awfully interesting, but also plenty hard. I don't find it as hard to keep studying because there isn't anything else particularly to do most of the day, but the more people I get to know the easier it is to waste time. So far I've been working in my room rather than up at the school tho, and I believe it's better because there aren't nearly so many distractions. Sam and Dat are never around so I have the place all to myself.

Young Mutso is doing fine on the sarcastic tone of his epistles, but he'd better be thankful he's out of striking distance. You might lengthen them out a bit too, bum! Though I must admit you're doing quite nobly for a 6<sup>th</sup> grader.

I'll follow your suggestion and drop a line to Mary Jarvie [the cousin who lived with them for two years in Pyenyang] now before church.

Lots and lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:

This has been an uneventful week - - not even a soccer game to liven things up. I skipped soccer practice several times this week, but will get plenty of exercise next week practicing for the Wisconsin game on the 9<sup>th</sup>.

Poetry and psychology grades both came in at 90, which isn't so bad for the first six weeks. That gives me one 95 and four 90's. Most of them would come up by the end of the semester. I got stuck on my Greek Friday for the first time in ages. I can usually do my assignment in an hour but I labored for over two hours on this passage. Of course I got called on for the troublesome passage, stumbled through the first part, and then suddenly saw the light. It was one of Socrates' ironic broadsides at Euthydemus in the 4<sup>th</sup> book, and, not realizing it was irony, I tried to reconcile his speech with what I knew of his philosophy. Of course it didn't make sense. It's fun anyway. I like stump speeches Socrates ironically suggests for political aspirants.

Last night I went on the roller skating party given by the library girls, with Delle McKenzie. Mary Lou Paris asked Dayton. It was lots of fun even though Dat and I are not yet experts. Our excuse is that we come from the Orient where they don't have sidewalks. The day before I thought I'd better practice, and borrowed some skates from Don Moore, whose father, a missionary on furlough from Egypt, said he went to school with Dr. Rhodes.

We finally traded our old roadster in for a sedan of the same year. That took 110 dollars. We made ten dollars on the car for *Record* trips the last two weeks, but we can't expect to average more than 1.50 a week for the use of the car on their trips to the printers. On Christmas vacation we can take four passengers (including Charles and Howie) and make 60 dollars, only about 10 dollars profit, though. But the family is growing and the roadster won't hold us, particularly in winter.

Incidentally, I'll enclose a picture of myself hard at work - - I'm thinking, not dreaming - - in the *Record* office. It should be natural - - since they were snapping lots of pictures around there and I didn't know when this was taken.

Charlie seems to be doing well at McCormick. He was one of the five A's in his systematic theology exam in which half the class flunked. He has also managed to work to the finals of the seminary tennis tournament where he will meet Ben Coleman.

Herewith a record of expenditures for September and October:

	<u>Sept.</u>	<u>Oct.</u>
Food	90.95	1.97
Room rent	36.50	
Laundry, Haircuts	.60	2.78
Traveling	11.50	.33
Auto expenses		13.04
Education, books, fees	66.45	1.30

	11/03/1935 -	p.2	S.H.M.
Amusements	1.10		.27
Clothing	2.51		3.26
Sports	5.50		
Benevolence	.85		.85
Arrow Dues			1.50
Miscellaneous	1.06		.51
	<hr/>		<hr/>
TOTALS:	217.02		25.81

Semester expenses for Board and room and tuition brought the September total up. The 5.50 under sports is a string job for my tennis racket, and the 13.04 item in October is for the insurance on the sedan, required by the college. The cost of the car will come in the November accounts.

At the end of October I had 275.59 dollars in my savings account in the bank, but nearly all of that is mother's. I have lost my last year's account book somewhere, and don't know the exact figures. It was originally 228.51 dollars, but I have spent some of it for her. In one of my former letters I think I accounted for this, so can you look it up and let me know?

So much for cold figures. As far as I can see this means that I'm behind, since I have to go into debt to mother to pay my semester expenses, pay it back with my allowances for the semester, then borrow again. On September 12, just after I had paid most of my bills, I had only 150 dollars in the bank, which means a \$75 debt, now paid up.

I forgot to mention the fact that I am in the quarter-finals of the fall tennis tournament. Howard has to face Howie Fischer, No. 1 man, before he gets to that round. I sort of think he'll win too. Then if I can beat Al Whitmore I'll meet him in the semifinals.

It's again time for church, the first rainy Sunday we've had in a long while.

Lots of love,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Pyongyang, Korea

November 10, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Christian Endeavor has just met in our home and now all have gone. Ham and Eggs Talbott led the meeting. We had a good sermon today from Mr. Hamilton and also the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Nothing very startling has occurred this last week and we had no letter from you this week - the last one having come on Friday over a week ago. We look for one tomorrow again on the regular Monday mail.

We are still having great weather - a slight front a few days ago, rain early this morning and a cold wind now are promising us a heavy frost tonight - the first real indication that winter is coming.

Wish we could share with you our Grimes Golden apples which we bought from an elder in one of our country churches. They are fine apples and cost a little less than one cent apiece. What do you pay for a good eating apple there?

Got in a little time with stamps yesterday and find I have only two of the San Diego exposition stamp and only two of the Connecticut tree [?] stamp. You ought to be putting such stamps on your letters - not the ordinary 2¢ and 3¢ stamps.

The evangelistic services held this last month with mass meetings in the gym for two weeks and then separate meetings in each church for a week brought some 1500 new believers to take their stand for Christ and refreshed the whole church.

When you write let me know what Jim is doing this winter and also what his address is. He has not written for a long time and I have lost touch with him and do not know what he is doing.

Let us know what the doctor said about Howard's eyes. We certainly hope to hear he is properly provided with glasses so as to avoid eye strain headaches.

Give our greetings to Dat, Clyde and all other Koreaites.

Lots of love to both of you and Charles, also

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

November 10, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Even that most inveterate of pre-Christmas mail riflers, your father, decided at last that he had better bring forth those two precious snap shots and we have spent our spare time this week in a most satisfactory way - frequently with the help of the magnifying glass. Get the other photos when you get together again but we are very happy to have these. You all look mighty good to us - and well.

Did you see that description Mrs. Geiser wrote of the place and of us! I didn't suppose anyone could collect so many ideas in so short a time without a calculating and fishy eye or grim appraising manner. She was delightfully the opposite. We keep it to quote to each other in times of depression, and probably other letters of hers, like Mary Hunt's - are used that way.

Do you remember a big mission rocker with blue silk cushions at the Robb's? We have that now. Mrs. Robb sold most of her household goods.

Lots and lots and lots of love to you. I slept a long time this afternoon and came out to find Sam Sr. and Tom gone to church. But stupid or wide awake, I love you well.

Mother

We noted what Howie said about the big double bed but still feel that you would notice a difference and feel more rested in the morning if you had two single beds. Use your own judgment but it is said that the weaker always takes strength from the stronger. Then there is the wear and tear of keeping one-half and no more of the covers. What heat do you have in your room? If you need pajamas before I get yours from the Higher Bible School, Howard, get them, but these will come in handy sometime.

Are you still rich in socks, Sam? Who does the mending?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 10, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam, Howard and Charles,

Well, how many presents have you bloaks bought me? Say, Howie, we needed you here yesterday. We got licked by the Academy in basketball. It's the first game we've played this year. Friday I made a fizzle in the recital on my trumpet.

Well, Charles, how are you getting along these days there in Chicago? Thanks for those snaps you sent but I'd like a real good photo. I guess it's about time I went to bed since it's about 9:00 and my bedtime is supposed to be 8:15. [note added here from his mother: "Christian Endeavor, of course, but the young sinner will claim a precedent."]

Lovingly,

Thomas Fish Moffett

P.S. Remember that birthday present, Sam.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:-

Your letter came this week just as we were starting on our soccer trip up to Madison, Wisconsin. We had a swell time and incidentally, came across with another victory 2-1. It took us over six hours to make the 138 miles up there, as the car had new pistons, etc. and we had to go slow. However, Robinson, Sam, Dat and myself had the best of it for the night, as everything was full up by the time we pulled in so they had to put us up at the Y.M.C.A. Hotel in town. The other fellows were in various Frat. houses and got very little sleep, as it was Homecoming. Looking out their window the next morning they saw one fellow dead drunk and then some, who was evidently just getting home and was blubbering around out on the lawn eating grass and making a perfect ass of himself. I sure can't understand how anybody can descend to such depths as to drink liquor after seeing such disgusting results.

The game itself was keen fun, even though we should have beaten them a lot worse. Even at that they were leading 1-0 at the half, and it put quite a scare into us. Doubtless we had been a little over-confident before, but that sure woke us up. Afterwards we made good use of their swimming pool before getting kicked out. Most of the fellows stayed for the Purdue-Wisconsin football game in the afternoon, but I was duty-bound to return to my date at the Dorm party, worse luck.

It had been drizzling on and off all day, and I understood that the party had been changed to indoors on that account, so dressed accordingly. Instead, they relentlessly shoved us out on a scavenger hunt after all - the wind and rain having rather disastrous results on my apparel. Once soaked it didn't make much difference though, and we had quite a merry time of it raiding the neighborhood for such things as weather-cocks, raw pineapples, marriage certificates, automobile tires, cats, animal skins, Emily Post's *Rules of Etiquette*, signatures of prominent people with their baby pictures, etc. - fifty in all. At the end of the two and a half hours we were stocked up with 34 of them, but the winners had 39. It might have been worse, tho. The evening was concluded with games and refreshments, which were plenty good.

The rest of the week passed rather uneventfully. We had a German test which everyone in the class flunked, but I think that's the teacher's fault. She gives me a pain the way she makes us go so fast and then expects us to know it all cold. According to students who've taken it before, we're going about three times as fast as they did. This is Miss Voget's first year here, and evidently the faculty have impressed it upon her rather forcefully that the courses must be tough - and plenty tough. I don't think it pays to take a language that way, though, at first. If you really learn the fundamental grammar slowly and surely, the rest goes a lot easier. But then, I don't have much say in the matter!

I nobly followed in Sam's footsteps the other day, and gayly went driving down Main Street on the left hand side of the road - to the bewilderment of oncoming motorists. I guess I fooled them, but it finally struck me that I was no longer in the Orient, so I promptly headed for the country to elude any possible cops who had been witnessing the little incident.

11/10/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

Wheaton won its last football game 12-0 against Eureka yesterday, so football men will be turning out for basketball tomorrow. Soccer won't be over for some time yet, but I'll have to report for the other anyway in order to make a bid for the squad. To tell the truth I don't believe I'll last long, but there's nothing like trying! Even before I'm out I'll be able to devote a little time to soccer every week. I'd sure give a lot to make the basketball squad, though. It'll mean the chance of organized practice and improvement all winter, whereas otherwise I won't have any regular exercise unless I go out for wrestling, which I probably will.

Yes, mother, the room is a number of feet above the ground and there is plenty of cellar space underneath, so there isn't any dampness except for what Sam tracks in with his dirty feet! And I don't believe this beginning course in Astronomy goes into Math very much - thank goodness. I'm dreading the possibility of having to take the stuff next year, though.

The meal schedule is quite satisfactory. My daily plan of attack generally runs in this fashion. I faithfully force myself to rise promptly at seven, study for an hour when I don't have eight o'clock classes, and then eat breakfast. Thursday I eat with Sam and Dat just after Astronomy. Cafeteria style lunch is ..... with every day about one, and then after soccer the three of us and generally Clid get together for a decent supper about six. An hour of most every evening is taken up with something definite. Monday it's our house prayer-meeting. Tuesday it's student prayer meeting; Wednesday it's Orientation; Thursdays it's Pre-med or some special lecture, and Friday it's Literary Society. After that I study when Dat and Sam aren't here, otherwise try to, and then hit the hay at ten.

I forgot to say that at our last Pre-Med meeting Thursday, we heard a talk from Dr. Moore from Egypt. It was certainly interesting. December 9<sup>th</sup> I think we're going through Cook County Hospital in Chicago.

Well, sock Mutso for me, and tell him to be good!

Lovingly,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

November 10, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

The soccer team has just returned victorious from Madison, Wisconsin. It has been quite a weekend for the college with the Tower bell ringing for four varsity victories: in football, Wheaton 12, Eureka 0; soccer, Wheaton 2, U. of Wisconsin 1; cross-country, Wheaton 18, Loyola 37 (low score wins), and rifle club, Wheaton beat Lombard.

The soccer trip was great sport. We left in our car about an hour and a half early, since we were forced to limit speed to 25 miles an hour while breaking the pistons and rings in for the first 400 miles. Dat and I made about 7 dollars profit on the trip since we charge 4¢ a mile. That seems like highway robbery, but the other cars got 5¢ a mile. We left at 4 p.m. and got to Madison about 10, but cruised around the city for an hour and a half trying to find where we were supposed to stay. Final arrangements put us at the Y.M.C.A., where Howie, Dat, Chuck Robinson and I were given a 5 bed room. We had the best quarters of all.

It was Wisconsin's University Homecoming, so the town was pretty noisy. I was astonished at the number of drunk college fellows around. In fact, when we got up for our soccer games, some were just staggering home. Minor sports seem to attract the better class of fellows, though, and the Wisconsin players on the soccer team were all very nice. We noticed this at Illinois too.

The game itself was shortened to 35 minute halves. They scared us and scored first in the opening half, but in the second half after we became used to the field we opened up and put them out with two scores by Schoonmaker, from India, and Wiemer. It was the first game in which Howie has not scored, but he was, as always, our biggest threat. One car had to come back early, while the rest stayed to the Purdue-Wisconsin football game. Two people, besides those coming back early for Saturday night dates, had to miss the game and I was one of the goats. It was just as well that I came home early though - - a little study now and then can't hurt anyone.

I learned the other day that Charlie had won his tennis finals at McCormick against Ben Coleman. He lost the first two sets badly, but came back to take the third 8-6 before darkness stopped them. Then the next day he cleaned up 6-1, 6-3 to take the match in five sets and win the big trophy.

I've been quite busy this week on the *Record* and again took charge of getting out news assignments. Incidentally it was the first time this year that we've had any copy to mail Thursday night.

Cold weather is here, it seems, and may put a stop to the tennis tournament. If so, I'm stranded in the quarter finals. I bought a sweater last week to wear under my lumberjacket, and should be able to keep warm.

I have sort of slipped on stamps. I hadn't realized how much time soccer was taking, but when you take two hours out of every afternoon, there isn't so much left. Anyway, I completely missed the Boulder Dam issue, and barely managed to get some of this Michigan commemorative

11/10/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

issue. When soccer is over I won't know what to do with my time. There is some talk of organizing a swimming team this winter which I may try out for. At least it will keep me in exercise.

I know you'll be glad to hear that the three of us have decided to go to the Berlin Olympics. Plans are admittedly a bit hazy - - we'll sell steamship tickets, work our way, swim or bicycle across. Of course we're writing to Harry Gordon Selfridge for suggestions. One of the fellows on our soccer team, Ed McCausland, is the son of a big squeeze on a steamship line, and may be a help. Besides we can always depend on all Howie's old pals in Europe. It's fun to think about, anyway.

Bedtime again. And I have some Greek to do in the morning.

Lots of love,

Sam

Pyongyang, Korea

November 17, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Persimmons from Taiku, walnuts from Kong Ju, celery from Mr. Lutz, Grimes Golden apples from Chil Kol, chestnuts from the farm - laying in supplies for the winter! Wish we could have you help us to dispose of them!

It looks as though I may sell a section of the farm. The mayor's office wants to buy a piece of it. If I do make a deal it will be a great relief - for then I think I shall see my way clear to financing you two boys when the Board's allowance is discontinued. Let us hope the deal goes through.

Today has been the first real cold day and it has been a beautiful sunshiny day.

We are having a serious time in connection with our College and Academy and need your prayers and the prayers of all our friends and supporters. The authorities have demanded that the principals of our schools shall bow to the spirit shrines. Dr. McCune and Miss Snook have said they cannot do so and the threat now is that they be removed from the principalship and that the schools be disbanded. We are in prayer for guidance and the Executive Committee of the Mission is to meet soon to consider the whole situation. Things look pretty serious in China also and there may be war any day. We hope not but it is doubtful if it can be avoided. The U.S.A. papers will probably know more about it than we do.

Dr. and Mrs. Swallen are due here this week - returning from their visit to America. They will be most welcome.

If you spend Christmas vacation in Madison you can see the *History of the Korea Mission* at Uncle Howard's, as I sent a copy there. If you want a copy for yourselves and can use it to advantage, I will see that you get one.

Am quite delighted that you had Elizabeth [Moffett] with you for a Korean meal, etc. Send me her address, please.

No other special news here, I think. Keep on praying for us as we do for you.

Lovingly,

Father

P.S. Sam's diagram of the room was quite welcome. We all quite thoroughly enjoyed Howard's appropriation of % of the bed. Your Christmas list has not arrived yet. We may have to act without it.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 17, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys - both Moffett and Miffett, the younger Moffett,

Soccer is good but don't let it ride you. It has no future for you - but your brains, wills and consciences are very plainly in fine working order and handclapping, loud and prolonged can be heard from Korea, if you are on the wireless. I wish we might have seen Sam receive his chapel honors and Howie get the reports from German and zoology. The picture of the new room helps a lot. You boys are artists in arrangement. What kind of a spread have you gotten for the bed?

Take the optician's bill from my account there in Wheaton, Howard. Dental bills come out of that too, you know. Also a Christmas present of \$10 apiece. We'll have the "History of the Mission" sent from here, besides. I think Jamie and Charles are to have something else big enough so it will not need this supplement - will let you know later. You paid the cost of those photos from that account, didn't you, Sammit? Also for those you get from a photographer when the next chance comes.

Yesterday your father received a letter from your Uncle Tom. It struck chill to my heart for it probably means your letters didn't get off in time for this week's mail. With a game Tuesday, a game Friday and the big Homecoming "Record" and other celebrations, it would not be strange.

It seems to me a few days without any excitement at Thanksgiving would be ideal. If you don't get them, think twice before planning for a very busy Christmas vacation. Regular and early hours make for efficiency and men who have the stamina to resist the riotous ways and evil ways of modern life will be the ones who do things worth while.

*Moody Monthly* quotes the pastor of Glendale Presbyterian Church, 8<sup>th</sup> largest in U.S., as supporting Wheaton financially and with "unqualified praise". Jean Ross says that at Emporia there are no rules about hours and someone is always raising a rumpus in the middle of the night - as you found at Illinois. A little of this inter college traveling I do like very much indeed, up to the point where it breaks down a high scholastic standard and leads away from one's life work instead of toward it. At Emporia they have 6 weeks exams but no grades are divulged except failures until the end of the semester.

Ruth Martin, perhaps you know, has had an operation for appendicitis since reaching America. Miss McKenzie spoke in Emporia. I hope she will get to Wheaton. Quoting from Jean Ross' letter again: "Jean Frazer has picked up a string of beaux, it seems." Have you ever heard this, also quoted from her? *In the Cross of Christ I Glory* was written by an Englishman in Hong Kong looking at a crumbling Portuguese church where little was left but the cross. At the time of writing, he was a dealer in opium! Perhaps in certain lines there may be a trend toward better standards.

If you find your allowance does not cover things you are pretty sure would be beneficial,



11/17/1935 - p.2 L.F.M.

let us know, together with an itemized account of what that \$100 left over from the routine expenses, is doing. We can not do a great many things we might like to do but you are being equipped for service and our Father, who has plenty, has promised to supply every need. Wasn't it interesting how Sam's needs were met last summer? If in doubt and in a hurry consult Uncle Howard and get the money from my account with him. God bless and keep you all,

Lovingly,

Mother

Tommy Winn will probably stay with us Thanksgiving vacation. Senior play, grader operetta, etc.

There is very, very serious news from here but your father will tell you of the government attitude toward worship.

Pyongyang, Korea

November 17, 1935

Thomas Fish Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

Mother has been reading over your letters Sam and found that you told me to eat chestnuts for you. I'm doing it all right and maybe some for Howie. Hey, Sam, did you ever get the birthday present you sent me back? They wouldn't allow us to have it because of the tape measure in it. Friday we had supper at Roberts' and looked at the *Tower*. It's a swell thing but I like the *Kulsi* better. They have a new system for punishing tardiness if you're late to school in the morning or afternoon. You run around the field five times the first time, ten the next and so on up by fives. You run them all on certain days about a month apart and your score mounts up. It's three times for study hall or classes the same way. I don't think [of] anything else to say, so I'll quit.

Lovingly,

Thomas

P.S. Christmas list:

1. a couple of books
2. Some good gloves
3. A good scout knife
4. A lot of the kind of candy you sent last year
5. Mother wants some clothespins
6. Mother wants about 3 yards of rubber elastic about a quarter of an inch wide & a tin of *Flash* cleaner the same as you got before.
7. Pepsident tooth paste

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:-

Another week of tricky Wheaton weather has rolled by and I can't say I think much of it. At least we had fairly consistent falls out in Korea, with very little rain, but here it rains off and on intermittently with occasional days of sunshine. The past week has been all rain and a general atmosphere of gloom. The weather now cheerfully forecasts better prospects for the near future, however.

Of course tennis has pretty definitely come to a standstill for the rest of the winter, but soccer hasn't run out yet. We're not sure even yet whether we're going through Ohio or not this Thanksgiving but Dean Emerson is backing us up strongly so it looks hopeful. Yesterday we played the Joliet city team from down south on a rather slippery field and came out ahead 5-3. Because of the conditions and high-scoring, it was probably one of our most interesting games and we sure did have a swell time.

Well, I've managed to survive the first two cuts in the basketball squad, but I'm more than dubious about the next and final one. I was out all this week and got right in with the first group, but generally messed things up as they'd all been practicing for some time and I didn't know beans about it. They knew all sorts of tricky plays and methods which were Greek to me, and consequently I didn't make such a hot showing. However, I'm gradually catching on and if he isn't in too big a hurry to get rid of some more fellows, I may possibly stick. At present there are about 25 left, and the final squad will be 18.

Last night the sophs gave a party for all the freshmen, in which everyone came as Hobos. It was pretty much fun, though not very orderly, and the refreshments of apple cider and doughnuts were plenty good. I still think the parties given in P.Y.F.S. were more enjoyable - perhaps because there wasn't so much rowdiness and then we knew everybody out there, too.

The second six-weeks period is rapidly approaching an end and exams loom on the horizon. German is getting fierce but fortunately we're leaving the grammar for awhile and taking up supposedly easy readers. It'll be a welcome relief even tho' she doubtless will make it equally painful. We can always count on her for that!

Zoology is still the most entertaining study even though it takes a lot of concentrated memorizing, etc. Mr. Whong gave me a good foundation and it certainly does come in handy. The others had it in high school too, but evidently didn't get very much out of it.

Rhetoric is what is going to give me sleepless nights soon, though. We're just getting to poetry and it's just a mental impossibility for yours truly to accomplish anything along that line! I'll flunk the subject yet if we don't get through with the stuff soon, tho! Two of my past themes were lost after I turned them in awhile ago, and Doc Straw told me to write them over anyway when I had time. Fortunately I had my original drafts so it didn't take much work, but just as I turned them in, his assistant (who grades all the papers) handed me back one of the lost ones with

11/17/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

only an 8 on it. Doc Straw graded my late ones himself and on the identical theme gave me a 10, and on the other a 10, - my first one. That all helps to bring up the couple of 8's I've gotten from the assistant, which is quite worthwhile.

Our brilliant class of '39 showed its sterling mental qualities in our first 6 weeks grades which just came out for orientation. The class average was a noble 48, ranging all the way from a 10 to an 85. I blossomed forth with a 72, but they'll doubtless have to scale the grades in order to let a few more pass the course [rhetoric]. It was fairly interesting at first in comparison to now anyway, but it's degenerated into merely dry lectures on equally dry subjects which everybody with a little intelligence already knew before, anyway.

Sam says he's told you all about the International Club meeting and dinner we had Thursday, so I'll skip that except to let you know what a bunch of bums Sam, Dat, Eleanor etc. are! We had to give extempore speeches on our respective countries, etc., and of course they said everything of interest that was to be said on the subject so that when my turn rolled around I was pretty well stranded and greatly in need of being elsewhere.

I suppose you've heard of our intended tour through France and Germany to the Olympics next summer. We've all sorts of possibilities lined up, and at least one of them ought to work. Of course the passage across the "big pond" is the main item, but there are a number of likely ways of working across that. It'll be harder to earn living expenses once we're over there, but I don't think it's at all impossible. Travel would be cheap by bicycling around and making use of those youth hostels which are conveniently located all over the place. It'd sure be a slick way of spending the summer, and incidentally I might be able to force a little of the German language into my cranium on the side. It looks more as though the 1940 Olympics were to be held definitely in Tokio, and if so I'm sure going to do my darndest to work my way out to them - and a little beyond! This summer's trip would just be getting us in practice for that.

Oh yes, I never made any further report on my glasses, did I? I'm mighty glad I made the investment, even though it did seem terribly large, because my eyes have felt infinitely better since I've been wearing them and that constant dull ache in them has disappeared. It helps a lot in studying.

No letter from you this week, but it sometimes doesn't get here till Monday so we're anxiously awaiting the morrow.

Tell young Thomas that we haven't forgotten Christmas, and after having several councils of war have decided we can afford getting him at least one stick of chewing gum, after all. If he's faithful enough at it, that'll be sufficient to give him jaw-exercise for the entire 365 days to come. Then we might be able to get him another. You never can tell, Mutso!

Lovingly,  
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

November 17, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

The soccer team won its fourth successive victory yesterday against Joliet, 5-3 in a fast rough game. It was Joliet who handed us our only defeat last year, so the score quite satisfied us. As usual Howie scored two of the goals, and Wiemer, Vickers and McCausland one each. Even I had a chance to score, but the halfback in me was too strong and I booted it neatly above the posts. The Joliet team was rather a tough bunch, they've been playing together for three years, and have several semi-pros, so the victory really boosted our reputation and favored our eastern trip.

I've been suffering all week from a miserable cold that started in my throat and worked up to my nose. I stayed in bed all this morning trying to shake it off and it does seem better. I've dosed myself with lemonade and Vicks and eucalyptus oil until the whole room reeks like a pharmacy. I guess playing in the soccer game yesterday didn't help it any.

Thursday night we had an International Club dinner at Williston Hall. Korea, with 5½ representatives boasted the largest contingent. I counted Clyde Allison as that extra ½. Scotty Hastings was elected the new president. During the dinner all present had to give three minute speeches on the country they represented, and poor Howie had to say what he could after the rest of us had exhausted the subject. We had talks about India, China, Persia, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Scotland and Egypt.

Last night was the Frosh-Soph party, a hobo affair in Lower Chapel, transformed into a barn. It was quite a good deal of fun sliding around in the hay.

Carl Henry, one of the fellows of the house has quite a time of it, dashing off to all sorts of places at weird hours, making 2 a.m. phone calls, and hanging around the sheriff's office. He's the Wheaton representative of the Tribune and Daily News, and also writes for the Wheaton Daily Journal. He sure knows his journalism, too. At nineteen he became editor of a newspaper, the youngest editor on Long Island, and was soon managing the largest paper there, as well as doing work for the New York Times and Tribune. He was saved several years ago, determined to enter the ministry, and so has dropped the newspaper game for college way out here. He does just enough work now to put him through school. He's a nice fellow, 23 years old, and certainly interesting to talk to.

Howard is just beginning to suffer mightily in the poetry section of Straw's rhetoric class. Another young Longfellow blooming unsung in our midst. I quote from his first epic - -

"My mind was a whirlpool of figures of speech  
Hyperbole assonance, trope,  
Mad thoughts scampered warily out of my reach  
But poetry's out of my scope.

I'm writing this letter under a disadvantage, so if it is disjointed and illogical blame it on the fact that Dayton and Howard are playing trombone and trumpet duets five feet from my ear. I'm playing a trap-drum accompaniment on the typewriter, and the mass effect is truly inspiring,

11/17/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

though unappreciated.

It is beginning to look as if we will be going on the Ohio soccer trip instead of to Madison for Thanksgiving. We'll be missing good meals and plenty of sleep - I can't decide which is preferable.

I figure that lots of sleep and lots of liquid should knock this cold, so I'm turning in early. More love to the family. I'm tired of training for soccer, cake and pie will taste might good this winter. Maybe I'll put on some weight.

Sam H. Moffett

*Don't mind the red ink - it's one of Dad's idiosyncrasies - it's his pen so I can't kick.*

Pyongyang, Korea

November 24, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

It looks very much as though we are to meet with severe persecution soon - on account of the government demand that the principals, teachers and students of our schools shall all bow at the shrines. They say that there are no religious rites in connection with it but at the same time say the spirits are in the shrines and all must bow to them. We have made every concession we can but they still insist that all shall bow. It may mean the closing of our Academies but we still hope not and our executive committee is trying to make representations to the government which will lead to a recognition of our conscientious scruples. Pray for us!

Yesterday we sent off some Korean candy to Jim and Charles for Christmas. The package for you two was one-half pound heavier than the law allows so was sent back to us. Hope to get it off tomorrow. Look out for the stamps.

Dr. and Mrs. Swallen arrived this week. They tell of seeing Charles. The greatest item of news from you was of course the experience Howard went through. How thankful we are that he came through it with no serious injury. What an anxious time for Sam as he went on with the game - not knowing how Howard was. Praise the Lord for his watchful care over you.

Howard is coming on beautifully in his studies and we rejoice with him over his conquering the difficulties he has struck.

We wonder where you will spend Christmas. How we wish you could be with us!!

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 24, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

For gripping interest we've never known anything to equal your letters. We are living in a continued story and just waiting for the next week's issue. Howdy, dear, aren't we thankful your fall was managed so your story does go on! Will they try push ball again? Dr. McCune says he never would have one.

The grades are just fine. Miss Thomas grinned a yard to hear of your prowess in French, Sam. The class now is having one day a week when no English is allowed during the class period. They discuss current events, etc.

Then there is Howard tying with John Frame in zoology and way up at the top in German; and Sam acting captain of soccer! All around Christian gentlemen - that's the idea, isn't it! We haven't gotten the Homecoming *Record* yet and until we do shall not be sure just which one Sanderson dropped out from and left to Sam as news editor.

As I understand those pictures in Dr. Kang's office, all errors of focus - nearly - are due to the shape of the eyeball. Perhaps the new oculist just said the same thing more plainly. Dr. Kang is good but has so little time to try and try again, he has such a mob always waiting. He has been very sick for about a month but is getting better now, I think. Dr. Anderson examined your father's eyes but wants him to check up on them. He thinks a cataract may be starting. They have to grow, you know, to a certain state, before they can be removed, so it does not make much difference now.

The station is meeting for prayer daily and the executive committee has been meeting here this week. Pray for the Korean church and the Korean students that they may see clearly what is right and do it unwaveringly. Nothing is so hard as wrong doing, for those who follow close do receive a "full measure of God's joy and peace" and are enabled to endure. Your father will tell you what has passed.

Lots and lots and lots of love,

[Mother]

Congratulate Dayton on the way you sops clicked on push ball day. What misery for you, though, Sammit. The bright spot was that Charles was there & you all have plenty of grit. By the way, Sam, do you remember when you go places to look up the college annuals & are you getting your ideas in order? You'll surely be glad if you are. It takes time, and hasty work always shows. Things have to fit in together, etc., you know! Tell me your notebook is half full of grand ideas already. Observe, yes, but root around too and plan photo series, etc. We may not say much, Howard, about that plan to come back between college and med. school - but don't think we can forget it! Our Father in Heaven has the means. Keep it before Him and we will, too - for both of you. Of course, we may not be here. He knows what is best about that, too.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

November 24, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam, Howard and Charley,

Have you heard about the house out at the farm the scouts are making? It'll be a swell one with about 30 bunks, I believe. There will be an open fireplace, too.

Drat the luck, the final game of the League comes off the night of the Senior play, so I don't think I can go. Have you heard the senior play is *As You Like It*?

I suppose you rich blokes don't need anything for Xmas so I needn't send you any.

Say, you seem to be lucky on that trombone of yours - I hope you play it once in a while. Papa says he's glad you got a good one.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Wheaton, Illinois

November 24, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

One six weeks exam is out of the way now, but more are looming grimly near at hand. The french test was easy, I'll probably get a good grade but won't be as far ahead of the class as I was last time. The hardest one, psychology, comes tomorrow. I'm beginning to like it quite a lot even though we haven't progressed out of the physiological basis of the subject yet. Dr. Emerson is one of the best professors in the college, I think. The importance of gland action on behaviour and growth quite startled me.

The soccer team stepped out of its class yesterday to meet a semi-pro team, the American Nickeloid Co. squad, champions of Peoria, and was beaten 2-0. The game was fun, but difficult for the grounds were muddy, two inches of mud on a hard frozen under-surface that made the whole field slippery and treacherous. We did pretty well, though, in holding them scoreless for the first half. Action was rather grotesque at times as players careened around in the mud. It's difficult to preserve a hard grim fighting spirit while churning up dirt in wild endeavors to remain afoot. And now we're all set to invade Ohio. Dayton hurt his knee at the Soph-Frosh party and was going to stay out of yesterday's game, but Ev. Houghton, halfback (son of Will Houghton of Moody's) got sick just before the game, so Dat went in anyhow. All things went smoothly until the last fifteen seconds when he stretched for a ball and hurt the knee again. He's been in bed all day baking it, but it will be all right by Wednesday.

Well, Howard and I have been wasting time again. We had a two hour championship Rook session last night - the first time in six months for me. The Fourth Floor champions, John Sanderson and Whisper Muller - - news editor and manager of basketball team respectively - - challenged us. But our Korean education and father's patient tutelage stood us in good stead. Nobody can beat father's Moffett brand Rook, and the American variation of the good game is very decadent. Even Howie and I were a little startled when we were leading them 370 - 0 within the first half hour. Final score was 795 - 350. Don't worry, though, about our wasting time on the game. Spare hours are altogether too few and far between.

By the way, don't let Howie get away without sending you a copy of his stirring Ballad, Domo Mizu Kurasai, which being translated readeth, Mizu, Of all Men Most Dauntless. Vulgar waitresses in sukiaki restaurants may insist that it means, May I have a glass of cold water, but I much prefer the Moffett translation. You'll like the realistic portions about Japanese maidens 'oiling their tresses with bits of white lard'.

I forgot the most important news. I went to a dentist recommended by the college and had my teeth examined. They seem to be in pretty good state, but the dentist recommends that I have my upper right wisdom tooth removed. It's coming in crooked like the one Dr. Boots extracted. Dr. Boots said I might have trouble with the others, and I guess about the only thing to do is to have it taken out, it's beginning to decay a little on top since I can't get at it to clean it properly. Besides that the dentist found two cavities and says my teeth need a good cleaning. The part that hurts is that it will cost 15 or 16 dollars. I have an appointment for the Monday after Thanksgiving.

*Record* work sure takes up the time. Our reporters are still green as anything, and we're looking for more Freshman talent. I advised Howie not to come out for it, since he'll have plenty to do on his studies since he's so athletically inclined. I've been averaging about 20 inches a week on the sheet in addition to all the rewrite work. You can recognize a good many of my stories by the telltale, "according to Enock C. Dyrness, vice-president in etc." By the way, Dyrness told me the other day that Wheaton is now the largest liberal arts college in Illinois.

11/24/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

We'll go to church tonight in the new College Church of Christ building around the corner. The church has moved out of College chapel. Pastor Evan Welsh is a great fellow. He was captain of one Wheaton football team and his father worked with Billy Sunday. I've been over at his house quite a bit. The church is congregational, though he is Presbyterian, or I'd join it.

We bought Christmas presents yesterday, Mutso, so you can expect something sometime next year. It's about time for hockey over there isn't it. You're lucky bums to have decent ice there. Time for church and I must quit and enclose this with Howie's fifteen page letter. He must be telling you all sorts of gossip.

*Sam H. Moffett*

P.S. Soccer publicity is growing. We've received cash offers from several professional teams in Chicago. We'll be gangsters yet.

Dear Folks:

I've decided it's about time I learned how to type again as the ruination of good eyes is the inevitable result of trying to decipher my noble penmanship. Undoubtedly my typing will run it a close race for some time yet, but improvement should be rapid. Incidentally this typewriter is supposedly half mine, isn't it? Sam doesn't think so, but that doesn't bother me any. Please excuse the errors in the following, though.

We arose Wednesday morning in a white blaze of glory as the first snow of the year in any quantity was descending. It's cold as the very dickens too, worse, luck, but that two yen overcoat I bought from Mr. [Raymond] Chandler [P.Y.F.S. teacher] has come in very handy. The gentleman in question is expected to arrive here this week in person sometime. I've received several letters from him during the past few months, and it seems he quite enjoyed his bumming around through Spain, etc.

The management finally came across with the needed hundred dollars, so Wednesday morning will find us churning over the highways toward Oberlin, Wooster, etc. on our soccer trip. All of which means we won't get down to Madison before Easter vacation at the earliest. However, it'll be swell to see all the old P.Y.F.S.-ites again, and at no expense, too. I only hope that the wind dies down so that we can enjoy it. We didn't make such a hot parting impression on our last home game yesterday against a championship team from down near Peoria, but the field was a regular skating rink of slithering mud coating a frozen base. It must rain down there more than it does here, because they seemed to have better sliding tactics than we could scare up, and consequently put it over us pretty badly with a score of 2-0. Sam played by far the best game for us and the score would have been a lot worse if it hadn't been for his defense work. Dat was handicapped with his injured knee, and really wasn't in any condition to play at all. In the last minute he fell on it again and had to be helped off the field, but I think he'll be all right again in a few days if he's careful. I never played so rotten (pardon my language, father) in my life before, but just couldn't work up any enthusiasm or enjoyment in the game because nothing worked the way it should as the conditions were so unusual. Most games are either won or lost by the amount of fight and spirit you put into action, and we showed it yesterday by its absence. That's even truer in basketball, too, Tommy, it's the extra driving power and continual high pressure that'll get you places in that. You can't sit around and wait for opportunities to come your way, but you've got to make your own and barge right in. Learn to follow up your shots fast, and with power! Go to it, fellow, we're all betting on you and Sticky to come across with the goods.

My heart's been in my throat all this past week for fear that my name would not appear on the bulletin board each day along with the rest of the fellows still asked to report for basketball practice. Coach Coray made his fourth cut the other day, but I'm still on. A whole lot of football and cross country fellows came out early in the week, so there are still about 23 on the squad - - with probably one more small cut coming in the near future. It sure keeps one on edge in suspense. If I can only survive that one, I'll be all set for the next four years. Up until the last few days we haven't scrimmaged at all, but have been going through a regular ordeal of complicated methods of plays and ball handling.

Last night I made my first visit to that notorious place of time-wasting - - Fourth Floor. I've managed to keep my distance so far, but yesterday I weakened in order to squelch a couple of fellows who are supposedly the Rook Champions of the school, not having been defeated up to that time. In a two-hour contest with their cards, Sam and I brought them down from their lofty perch by trimming

them in no uncertain manner 795-350. I doubt if the campus will be hearing of their prowess along that line for some time to come. At least they didn't seem so happy about it.

I went to the Naitermion Literary Society meeting Friday night, and of course was imposed upon to give an extemporaneous speech. Everybody knows me too well around here, so there's no hope of getting by. Even my absence is conspicuous -- thanks to Sam's and Dat's notoriety. The hounds inflicted me with the subject: *Handsome is as Handsome Does*, and I blundered as usual through two minutes of the stuff. My one consolation is that I at least knew enough to say something all the time, while the other poor victims stuttered around in hopeless confusion: I haven't decided yet which society I'll join, so probably won't till after Xmas vacation, at any rate.

I was nominated for class treasurer, but fortunately the class had sense enough to inflict someone else with the job.

By the time this letter arrives I suppose Mutso will already be thinking about Santa Claus and Christmas. It's too bad I won't be there to pull his toe off for him Christmas Eve, but doubtless either Father or Moonsabong will be able to twist it sufficiently to make him think it's Santa. You needn't tell the skum-face, but we do have a number of articles scattered about the premises here which we'll be sure to send off before we leave Wednesday. I hope they arrive in time, because I do know it's always sort of an anti-climax when they come dribbling in after the 25<sup>th</sup>. However, I'm afraid you will have to wait for the books, because we haven't had time to get into Chicago for them as yet -- but they'll be coming. I also hope there won't be any duty on the stuff, but if it is too much, don't hesitate to send it back on account of our feelings. We'll get it to you some other way.

I was dreadfully sorry to hear of Dr. Robb's sudden death. He was a wonderful Bible teacher and I'm mighty thankful I had him both in Sunday School and school. It hurts me all the more though to think of the inattention I paid him so much, though. I was awfully unappreciative of all the advantages and good things I had out in Korea, and I do so wish that I could make amends for them. If only it is in God's plan for me that I should go back there again. I'm afraid though that there's too much selfishness in my desire and not enough consecration. It's home to me and it's no wonder that I want to go back - but I do know that I must be ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything that He wants me to do before I can really be of service.

No, Mother, my German hasn't been taking so long lately (though perhaps it should). And I have been getting plenty of sleep and really feel in better physical condition than I did at the beginning of the year. I've been getting in on an average about fifteen or twenty minutes a day on my trombone, too. It's lots of fun and I get real enjoyment out of it, though perhaps the rest of the fellows in the house aren't so appreciative.

You know who most of my Prof's are, don't you? Dr. Taylor in *Astronomy*, Miss Voget (new this year) in *German*, Dr. Straw in *Rhetoric*, Dr. Mack (same as Sam in Summer School. He's really not so bad) in *Zoology*, Miss Torrey in *Bible*, and Mr. Eavey and various lectures in *Orientation*. I don't know just what I'll be taking next semester and the coming three years. If you have a catalogue out there, any suggestions would be most welcome. I suppose I'll stick pretty closely to the pre-medic, though.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 1, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Hope the "Korea yawt" [candy] reaches you before you leave for Christmas vacation. Look out for the stamps on it. We are eager to know whether you went to Wooster and Oberlin for Thanksgiving "soccer" and also where you plan to spend Christmas.

An enclosing program of senior class [P.Y.F.S.] play given last night. Betty Yeats was the star performer as a "clown". It was all well done.

You will be interested to know that Kil [Sun-Ju] Moksa died last week and is to be buried on Tuesday the 3rd. His was certainly a grand life full of good works and a powerful influence in the life of the church.

I preached the Thanksgiving sermon last Thursday and have some things off my hands, but we have had to spend a lot of time in considering the Government's demand for attendance on the shrines. We have until December 31<sup>st</sup> for consideration and decision and we may have serious serious times ahead with the possibility of closing our Boys' and Girls' Academies. We hope not. We need your special prayers this month.

Mr. Malsbury was greatly interested in your purchase of a trombone, [Howard]. He recognized the name as that of one of the best makes. Tom is doing splendidly with his trumpet and is to be in the band.

In emergency it is all right for you to borrow from Mother's account but I prefer you should have enough of a balance on hand to meet emergencies. Let me know how much you need for this and I will have Uncle Howard send you a special fund. If you get a chance to do so, let the authorities in charge know that the cutting down of your scholarship fund has made it difficult for you and for me. I hope they may restore the amount they first granted.

I am glad to get the news that Charles is doing well in his seminary work but I do wish he would write to me. He is injuring himself more than he knows by this failure to do what is right. No man can do as he is doing and have any assurance that the Lord will bless him in the ministry. If he can take time to referee soccer games he can take time (if he wants to) to write me about his financial and other interests. Talk to him like a Dutch Uncle, but seriously.

We want news from the tennis tournament. Hope you have to play each other. Then we can rejoice in the outcome, whoever wins.

Lots of love with Christmas greetings from all of us,  
Lovingly,  
Father

I note that the Board accepts your travel account, Howard.  
(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 1, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Were we glad to get that photo! We set it up against the zinnia vase on the table and conversed with it while eating. I have it in front of me now and pay frequent pilgrimages to it at all times. It is so very much better than any of the others you have sent, Sam. Give my very warmest thanks to the skillful artist who took it. It is worth a heap more than gold to us.

I am inclined to believe the fall in northern Illinois must seem a little dismal to a boy fresh from the beautiful Pyongyang autumn weather. Sam wrote last year about being always starved, burrowing for overcoat, wishing he could see a bit of the Diamond Mountains plastered on the plain, etc. His leg put him in the infirmary too, just before Thanksgiving.

Yet here now so many people have hard colds even Dr. Bigger counsels extreme caution and we cannot long get our minds off from the "shrine question".

You know in Ezekiel, Russia, Libya and Ethiopia are coupled together in an attack on Palestine? Libya & Ethiopia have been frequently mentioned together in the press recently. I was interested to see in the last "Current History" that Russia and Iran (Persia) are making up to each other. That magazine "Current History" would be good for you to read regularly now that you haven't your father to keep you posted on world events. It is far better than "Time" or the "Literary Digest".

The Scout Bungalow out at the farm is a fine project. Miss Blair says the Boys' Dorm has forgotten it was ever noisy. Everybody gets back so tired. I walked out with the Lampes yesterday and we did notice that about as many were playing ante-over outside as were working inside. Still it is going up fast, matting & tar paper walls now, to be changed to mud in the spring. They paid ¥ 10 for the wall material and will get ¥ 5 back when they take it down and mud next April.

Most of the news this week falls in your father's province or Tom's. We had a very quiet Thanksgiving - gwung [pheasant] and peas for two - and thought of you all a lot, as we do usually.

If you go to Southington, Ct. [home of Charles' fiancée], pay board and don't forget Marian will be tired, too. That is where you learned something in your summer experience with housekeeping, Sammit, isn't it. I wish we could give you a complete rest but since we can't, probably it would not be good for you, bobbies mine.

Affectionately,

Mother

Kil Moksa's grave is being dug in the field between Chung Ik-no's grave & the Scout House. It will be a big funeral.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 1, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Hairpuller, Howsabong and Dumbbunny,

Have you guys heard yet that they're making a scout cabin out at our farm? It is sure going up quick. All that's left to do is the fireplace and bunks.

Drat it, Miss Yates and Phee got sick just before our play on Thursday so we couldn't have it and there wasn't anything to do Thanksgiving night. I was invited up to Miss Best's for Thanksgiving dinner and we took two hours to eat it. Papa preached the Thanksgiving sermon.

Hey, Hairpuller, I don't think you were very generous with the cracker crumbs. Well, Dumbbunny, where's that letter that you should have written? I haven't seen it yet. Say, Howsabong, old bean, you'd better watch out or I'll get better than you on my trumpet.

Oh, yes, they had the Senior play last night but it wasn't as good as either of your plays.

I hope you blokes beat on your soccer tour. Atta boy, Howsabong, kick those goals the way you always do.

Lovingly,

Mutso

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 1, 1935

(probably written by Lucia F. Moffett)

Dear Friends:

You have been receiving more or less regularly the little semi-annual *Pyongyang News* which we have been publishing. This little booklet which we are sending is just the *Pyongyang News* in another form for this one time. It is just possible that, at first glance, you may not appreciate this edition of the *News* as much as you have some of the former ones but, if you will study it just a moment, we believe that you will appreciate it far more.

First of all, please notice that it is, in brief compass, practically an encyclopedia of all the work of the station; the very items about which you most often want to know, and which are not easily available in any other form. At the top of each page you can see and come to know the members of the station who are most closely connected with the work described on that page.

The map in the middle pages of the book will enable you to visualize this large Presbyterian station. The full page illustrations are all scenes in and around Pyongyang City. Perhaps a few statistics will help you to see the whole busy plant. There are estimated to be about 65,000 believers in the whole province for which our station is responsible, and of these, about 20,000 are baptized. There are about 9,000 pupils in our schools of all grades in this province, and the patients treated by our Union Hospital totalled over 75,000 for last year. We hope that you will keep this booklet by you for the sake of these facts and that it may be for you a guide or reference book of what the Lord is doing in Pyongyang.

But the above is only a minor purpose in issuing this little booklet; a far more important object which we hope to accomplish is that we may get you to join us daily in a covenant of prayer for these various types of work in the station. We know that you believe in the power of prayer as we do. There are many grave problems in connection with our work now, some of which we are not free to say much about publicly. We never needed your prayers more than we do today. We need them every day. Many of you, perhaps all, are using the Board's prayer calendar in your family worship or personal devotions every day. Can you not slip this little calendar into that book and remember us every day, too? It has been your prayers, all down the years, that have brought the work to where it is. We need that re-enforcement intensely now. We know you will not fail us, but that you will join us in the earnest petition that, in all the exceedingly difficult questions we are facing, we may be given a very clear guidance and that God may be glorified and His will done by us and our fellow Korean workers.

Yours in His service,

The members of Pyongyang Station

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Wheaton, Illinois

December 3, 1935

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks: -

Here it is December already and Wheaton, running true to form is howling outside with the wintry blasts and mantle of thickening snow. I suppose you read in the Record about how and why the intended soccer trip through Ohio fell through at the last minute. It was quite a surprise to us too, but we made the most of it and probably had a better and more beneficial time anyway. As you doubtless surmised we churned off to Madison as soon after my last class at 2:30 Wednesday, taking Clid [Clyde Allison] along as far as Indianapolis. He decided at the last to hunt up some relatives whom he had a faint idea were somewhere in Ohio. Failing to locate them he bummed up to Wooster and saw all the folks there. That's the only part of the proposed soccer trip which I was really interested in and missed. I'd like to see all the Korea Kids there, but there never is any time during the year, and they aren't there during most of the vacations. However, you can't take in everything, and we had a slick time on the Ohio.

After messing around the capitol with Clid for awhile, we finally pulled into Madison at four in the morning. Not being sure whether they'd received word of our changed plans we didn't want to arouse them and find them unprepared for such an encampment, so being unable to burglarize into the house we trundled down town and slept over a cup of coffee in an all night restaurant till it was time for their maid to come in the morning. We got in then and quite surprised our Aunt, Uncle and Cousin, the last two having sat up till one the night before waiting for us. Charlie, by the way, couldn't come with us as he had to finish up several term papers, etc.

During the next three days we fulfilled all our dreams of loafing and had a grand old time. I sure do enjoy being down there. They let us do just what we want and yet there are plenty of opportunities and things to be done. I got started in a book, *The Case of Korea*, but didn't have time to finish it so brought it along. Then we got off our Xmas presents (none for you of course, Tom) and I finished up some outside reading for Astronomy. We went to a show one afternoon, and as if in rebuke, the lights went out just after we got in. The power line had been broken, so we were given tickets for the evening instead.

At Church Sunday morning we met Eddie Boone, who is now a senior at Hanover. He seems to have become quite a socialist, and has been making speeches for them all over that section. Uncle Howard invited him up to dinner and we had quite a visit before we had to take up arms again against a sea of troubles by heading north.

Mr. Chandler [former P.Y.F.S. teacher] popped in on us for several days early last week, and we had a great old time. He spent quite a while studying in the University of Madrid and wandering aimlessly about Spain before going up through France, England, then across. He seems to have received a splendid impression of Wheaton - - all of which is a good thing as he'll be able to recommend the place to others. I hope there'll be a big gang coming from P.Y. this next year. If R.G.C.'s tokens hold out long enough he's optimistically hoping to hit sunny California before long. Then he hopes to go into Home Missionary work. I got to like him a lot

12/03/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

last year, though he was one of the banes in my young life before that.

Time out!! Miracles still do occur now and then even in this day and age. Along with your letter, Dat received one from his "big" brother, Sticky. We'd given up hope a long time ago of ever receiving one from that quarter, but we're mighty glad of the reformation. Let's have them longer and oftener, Sticky, and tell us all about yourself and the doings of the school and dorm, etc., etc. Give us all the dope, feller. We're still behind that old ball team even if the Soong Sil A team did lick you. They're always plenty good, so don't let a little thing like that worry you. Good going, Mutso, you seem to be getting places, too. Keep at it. I'm quite surprised to hear about your being in the band already, too. That's keen!

I nearly fainted yesterday when coming out of chapel who should be waiting there but Charlie and Uncle Mac [Dr. George McCune]. Gee, it was great to see him! He's looking well and we had a grand get-together down in our room and then he took us all down town for dinner. The same old "Uncle Mac", and a real man!

Our second six weeks exams are over now, although we didn't have one in everything. The only returns I've gotten are in Zoology - - and they aren't anything to brag about. The lecture exam was all right with a 96, but I fell down terribly in the Lab with a 71. There were only five questions and one of them fooled me completely. The daily grades will bring it up some, though, and our weekly quizzes in lecture work have been very good.

No more cuts yet in basketball, and there is some chance that the squad will remain at 23, as it is now. We've been doing quite a bit of scrimmaging lately, with a game tonight, though only about ten fellows are dressing for it. I'll back up the side-lines.

Sorry this letter is late, but we didn't have any time on Sunday to write. Monday is always a full day.

Lots of Love,

Howard F. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 3, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Three weeks to Christmas, and only 17 days to vacation. Sounds pretty good to me. We're enduring a typical Wheaton snow storm just now, a week of cold dark skies with occasional flurries of damp discouraging sleet. I hope it clears up before we have to drive east.

There's nothing like a vacation on the Hilltop. Aunt Susie and Uncle Howard know just what to do for you and just what to leave for you to do yourself. Uncle Howard and I went over stamps together - I'm going to trade him some Japanese and Koreans for some good old Americans. I'm plenty glad to get hold of any of those. Three days of sleeping and eating (turkey, steak, pie etc.) were all too few. Clid [Clyde Alison] rode with us as far as Indianapolis to hitchhike from there to some relatives "somewhere in Ohio", he wasn't quite sure where. He didn't find them so finally ended up in Wooster. We were dumb clucks and soon decided we couldn't reach Madison at a reasonable hour, hence loafed along, stopping here and there for an hour's sleep. We hit Madison at 4 a.m. and Howie clumped around to reconnoiter but reported locked doors. We tore down town and while Howie and Dat dissipated and slept over a cup of coffee, I curled up and snoozed on the back seat.

Betty [their Uncle Howard's daughter] was in Madison for Thanksgiving day only. Sam and Bruce [sons of their Uncle Rob] are still working hard and rating high grades at Hanover. At church Sunday we ran into Eddie Boone, obviously a Korea Kid by reason of his 74 inches. He spent a good deal of last summer fighting forest fires in Idaho, and now is preparing for med school. He's getting 75 dollars from the government this winter by making speeches on Socialized Medicine. By the way, father. Uncle Howard and Aunt Susie both think you should come over and see the improvements they've made on the hilltop. Two fountains, a rock garden are already in, and a rushing brook and swimming pool are contemplated.

Reward for services rendered - - I'm news editor now. I resign next semester to 'observe' on the *Tower*, so the promotion doesn't mean much, but it's nice to be a full-fledged editor before I quit. The funny thing is that Dat's my assistant, going the rounds before he's editor next year. Will I ever order him around. "Here Roberts, a pencil to sharpen." The poor boy is already weakening under the strain of realizing that now he is just another 'little' brother to Sticky. You wanted to know what articles I've been writing for the *Record*. Everything from Dymess' office and anything else important that has to be done in a hurry. Last week was a record - - 26 inches with four stories on the front page, including both spot-stories.

We've been deluged with Korea visitors. Just before we left for Madison Mr. Chandler dropped in for a couple of days, fresh from Spanish bullfights and research at the University of Madrid. And who did we bump into yesterday but good old Mr. McMurtrie. The rest of the gang went down town to eat lunch with him, but I had to stick it out at a Greek exam. Charlie and Heydon Lampe brought him out.

No grades as yet, but rumors have it that I survived the true and false questions in psychology without a miss, sharing these honors with one other in the class of 150. But there's no telling how I mangled the rest of the test. Miss Downey has gone to the U. of Wisconsin to finish

12/03/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

up work on her doctorate, so a Miss Hiney is taking our poetry class. However, I think that Dr. Dow is going to teach it at times. I hope so.

Who is this Miss Geizer you wrote about. I missed whatever she wrote about Korea. Can you tell me where I can find it?

This Friday will find me in charge of parliamentary drill at Arrows [his literary society]. Here's where I start memorizing Robert's Rules of Order. My socks are holding out pretty well, also holeing out, but I'm pretty well fixed. I've been wearing the few weak ones holes and all, but I suppose I'd better find where I can darn them.

Say bloke (Tom, not father), what are you sending me for Christmas? Hey guy, I hear you're going to town in band and basketball. It's too bad we couldn't find anything for you this year, but maybe mother and father will let you share some of their presents. I still can't believe you can shoot a basket. When I left you couldn't reach the backboard five out of six tries. Did I tell you that Dr. Machen, when he was here not long ago, said that a working knowledge of Xenophon was the best preparation for reading the Bible in Greek.

Must close - - merry christmas all !!!

“ ‘Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the apartment  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not even the fire department !”

Just a lyrical yuletide greeting



Lots of love,

*Sam H. Moffett*

Dear Folks:--

The weather bureau cheerfully came across with the announcement the other day that we actually had two days in November when the sun shone through. And we're picking up, too, as we've already had one such day in this month and that's more than the regular quota allows.

Edith Blair [daughter of the Pyengyang Blairs] was to sing in at McCormack seminary last night so Sam went in yesterday afternoon and hasn't come back yet. Undoubtedly Charlie put him up for the night and he's spending the day in there. I would like to have gone, but instead went with the Pre-meds on a supervised tour through the Cook County Hospital in the city. I wouldn't have missed that for anything, and it was most interesting and worth while. We chartered a bus for the trip and spent all morning being shown around the immense place. Dr. Harding from China, who was down at Sorai, you know, has been visiting here during the last few days and went in with us. He came around through the South Seas and had a lot of stories to tell us, but what was more beneficial at the time was that Sid Dodd and myself learned a lot of extra dope about everything as the group was pretty large and it was difficult to hear all the guide said. The ward of patients with fractured and broken bones, etc. is the largest of its kind in the world, and it sure looked it. One of the most interesting places was the museum where we saw specimens of about every kind of apparent diseases and malformations that it's possible to get, and it just makes you wonder after getting through how you ever managed to live this long without coming down with one of them. There're just tons of things that can go wrong so easily that it just seems miraculous how we've escaped.

Then we went down into the morgue and visited some of the pretty healthy looking inhabitants they had in cold storage there. Most of them were old men whom they'd picked up off the streets stone dead. While we were there a lady came in, was shown a corpse in order to identify it, and went into hysterics when she saw the body.

The best and most fascinating part of the whole day came in the afternoon when we saw a number of operations. I had been rather dubious and fearful of my ability to stand up under this part, but was happily surprised in not being phased by it at all and actually enjoying the whole business. We sat in an almost perpendicular amphitheater and looked down upon the operations. I was doubly fortunate in sitting between Dr. Harding and Mr. Stickney (my Zoology lab. professor), so had it all explained to me. The first one was the removal of the thyroid glands from a woman's neck, by one of the most famous surgeons in the city. He sure didn't waste any time getting them out. The next was an exploratory trip into the abdominal region of a girl's anatomy which resulted in the removal of her appendix. The surgeon was pretty disgusted with the previous diagnosis though, as what they thought was wrong was O.K. While prowling around to find something wrong, though, he'd blithely haul things out from the huge gash he'd cut, make remarks about them and then shove them all back in again without any apparent care at all. If it hadn't been so interesting it would have seemed awful. The third operation was taking out a huge tumor from just below a woman's stomach, leaving a large cavity. It's surprising how such a big thing could be contained in there without being externally obvious, but it evidently

12/07[1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

must have squashed up the inner organs a good bit.

I didn't mean to tell you all about them this way, but the events of the day certainly made a deep impression upon me.

We got back just in time for the basketball games that evening. Our Jayvee game was first against Oak Park's second team, and we won 35-27 I think. I only got to play a few minutes in each half, but even that was lots of fun, though I made a miserable mess of the opportunity. Out in Korea we always played the zone defense, while here, Coray is all for the man to man idea which I despise. But in trying to learn it I've forgotten all the straight basketball I ever knew and make a perfect fool of myself tagging around after my man to the exclusion of everything else. Nothing is accomplished that way, either, so I'm going to forget a good deal of his system before he takes it into his head that I'm a useless addition to the squad. I was doing a lot better in the first scrimmages we had, before I started concentrating on trailing a man instead of playing basketball! Incidentally, we won the first team game too, 25-22, which makes things look brighter for the coming season. Next week we play the U. of Chicago there, but I know now that I won't be asked to dress for it. We're trying to arrange for a Korea Kids sukiaki and get-together in the city before it. All the Smiths, etc. are around somewhere, tho' I haven't set eyes on any of them yet.

Only two more weeks till Christmas vacation! Boy, that'll sure be a welcome relief. We'll be heading east right away, spending the first couple of days at Southington [Conn.] and then going back to spend the 25<sup>th</sup> with Uncle Azel. We'll probably spend most of the rest of the time there, too. I don't believe I've ever seen him, have I? At least not to remember. Sam says he's lots of fun, though, so there's no fear of a dull time. Thanks heaps for the ten dollars, and one thing I know I'm going to get with it is a decent fountain pen. The one I have now runs like a balky mule.

What do you mean by a spread for the bed, mother? We have that quilt of mine, if that's what you mean. I guess it wouldn't be such a bad idea to put something else over it, though, to keep it in better condition. They all land up on Sam's side of the floor by morning, though. Even if he can't have the bed he always manages to get all the covers - - but don't start worrying about our catching cold or anything like that. I might have known better than to bring up such a subject.

Elizabeth's address, Father, is: 154 East Fourteenth Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
[Elizabeth Moffett is his Uncle Howard's daughter]

Things certainly do look bad for poor old China over there. Japan runs things pretty much her own way, though I can't see why they don't come up against any more opposition than they do. How can China expect other nations to help them out when they don't do anything themselves? I don't get to read the paper nearly as much as I'd like, but there's always something about the situation in them.

12/07/1935 - p.3 H.F.M.

Young fizzle-face's [his little brother, Tom] letters are getting entirely too sarcastic to be put up with from one so youthful. Distance, my lad, is the only thing that saves your hair from being forcefully uprooted and the rest of your hide utterly massacred. But beware, the time is coming when we'll be able to remedy matters and obtain full justice. Until then, adieu.

Lovingly,

Howard

P.S. I forgot to tell you a few of the six weeks grades I've gotten. I came up a little in the only three I know about. German was an 85, zoology, 91 and Rhetoric an 84. There was still one person in the class above me in the latter, though, with an 85 this time.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 8, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

The first real cold day seems to be coming on us but we have had a wonderfully mild Fall - just like Spring weather. Winter probably begins tonight. I have just returned from Seoul where I conferred with Dr. Holdcroft and others of our Executive Committee, although that was not the object of my visit to Seoul, which was in the interests of the Seminary and a successor to Dr. Robb.

We are passing through a serious crisis in our work and our Academies are in jeopardy and we may have to close them as the Government seems to take the position that we must recognize the Sun-goddess as the Imperial Ancestor and all must do homage to her memory and bow before the shrines. Keep on praying for us in this emergency. Dr. McCune refused to go the shrine - so may be removed from the school. We still hope and pray the Lord will work on the hearts of officials so that some solution not contrary to our consciences may be secured. Things look pretty dark at present.

We rejoice in your victory over Wisconsin University and eagerly await news of your game with Wooster and Oberlin.

Please see to it that Charles' address on college lists is changed. Mail from Wheaton still comes to him here. It is a waste of postage on advertisements or letters. Blanks for Thank Offerings have just come to Charles here.

Mr. Langdon inquired about you boys when I saw him in Seoul yesterday - also did Dr. McRae, whom I met there. It is a joy to tell them all how well you are getting along in studies as well as in athletics.

We do not cease to give thanks for Howard's escape from serious injury in the push ball game. May you have a fine Christmas day and vacation with much joy.

Lovingly,

Father

Had a good letter from Jim which did us good.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)



Pyongyang, Korea

December 8, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

By the time this reaches Wheaton you will be off somewhere for your vacation in the new "Pet" and we shall be thinking of our wandering boys pretty constantly.

If the *Seoul Press* tells truly that Chicago will use eastern time this winter, I'm afraid your letters will be bringing some strong remarks soon.

We are having an epidemic of flu. There are thirteen now in the infirmary, as I understand it, and some have been moved to a section of the dorm in order to make room for worse cases. Miss Axworthy has been sent to the hospital, very sick, indeed. It is taking Mrs. Malsbary and me and about six girls to make a start, even, at filling her place. Mr. C[rowder] was reported Saturday as not feeling very well!

Yet after all, nothing matters but the right settlement of the shrine question. We dare not compromise in a question of right and wrong. The consequences of disobeying God are far more lasting and more terrible than anything man can do to body or goods. The food cups used at the small shrine when primary teachers were being instructed in the required ceremony and the explanation by the *Seoul Press* that there was no worship in the forms (merely respect paid at certain places to those who had done great deeds and were the guardians of Chosen) [is misleading]. This is not an accurate quotation. Their present guardianship was stated.

The little prince was named amidst great noise to keep off evil spirits, a sword "for self protection" was laid by his side at birth, etc. Japan has been so eager to adopt western ways. If Christ had been held up and Christian nations had been Christlike, Japan would have seen and believed, I am sure.

Do you think you are praying all you should? Don't fail in that. I think we shall be horror struck at the last day at what we lose for ourselves and others by our own carelessness and disobedience. That is for me as well as you. Yet all the pain will be swallowed up in the joy of seeing our Father and we have the joy of forgiveness - only how stupid of us!

[Affectionately,

Mother]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 8, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Howdy dear,

This is December 8<sup>th</sup> and tomorrow I suppose you will be going through the Cook County Hospital. I wonder how it will strike you!

You have taken the scarlet fever injections, of course. I see the *Record* says there is plenty of scarlet fever again this year. That can't be any help to the soccer team.

With very special love,

Mother

Be patient with anyone teaching her first term and help all you can. You are fortunate in having one who does too much instead of too little. All the words you get in 1<sup>st</sup> year are common ones that will be repeated again & again. The quickest by far and least painful thing is to get them firmly fixed now. Get as many as you possibly can & you will be glad later. Read your German sentences out loud to fix right forms in mind. The walls won't mind a bit.

You write such nice letters and put in details we are very grateful for.

Pyongyang, Korea

December 8, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Sammit,

Heil to the Berlin Olympics. You have our sympathy but alas! no financial support to speak of. Here's hoping especially for the bicycling annex. You three boys could have a grand time. If it is best, you will get it. Be sure of that, but don't be sure it is best. Marshall your own reasons, find any promises that apply and keep it before the Lord. He is a very wonderful Father and almighty. Meanwhile, don't be afraid of doing what pleases Him. That would be rather small.

I am so pleased with the *Record*. Only have the boys careful of their participial phrases. I noticed one being when it should have been having been, but can't find it now. It will be great if you get a moving picture machine. If Berlin doesn't become - the Black Hill camp would make a nice summer.

Goodbye - my veteran half back - with more love than pen can express - my pen, anyway.

Mother

Hadn't Howdy better do just a wee bit for the *Record* - folding & addressing, at least. He is alone a good deal. He mustn't take too much time off, though.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 8, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Brothers,

Hey, how are you blokes getting along. [Tom's handwriting]

I hope you are on the basketball team, Howie, by this time. I suppose you are on the A Honor roll just like Sam.

Hey, Charles, how about writing once in two years, you bum. [Tom's handwriting]

I am preparing to get the flu. Papa is going to get me a swat now.

Lovingly,

Tom (per L.M.)

P.S. Mother wouldn't write the two sentences which are in my handwriting.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 8, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Dad and Howard are at church, I guess. I just got in too late to follow, having just missed a Chicago Aurora and Elgin train from the City.

I left in a hurry Saturday noon to hear Edith Blair sing in at McCormick at the weekly fellowship after dinner there. She certainly can do wonders with that voice of hers. It reminded me of the good old Pinafore days, when she used to thrill us out in Pyengyang with her singing. After the dinner Charlie and I went with the McCormick Wooster bunch to the home of the Registrar and Professor of Hebrew, Dr. Sellers. Edie came up to Chicago to sing at some sort of a Presbyterian missionary conference, a women's meeting I believe. At the Sellers' we were invited back to dinner, noon, the next day, so I took advantage of the opportunity and stayed over with Charlie that night. We went to church at the Fullerton Presbyterian church. The Sellers are real nice, very musical.

Charlie seems to like McCormick rather well, since it is his last year and he can choose most of his courses. He does think that Princeton is the better place, though. He is doing very well this year and stands highest in his class in a Leviticus course, and has been pulling down A's in Systematic Theology and Christian Education. One of his professors, Dr. Zenos, remembers you, Father, and keeps telling Charles about the day you asked him if he were a student, and about fell over backwards upon learning he was a prof. He must have been teaching there a long time.

I first heard of Dr. Zenos in at Dr. Buswell's trial Friday, which I covered for the *Record* this week from the human interest side. (I just had a fight with Howard. He came home a little too rambunctious and I had to tame him) It was intensely interesting - the trial, I mean. This was the first meeting of the commission in which they really got down to the actual trial. Up to now they have been clearing away constitutionalities [and] technicalities. The prosecution was very poorly organized, perhaps because of the illness of Dr. Bradley, one of the prosecutors. At one time they couldn't find a letter they were giving as evidence against Prexy and were going to waive it, when McAllister Griffiths offered to lend them a copy which the defense had. At the trial everything seems to be pointing in the favor of the defense. I can't see how they're going to bring the verdict of 'guilty', and yet that is what is expected. The man who seems to run the commission judging the case is Chandler, a lawyer, who prompts Dr. Hastings on court procedure and technical difficulties. He knows what he's doing, and is absolutely fair, but they say he's one of the most modernistic of the judges. During the intermission Sanderson and I went out to eat, and Prexy sat across from us. After the meal as we were about to pick up our checks, Prexy reached over and swiped them, insisting on paying them himself. He certainly is a great fellow personally.

News department is going swell. I've worked out a more complete system of beats to cover all school news, so we have more than we can print for the first time in a long time. I hope that from now on I won't have so much to write, so I'm breaking in some new reporters.

I just got my first grade for this six weeks - - a highly-prized 95 in Psychology, which is my hardest subject. I got a 97 on my final French test, highest in both sections, but he hasn't given out the term grades yet. He may dock me for being absent twice.

12/08/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Thanks a lot for the ten dollars - - it comes in plenty handy. And thanks too for the news that dental bills come from your account. That's quite a load off my mind. I think perhaps I'll spend the 10 dollars for a fountain pen. Howie and I both need good ones that will last us.

I should write this in red ribbon, but black will have to do::: MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL !!  
and a  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Mother. !!!

Say, Mutso, you'd be surprised if you saw me playing soccer, I'm just a marvel. netsiL, tahw seod rehtaf tnaw rof a yadthrib tneserp? I'm betting on the grader basketball team. Don't let those big brutes of high school players get away with anything.

Just came back from the dentist. One of the cavities is filled and the other ground out. I suppose that the old wisdom tooth will be the victim next Monday.

That note of mourning was not best fitted to close a letter, but lots of love to the whole family (all three of them!)

Sam —

*Revise the diagram of the room--*

*Howard's trunk is down in the cellar and Dad moved his bureau and bed over to fill the space.*

Pyongyang, Korea

December 15, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

I wonder where this will reach you - probably just after Christmas vacation as you settle down for another term of work. Trust you have had a real good vacation with both physical and mental rest.

Here our usual routine has been interrupted by the trouble over bowing (or rather not bowing) to the shrines. We have not yet reached a solution of the question. Presbytery tried to meet but scores of policemen prevented their going into the Central Church yard. We continue in prayer that the Lord will turn the hearts and minds of officials.

There has been much sickness. David Rogers had typhoid fever but is out again. Miss Axworthy has a mild case of typhoid but is not considered in danger. Miss Thomas plans a trip to Mukden, Sinpin and around the loop from Harbin to Lung Ching Tsun - where the Alex Ross family lives - and then down the East Coast to Seoul - this for her Christmas vacation.

Our cold snap has come and for a week we have had sharp cold but bright weather. Skating on the big river is the order of the day. Tom has been in bed for a week with tonsillitis which holds on. His fever has not been high and today for the first time it was normal in the morning, 3 and 4/10ths at noon and 4 o'clock. We hope to see him up in another two days.

We have rejoiced with you on your soccer victories and are hoping you did up Wooster & Oberlin. Your letter was late this last week, coming on Wednesday instead of Monday. Hope tomorrow brings one.

Lovingly,

Father

Dayton's letter tells us you go on soccer trip. Good!! We want news -

S.A.M.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 15, 1935

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

Tom, sick, and needing literary entertainment, Virgil class 11:45 - 12:40, Jack Fraser 10:20 - 11 (he had typhoid and is making up), 2<sup>nd</sup> graders coming for an extra reading lesson 2:00 - 2:30, Sticky [Roberts] 2:30 - 3:30, Mary Anna [Baird] 7:30 - 8:30, and Higher Bible School English twice a week - - keep a person from feeling ennuui.

Today Chai Si has been kept at home by the almost universal flu - just to keep Tom from use of the few minutes it took to heat up some canned goods.

He is as good as his big brothers, though, about turning over and enjoying silent meditation when no reading is forthcoming.

Even Sunday did not keep your father from having several visitors, Korean & Japanese. Neither of us has done much quiet reading - but vacation is not far off. School closes the 18<sup>th</sup>.

Lots and lots of love and all sorts of pleasant anticipations for your holidays. But O, how we wish for just a few minutes of them.

[unsigned, but from their mother]

Pyongyang, Korea

December 15, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Hated Brothers,

Since Monday I have been in bed with flu. I wonder how many hundreds of colds you gentlemen (mother's word) have gotten.

If you aren't interested in the number of cups of hot water consumed - you can't be -- . We've finished Scott's *Rob Roy*, Quentin Durward & *The Pirate*. Sound familiar, Howie?

Lovingly,

Tom

P.S. Hey, Charles! How about a letter once in a hundred years.

N.B. Tom disclaims the phrasing. You'll not think it is your mother's.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 15, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I'm curious to know how long this takes to get to you via the China Clipper to the Philippines. In spite of the time saved I doubt if I'll patronize the service - - 80¢ a letter. But I wanted to do it once. If the Clipper service continues, I'll be over to spend weekends with you. You never can tell.

Listen, Mutso, you may address me as co-captain Moffett. I was elevated to that high office this week, sharing honors with that good-for-nothing fullback D. Roberts. It's quite tricky, seeing that captains are supposed to be seniors, but maybe two juniors will suffice. Anyway, that means I'll have to play soccer next year in addition to *Tower* work and studies. I see where I'm low on leisure time.

However, here's some good news. I pulled down the highest grades I've ever made on six-weeks, this time. 95 in everything but French, which doesn't mean much, since there I got the highest 90 in the class, and there were no 95's. It's just his system to go easy on 95's for six weeks grades. Heretofore I've been content with 90's at six weeks, and expected them to rise to 95 by the semester. But this is quite ok with me. Howard almost pulled a fast one on me. Grades in astronomy as read in class were: H. Moffett - 95, S. Moffett - 88. I could see my reputation slipping. It would be hard to keep Howard under subjection in those circumstances. A couple of days later I went in to see Prof. Taylor and find out what was troubling me. It seems that he had averaged me up wrong by a hundred points - - mistake in addition by the Math. prof or his assistant - - which put me up at the head of the class and salvaged the shreds of my reputation and family dominion.

How do you like the stationery? [It is Wheaton *Record* stationery.] There are advantages to being a news editor. This week's issue is low on news. It comes out on Wednesday and we leave for vacation two days later, so there's not much future news.

This week has been full of happenings. I was going to get a date to the joint Lit Society meeting on Friday night. I even went so far as to ask Delle MacKenzie, but she already had a date, so I left the honors to Dayton and went stag. I went with Evan Runner, who teaches backward beginning Greek students. He showed me a gospel of John in modern Greek, and I was surprised at the similarity to classical Greek. Verb forms were a little different, but recognizable. I had thought that the two differed as much as old and modern English. He also showed me a Greek beginning book which I think I'll get second hand. It's Frost's direct method Greek primer, which teaches it like a modern language. I need brushing up on grammar and fundamentals.

Howard was in Chicago yesterday, and brought Charlie out with him this morning. Charlie's going to town in studies all right. He ranks highest in his Hebrews class as well as in his first draft of his senior thesis accepted, whereas most of the seniors haven't even started theirs, since they are not due until March. Today has been full of services, church this morning, Christmas festival of music this afternoon at College chapel, and this evening, Missionary Rally at C.E. (I worked all yesterday evening decorating the platform for this and evening church service.



12/15/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

5 more days - and then the East. I hope we have good driving weather. We drop Dayton at Andover, N.J. and proceed to Southington for a few days. Then to Mahwah and Uncle Azel (I wrote there the other day and couldn't think of the name of his wife, thought it was Alice, but not sure, and had to think of subterfuges to avoid mentioning it); then a couple of days in New York with Jim, then back to Southington. Sounds pretty good.

This Thursday evening I'm going in with Dat and Charlie to Cousin Ethel Bassett's church to hear the Christus, the passion play, and Handel's Messiah. She sent us tickets yesterday. They certainly have a wonderful choir there, and this should be fine. Dat's not sure whether he'll go or not, maybe he'll have to go to the basketball game.

Well, this must get off to catch the clipper in San Francisco on the 20<sup>th</sup>. Maybe it will reach you by New Years. HAPPY NEW YEAR, just in case.

Don't mind the misspelling [sic] of Philippines on the cover.

Lots of love,

Sam

Wheaton, Illinois

December 16, 1935

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks:-

There's nothing like using up *Record* stationery, so here goes. Sam and Dat [Dayton Roberts] seem to have a monopoly upon the typewriters just at present, so get out your glasses and magnifying lenses and prepare for some translation! I warrant you it'll be worse than any Greek or Latin.

Only five more days of classroom torture before we set out for friendlier shores. In order to keep us sweating till the final gun, though, they've piled on tests of various sorts for Friday. I nearly fooled Sam this six weeks in Astronomy, but my ambition in the field of cultural attainments proved to have been but a mistake. In giving out the grades Dr. Taylor gave me a 95 and Sam a 93, quite to our surprise, but he found out later that Sam really led the whole class and that everybody else's marks should by rights be lowered a bit. I don't think he'll change it, though.

Our Astronomy trip into the Planetarium was called off because not enough people wanted to go, but we may have one later. Charlie said that it was something you really shouldn't miss. Our Korea Kids sukiyaki was postponed too, so Sam and Dat decided they wouldn't go into the city at all on Saturday. I thumbed my way in right after dinner and had good luck all the way, only needing two lifts. The rest of the afternoon I had a good time window shopping with several million other pushing, crowding individuals, and then went out to the seminary to see Charlie. I stayed there that night and then we both came out here this morning.

Oh yes, the big event of the week came off when we had a grand house cleaning Saturday morning. You wouldn't know our room now! Dat and I practiced our tennis strokes on the rugs for several hours until the police department put a stop to it on account of the thick clouds of dust that blanketed the whole city, but results were accomplished anyway.

Don't let these fellows phase you with regard to my poetic attempts. They may be noble, but they're still failures - and not worth re-writing. They manage to get me through the course, but that's about all you can say for them. It's a good thing for yours truly that he's afflicted with such inspirational room-mates! They're mighty helpful.

The Jay-vees had another basketball game Thursday night with the winners of the intra-mural tournament, and won out 35-10. I got to play a lot more this time than before, about two-thirds to be exact. I think I'm coming up a bit in it now, but there's no telling what the future will bring forth. He (coach Coray) told us there'd be another cut right after Christmas, so there's still a chance of being let out. I guess it's a good idea though, as it keeps everybody working. The varsity lost an awful rough and fast game 23-21 against Elmhurst, but I believe we had the better team. Last night the U. of Chicago won out 41-25, but considering the opposition that isn't bad at all.

Sam seems in a hurry to get this thing off on one of those clipper ships so I won't begin a new page. My intimate associates are becoming more famous every day. Sam and Dat were just elected co-captains of the 1936 soccer team. Great stuff, isn't it? Sticky and Mutso sure have something to aim at now. I hope Sam told you everything else. After typing for a while, hand-writing becomes terribly painful.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 22, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Three days before Christmas and herewith Christmas greetings in the hope that you are having an enjoyable and profitable holiday season. We are wondering whether Howard made the basketball team and if so whether he is taking that southern trip which coach Coray was planning. I want him to make the team but do not like the idea of his spending all Christmas season away from the rest of you and giving the whole time to games. Am prophesying that you beat Wooster but were beaten by Oberlin. Waiting for next letters.

Tom was out of bed today - the first time in two weeks. Still has 8/10ths of fever but will be all normal by Christmas we feel sure. We are having a time of it to think up anything we want for Christmas. Our wants seem to be few. I have a flower for mother on her birthday tomorrow, a new dress for her for Christmas with a bath rug, some writing paper and some stockings - but this year we certainly will have not a large Christmas - but nevertheless a Merry one.

Had a good letter (short one) from Jim but he does not give me his address - so I write to Biblical Seminary hoping to reach him there. Let us know what parcels you receive so we can check up. Hope the Korean candy got there before you all left for holidays. Hope your next letter tells us Dayton's knee is all well again. When anyone gets hurt be sure to keep us posted afterwards as to improvement.

You are all more than ever in our thoughts and prayers. Congratulations on the new car but do not try to do 60 miles an hour. "Safety first" is greatly needed.

Lots of love from all of us,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dearest Boys,

The *Record* has been coming irregularly but they have all come at last. Now we learn from an early November number that the basketball team may be "touring the south"! We want what will make you happiest but I did rather like to think the family might all gather in two places only - that except for the three here, you would all be together. However, we have too much to be thankful for to grumble the weeseet grumble. Your last letter told the Thanksgiving trip was assured - the *Record* adds the coach couldn't go. Serial stories are easy on the emotions, compared with letters! But joy! they are weekly at any rate. Tomorrow should be the day if letters are not being opened now as I rather think they are. When Dr. Holdcroft came up last week two men from the police department were detailed to accompany him everywhere he went. It was quite cumbersome.

Tom is out in the front room for a while this afternoon but still has some temperature. He may be able to get to the Christmas frolic Tuesday evening. If not it will not be his fault for he heroically rests in absolute silence an hour before each thermal crisis, etc. Ruth Romig and Miss Axworthy are in the isolation ward with typhoid. I feel so sorry for Ruth. It is her last chance for Christmas at home before college.

If you read "Scottish Chiefs" you learned of your great ancestor Fergus how "that heroic prince formed the plans that saved his kingdom" and how a nice oath is "by the bones of that same Fergus". Nevertheless, Fergus, let your bones be well padded and don't play too hard - no harder than necessary. And send us that poem on the dauntless one.

The *National Geographic* for December has an article on Horace which quotes for the use of all you literary men sayings from the *Art of Poetry*. "Lock up all manuscripts" (after all the proper people have enjoyed them) "at least nine years; only write when inspired; pore over the great masters day and night; be clear and concise, not diffuse; brief, but not obscure; combine the useful and the pleasant." From this poem we have the original of the "purple patch, nodding of Homer, sesquipedalian verbiage." Homer's 10<sup>th</sup> satire makes fun of versifiers who aspire to have their published works used as textbooks in school. He wrote "Are you foolish enough to prefer that your songs be dictated in the classroom? That surely is not my ambition. "Alas, poor Horace - he is best known in the classroom."

Lots and lots of love,

Mother

I was positive those pajamas had been sent long ago & I do not understand yet the mistake but feel very badly over it. I hope you didn't wait for them. If you have bought half the beds, underwear, doctors' & dentists bills, etc. authorized to take out of the "fund" there is not \$150 left by a good deal. Happy New Year! WE WANT THAT POEM. I am glad you like the Psychology, Sammit. Hope you take lab in it later.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 22, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Brothers,

Well, today is the first day I've been up and I have to go to bed as soon as I finish this letter.

By now we have five chickens, one box of apples and two boxes of oranges [given the family as Christmas gifts] so I don't see any prospect of starvation.

Lovingly,

Thomas

[note added from his mother]

This young shrimp has gone through all the drawers (my drawers) he could get us to bring to his bedside, taken out treasures & done them up for Christmas presents - some for the previous owner, he confides, some for Father! I need my older sons to keep him in order.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Southington, Connecticut

December 25, 1935

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Christmas day! What a flood of memories it has brought back to me today. Christmas here with the Huttons has been so like ours used to be. Christmas presents piled around the tree, with a wagon and big sled half-concealed beneath them - noisy, excited youngsters, the grandchildren, tearing around the house in a litter of paper and string. It's been great watching the scene. 19 Huttons descended on the old place for the reunion. Of course there was turkey and cranberry sauce for dinner. Incidentally I got a tie from Charlie and a comb and brush set from Marion. Charlie and I fixed up a huge present for Howie. We bought a diamond ring at the dime store - it'll come in handy some day, maybe -, fixed a huge box, full of the ring at the bottom, a nicely wrapped brisk, tastefully decorated piece of wood, etc. It weighed a ton, and took a half hour to unwrap.

How did Christmas in Pyengyang go? I suppose Mutso got everything from a motorcycle to a keg of nails.

The trip east was rather exhausting, but lots of fun. We had two passengers, Whitefield Topp, sophomore, and Eugene Vickers, our soccer right wing. It was 6 below zero in Wheaton Friday noon, so we were somewhat afraid we'd hit icy roads along the way. But all roads were clear except for ten miles in Pennsylvania. Of course we took full advantage of those miles to crack up our front fender. Coming through Jenningstown, a Greyhound bus suddenly stopped in front of us, about 20 or 30 yards away. We were going slowly so Charlie eased on the breaks but the buggy was on a slant, began slipping and bammed into a parked car. We didn't do much to the other car, and besides have liability insurance. But our bumper snapped right off, and Dayton's good old suitcase, trustfully placed in front, popped right open. That little incident delayed us an hour.

We reached Philly about 7:00 p.m. Saturday and were invited in to a swell supper at the Vickers. They wanted us all to stay overnight and we were plenty tired, but had to push on. At Princeton we stopped off a couple of hours and saw Mr. Crothers and Sam and Jim. We dropped Dat in Andover, N.J. with Lucy and Henry [his sister] around 2 a.m., then pushed on over the Bear Mt. Bridge to arrive at Southington with the dawn. It didn't take me more than ten minutes to pile into bed and stay there until supper time. That evening we went to a Christmas pageant at the church.

It's been great to lie around here in Southington and loaf. I've been getting in some Astronomy outside reading now and then - mostly then. Saturday we're going to drop down to New York, maybe to Princeton for a Korea Kids meeting. Sunday we should get some good Christmas music in the churches. Monday we hope to see an opera or Katherine Cornell in the play, *Romeo and Juliet*. On Tuesday we'll come back and loaf around some more. On our way to pick Dat up at Andover, we're planning to stop overnight with Uncle Azel and Aunt Alice in Newton, N.J. where they have moved.

School begins again Tuesday, January 7, and we hit Wheaton Monday evening. There we have only a week and a half until mid-year exams.

12/25/1935 - p.2 S.H.M.

Plans are afoot for a skating party tonight here. We're rushing around trying to borrow skates. I sure wish we had more skating in Wheaton during the winter. Roller skating can't more than half make up for it.

I forgot to send my accounts for November, so I think I'll wait and send November and December together. I've got one thing to look forward to at Wheaton. I think my wisdom tooth is coming out the Thursday we get back.

I was certainly very sorry to hear of Kil Moksa's death. He has been a great figure in the growth of the Korean Church.

The other day we went to New Haven to see the movie, *A Tale of Two Cities*. I think it is one of the best I've ever seen, so true to Dickens' original, and marvelous acting. The pictures of the Revolution were grand. Interesting to me was the clapping and hissing and booing in the audience when news reel shots of Italy and Ethiopia were shown. Mussolini was hissed the loudest, so when pictures of Haile Selassie were shown Italians tried to drown out the clapping.

Happy New Year!

Sam H.

Southington, Connecticut

December 28, 1935

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks:-

Christmas has come and gone, and with it a flood of memories of other Christmases - oh such happy memories. This has been the first one away from home, and it's made a big difference even though it has been mighty nice here. Vacation's plenty nice anywhere, though.

I've sat down several times this week to get this letter written but every time something or other has come up to delay it. We're already nearly a week late now, but don't think it's going to become a habit. Mrs. Roy forwarded your last letter to us and it arrived just this morning. I sure wish we might have seen the senior play with you. Oh, yes, the *Kum & Go* [P.Y.F.S. paper] came some time ago. I thought it was remarkably good, but don't have it with me now so can't make any definite criticisms. Dr. Miller certainly does seem to be just the man they needed there for the fellows. I wish we'd had him, but Mutso is in line for some good times.

I'll try to remember a few things that happened during the last week of school. The one I can't forget is my final scarlet fever "shot" which about layed me cold. None of the others phased me in the least, but this dose made me think I never would be the same man again. To make matters worse I suppose I rather foolishly played in a basketball game that night as I didn't have many more chances to make good before the last cut - and after a sleepless night failed to arise in the morning. The worst part of it was that I lessened my basketball chances as I didn't have any pep in the game and felt faint and nauseated every time I got in the least bit tired. Oh well, it's all over with now. I only missed two classes the next day and even though I didn't feel much like studying for several days I made up all the work before leaving.

I followed in Sam's footsteps by being asked by Miss Torrey to take charge of our Bible class on Friday - just before going. Nobody knew much about anything that day so we got along famously - at least I hope so. Only one person walked out on me, which I understand is better than in most classes on the last day of school.

At 2:20, in sub-zero weather, we set out in the buggy for eastern skies. I don't have time to tell you all about the trip, but I trust that Sam did. It was plenty cold, anyway, and I wasn't sorry when it was over, but even at that it was preferable to school. We barged through Wooster at 2:00 or so in the morning, so naturally didn't go calling. Princeton was reached Saturday night at 10:30 and after rousing Dr. Crothers we finally located Sam and Jim Crothers. Sam thinks now he'll probably continue at Penn for his full four years. I wish I could have talked to him longer but we didn't have time then. Dat was dropped off up in northern New Jersey somewhere in the sticks and then we churned on up here - to arrive with the dawn at 7:30 Sunday morning. Perhaps you can guess why we never wrote on Sunday as usual that day! We did manage to get to a Christmas pageant at church that evening which Marion was more or less in charge of.

There's nothing to tell of the mornings since then - except that the beds here are mighty soft and warm. As far as that goes, the afternoons haven't been very full of anything except loafing, either. I've listened to the radio more these last few days than I have all the rest of my life put together. There's been some grand Christmas music.

Wednesday, of course, was Christmas, and the place was swamped with an influx of Huttons from all over. There was a flock of children and we had a keen time watching all the fun



12/28/1935 - p.2 H.F.M.

and excitement. We weren't left out either, though, as I received a scarf from Marion, a tie from Charlie and Sam and I got a box of candy from Jim and Charles. The big part of the day came at dinner when a nineteen pound turkey was disposed of. Believe me, I wasn't any too anxious to move around after that meal. And I certainly made up for all the pie I've missed while training for athletics, too!

Thursday evening we went skating on borrowed skates on a near-by pond. The ice was really good and the wind obligingly died down so that we could enjoy it. It seemed more like winter and Xmas vacation with skating and we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. I hope we can get in a lot of skating at Wheaton. I'll have to invest in a pair of skates if we do, but they're cheap over here - if anything is.

Yesterday afternoon we went 20 miles down to New Haven to see Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. It was awfully good and practically identical to the story. Very realistic and the acting was great. I wish Mutsu could see it before studying it in school. However, it's still pretty far ahead of him. Sticky, I guess, will be taking it up this year.

Last night we were invited out to dinner at some friends of Marion's and had another huge meal. I'm filling up now before going back to Wheaton.

Mother, do you really think I ought to take some work on the *Record*? I thought at first that I'd do some the second semester but I've changed my mind now. I'd like it but I know I'll take up an increasing amount of time and there are other things that I'd rather do. I've been far from having any difficulty in disposing of my time up to now, and I'll be getting into more things from now on, too. My science courses with the labs all take up a lot of time and athletics for several hours every day eat up still more - and regularly. Then too, once you get started on the staff they keep piling more things on until you're overloaded - as Dat and Sam. I don't ever want to get where I have to spend as much time as they do on it. However, if you really want me to get into it and think it'll be worth the time, let me know as soon as you can. I'm not any too keen on the idea, though.

We're leaving in about half an hour for New York City. That is Marion, Charlie, Sam and I are leaving and will bring Jim back with us for New Year's day. Originally a Korea Kid's reunion was planned for Princeton, but that's been called off so I don't know whether we'll get down there or not. I suppose Sam told you why we didn't get to spend Christmas with Uncle Azel as we'd intended. He's moved, but we're stopping in there on our way back for a little while.

I've written this rather hurriedly and the others are yelling at me to snap into it, so I'll sign off now. I hope it's legible.

I'm glad Mr. Malsbary approved of the make of my trombone. I've certainly enjoyed having it, even though I haven't had nearly as much time as I'd have liked to for playing. I like to pick it up for just a few minutes at a time between periods of studying, for relaxation.

Lots of love, and the Happiest of New Years to all of you  
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

December 29, 1935

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Another Xmas celebrated - and we did miss you all. Tom thought we would have a small Christmas so suggested we put the gifts on chairs since we would not have enough to cover the dining room table - but lo and behold - Santa Claus piled onto the table the two big boxes of apples, the 9 boxes of oranges, the basket of fruit, the cakes and several other things (not the 8 chickens, however) and then with all our presents for each other piled up against them we had a table full. Tom had said we couldn't think of many things we wanted and he was surprised indeed to find how many gifts there were for him. His new shoes and skates were his chief present - then eversharp games and all kinds of little things.

I gave mother a beautiful new blue dress with silver buttons selected and made by Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Hamilton. I received a lot of little things which add to my comfort and convenience: a fountain pen for my desk, a raincoat, clips, mucilage, tooth brushes, shaving soap, etc.

Just after Christmas dinner the postman arrived with your box just on the dot - and we had another Xmas opening that. My - what a beauty of a necktie you sent me. How Tom did enjoy the puzzle you sent him. He has taken it to Syen Chyun where he has gone to be Jimmy Lampe's guest for a week or so. We had a real fine Christmas!!

Thursday before Xmas your letter came but Tom, the young rascal, got it while we were down town and hid it until just after breakfast Xmas morning. It was good to get it. Am glad you had the visit to Madison instead of soccer in Ohio!

Am enclosing some stamps for Sam including one of the new 1½ sen special ones - expect to have more of them New Year's Day.

We are reading *World Prospects* and enjoying it. I enclose an article from the *Presbyterian* for you both to read.

Lots of love,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

auditorium & as it seemed empty tested the acoustics by repeating John 3:16. A workman unseen was busy in some corner and it led to his conversion.

Lots and lots and lots of love.

[Mother]

Hester writes that Aunt Juliette died just after her 89<sup>th</sup> birthday. It would be nice to drop them a line - Carpinteria, California. Your little playmate Georgie Fish married just before graduating from Stanford and is in charge of a farm his father has in Serena, California - a precedent I'm thinking you won't follow.

More love - to the *Record's* news editor, to the biggest scoring threat of the soccer team, best regards to the Brown Bomber - a judicious combination of both to "Korea's gift to the soccer team". So glad you all had a quiet Thanksgiving in Madison.

We have a catalogue. It will be fun to look over the possibilities for next year's schedule but we can not help much. Both of you be sure to keep a full hour a day for what does help. And may your New Year be full of true joy.

This little letter of Robert [Hill]'s was written long ago and evidently left out [It was written on October 6<sup>th</sup>, '35 and has been included with those written on that date].

Scavenger hunt last night. 12 children from Helen Bigger to Miriam Mowry. Jim P[hillips] and Margie Lutz got everything; Stacy [Roberts] and Mary Anna [Baird] all but a wide piece of elastic & empty tin of Campbell's soup.

Miss Axworthy is out of the hospital and convalescing at Swallens. Ruth [Romig] still in the isolation ward. Dr. Daniel Poling, president of the C.E. [Christian Endeavor] spent Christmas with the Lutzes.

Mary Elizabeth [Hill] goes to Wheaton next year, Margie [Lutz] to Beaver, John [Anderson] still hesitating between Wheaton and Asbury.

Sunchun, Korea

December 29, 1935

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Mother and Father,

I am very sorry that I did not get this off yesterday but I guess I'll be able to write a longer one today.

As you see, I got here safely and Jimmie [Lampe] met me at the station and when I got here they had a huge dinner awaiting me which I couldn't eat half of.

Next morning we went skating on the girls school rink at about quarter of eleven and came back at about twelve. It sure was fun to be on skates once more. In the afternoon about two thirty we went to the dam in the car. Oh, boy! was it slick. The ice had not been skated on at all and so it was as smooth as glass. We skated for about a hour and then had to come back.

Lovingly,

Thomas

P.S. Will you please send this to Sam and Howard?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)